

THE QUIVER:

DESIGNED FOR THE

DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF BIBLICAL TRUTH.

AND THE

Advancement of Religion in the Homes of the People.



VOLUME II.

Contents of No. XXXII, January, 1862.

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LONDON: HURD, NEAVE, AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

1862.

PETTER AND GALPIN,
SHELL SAWAGE PRINTING WORKS,
LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



THE QUIVER.

SCRIPTURAL ETHICS.

MODERN Secular prophets have discoursed largely upon the morality of the Bible. We have heard them declaim against its supposed purity, and denounce its professors as the enemies of their kind. According to their teaching, its precepts are foolish and wicked, and its examples exhibitions of impurity. Infidel fashions change as strangely as do those of dress, varying betwixt the ridiculous and the indecent. It used to be the fashion to attack the spiritualism of Scripture under cover of admiration for its ethics. The old Deists professed regard for Jesus, even when rejecting his miracles; but their modern descendants have improved on the scepticism of their fathers, and boldly attacked both the morality of Scripture and the character of Christ. The vulgar Secularist and the refined Spiritualist agree in this desecrating onslaught. The Atheistic opposers of the Bible join hands with its Deistical critics: Pilate and Herod have become friends. The current sceptical philosophy propounds, therefore, as its ultimatum, the belief that "Science is the true Providence of Man," and that "Morality is independent of Revelation." In this dogma the Spiritualist so far relies as to attempt the development of a so-called "Religion of the Soul," whose ethics shall be peculiarly its own, confessing no obligation to the teachings of the Bible. These sharp-sighted philosophers are pleased to detect flaws in the character of Jesus, and affect to believe him, at best, but a good-tempered Jew. His truthfulness is impugned, and his prudence questioned, whilst the cause of his very perjurers is espoused by their willing acceptance of the notion that he in reality sought for an earthly kingdom, even when most loudly asserting that "My kingdom is not of this world." It is true that sceptical charity sometimes pretends to lessen the burden of the accusation by the contemptuous supposition that Jesus was a self-deceiver rather than a conscious hypocrite.

The morality of Scripture is tested by methods peculiar to sceptical interpretation. The worthies of Old Testament history are subjected to the acutest critical dissection, and their failings paraded in triumph before our eyes, whilst we are asked, in tones of derision, "Are these your examples?" We are not allowed to ask for proof that Scripture ever speaks of the subjects of its histories as perfect models of character, but are at once regarded as the patrons of all the wrong deeds of patriarchs and kings. It would surely be evident to unprejudiced truth-seekers that Scripture contains both *warnings* and *examples*, narrating its sad stories of vice and idolatry, that men may shun the bad and imitate only the good. Scripture is full of history, and in its faithful transcript of the lives even of its saints, carries with it the proof of its own truthfulness in the unflinching portraiture of their follies. It is no mere Romish record of the canonised, full of saintly impossibilities, but a Divine record of the lives of men engaged in doing God's

will, or in thwarting those who are. Its pictures are varied, full of light and shade, with skies overcast with thunder-cloud, as well as radiant with the brightest sun. The story of God's providential dealings with men could not but be varied. It is a chronicle of battles, and of fierce resistance, of mingled loss and gain on the field of spiritual conflict. We have, therefore, both the treachery of traitors and the bravery of heroes, whilst before us pass in review the contending hosts. Nevertheless, we need be at no loss to know who are on the Lord's side. To us are revealed both pass-word and device, enabling us to distinguish the soldiers of Jesus and the banner of the cross. The precepts of the Gospel interpret for us the examples of the history, and afford us a safe guide in the bestowment of our affections, and in the approval of our conscience. The ingenuity, however, which misrepresents the teaching of the Scripture history distorts the meaning of Scripture precept. It would be difficult, even for sceptical casuists, to misinterpret the teaching of the commandments, or the summary of their meaning as given by Christ. But in the details of the Saviour's teaching they profess to find anomalies and contradictions which warrant its rejection. In the Saviour's precept, "Take no thought for the morrow," they profess to find an incentive to imprudence, and reject with scorn the very obvious reply, that if the old English word "thought" be understood in its ancient meaning of "anxious care," the precept is not after all so very immoral, but as wise as it is prudent, when the corroding nature and paralysing character of anxiety are considered. Let this stand for an example of these modern exceptions to the moral precepts of the New Testament.

But where is morality to be found "independent of revelation?" In answer to our question we are told of heathen morality, hitherto maligned by Christian apologists, but now brought to light by sceptical vigilance. It has, perhaps, escaped these detractors from Christian honesty that the writings of these ancient sages have, for the most part, been put into their hands by the learned labours of the very men they denounce. Christian scholars have edited for them the books in which are to be found those nuggets of wisdom which believers in revelation are said so industriously to have prevented being brought to light. Who have denied heathen morality? Not Christian historians, surely! It were wrong so to do, even if supposed necessary to support their case; but no such fancied necessity exists. It is not needful to deny the glimmering of the stars, when rejoicing in the beaming of the sun. We give all credit to heathen morality—to Chinese Confucius, to Grecian Socrates and Plato, to Roman Seneca, and Hindoo Menu. We accept their testimonies to the law of right, and only ask that the critical keenness which exults in the discovery of seeming New Testament inconsistencies, will be pleased to discourse honestly to us with respect to the actual and gross deficiencies of this much-boasted



heathen morality. We hear much of Spartan stoicism, but little of Spartan laxity—much of Confucian ethics, but little about Chinese practice—much about the purity and exalted virtue of Hindoo Vedas, but little about the filth of Hindoo Puranas. We cannot give this heathen-loving, paganised scepticism much credit for fair dealing, so long as it talks so loudly about the purity, and passes by the equally proven impurity, both of ancient precepts and practice. It were possible to cull a very pretty moral nosegay by mingling together the choicest products of Grecian, Persian, and Hindoo soil, but we protest against the assumption that such rarities are of common growth, or of a representative character. We admit the stoicism, but we would exhibit the epicureanism of ancient Paganism. Its greatest men had marvellous glimpses of truth, but amidst all their wisdom they gave proof enough of a darkened conscience and a depraved heart. It is not necessary to libel these men, or even speak as slightly of them as their modern admirers sometimes speak of Jesus, in order to maintain the position that their wisest teaching was defective, and often lacked the plainest moral consistency. It is evident enough that to dissemble was not always deemed a dishonour, whilst to lie seems to have been regarded as sometimes a virtue. Other illustrations of the reversal of that code of duty which we now acknowledge might easily be given, but we refer our readers for such details to those expositions of heathen morality which may be found in works of Christian evidence. It is true that men are always, in practice, sinking below the standard which conscience acknowledges; yet we may surely question the purity of the heathen standard, when we find heathen practice so deplorably lax. In simple charity we are bound so to do; for to maintain the excellence of the standard in the face of the practice of those who held it, is to magnify their sins to an extent which history forbids. According to their knowledge was their responsibility; and as we are not anxious to bring them in more guilty than in fact they were, we prefer to balance their acknowledged profligacy by their comparative ignorance. With the Bible history before us of the waywardness of God's chosen people, so often manifested in their wanderings from him, and rejection of his counsel, we need not be surprised at the condition of those nations left to the development of their human nature, uninfluenced by those special circumstances which surrounded the Jew. It is a fact which those who reject man's fall cannot explain: that the traditions of all nations are the purest at their source—that the earliest writings of heathendom reveal the simplest notions of God. We find that amongst all people there has been retrogression—an evident departure from a primitive standard of excellence, a dim remembrance of which tradition has kept in their midst. Sin has fought a long battle with conscience. Repeated disobedience blunts conscience, stultifies it, and tends to moral perplexity and doubt. Men begin by disobeying law, and then proceed to deny the law itself. The testimony of Paul to the original law of the conscience is explicit, whilst the testimony of history shows that God's handwriting within, on the fleshy tablets of the heart, has gradually been obliterated. The fall did not rob man of reason—did not take from him his conscience—did not entirely harden his heart—nor has the perpetration of sin by man so entirely subverted his moral nature, but that the universal conscience still accuseth and excuseth as of old. But this we say, that conscience has been subjected to so many attacks, that its utterances are feeble and its authority less paramount. It is no touchstone—no arbiter, but needs enlightenment itself before its decisions may be faithfully followed. If we are pointed to

the ethics of modern Secularism, we say these are not the products of unassisted nature—these are not the utterances of unenlightened conscience. The morality of Secularism is stolen, whilst its philosophy is borrowed. Paganism has much more to do with its metaphysics than its ethics. It is very easy for an eclectic Secularist living in these days, in the midst of a society impregnated with Bible principles, to gather together a bundle of ethical maxims, and expound them in philosophic phrase as “independent of Revelation.” But the folly is transparent: he cannot, if he would, divest himself of what he has learnt; whilst, if he spurns Bible authority, and rejects Bible phraseology, he must not expect to be credited with the authorship of what all but himself see is Bible moral truth.

What, then, do we claim for Scripture? We do not claim for it the revelation of moral principles *never* before known, for we cannot suppose that the head of the race was ignorant of human duty, but, on the contrary, doubt not but that he was possessed of the germs of all possible morality. We say the “germs,” for we do not affirm that there stretched out before him the entire code of morality, in all its completeness and speciality, but that he was possessed of those foundation principles of moral truth on which all others are based. Scripture does not *create*, it reveals morality. It re-publishes the original moral law of man's nature, and does so in such a method as shall preserve it for the future, intact, amongst the records of human history. The moral law, written within at first, was at length written without on tables of stone, and afterwards transferred to those inspired chronicles in which God preserved for after-ages the record of his doings amongst men. But when the great Teacher appeared, to him was given the task of illustrating God's law in many marvellous ways. He expounded God's will in discourses of wise simplicity; unfolded the hidden meaning of the law, and, by precept and parable, set forth the meaning of those commandments on which hung all the law and the prophets. Men could not mistake him: he vindicated the righteousness of the claim which God made upon the love of man, and appealed before the tribunal of the human conscience on behalf of the brotherhood of men. We may gather words of wisdom from Eastern sages and Grecian philosophers; some truth from one, some other from another; but, though the whole world were laid under contribution—every nation bringing to our feet the choicest sayings of its wisest men, they would not altogether form a complete and satisfactory code of duty. Yet in the one marvellous Book—the New Testament of God's grace—we find a full and all-sufficient law, adapted to all peoples, to all circumstances, and all times; and this, not as the sum of united contribution, but as the sole utterance of Him who was appointed the world's Teacher on the sacred mount, in the emphatic command—“This is my well-beloved Son; hear ye him.”

And, with respect to another note-worthy point, we claim pre-eminency for Scriptural morality as embodied in the teaching and practice of Christ. We refer to the harmony subsisting betwixt precept and conduct. It has never been claimed for the wisest and the best of heathen sages that he attained to the height of his own moral standard, and thus presented an illustration in his own person of the wisdom and virtue of his teaching. We do claim this for Christ. He was the purest teacher, and the purest man. His conscience never accused him. His heart was ignorant of remorse—his memory treasured the remembrance of no transgression. The keenest ears were ever open to catch his speech, and the keenest eyes followed him

wherever he went; and, though some reproached him, as when they said, "This man receiveth sinners," yet the reproach was praise, for we rejoice that the accusation was true. In every respect he taught as much by his life as his speech, for he illustrated the beauty of virtue in every word and deed. He did not inculcate duties he was reluctant to perform, but left us an example that we should follow in his steps. Submissive to the will of God in all things, he could teach, without fear of rebuke from the most scrutinising scribe, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Ministering every day of his life instead of being ministered unto—the servant of the distressed, the physician of the sick, and the comforter of the troubled—he could command men with undoubted authority to love their neighbour as themselves. We therefore accept him as our teacher, both by word and deed. His character was as faultless as his words were Divine, and, whilst receiving the one with reverence, we would imitate the other with joy. It is to this intensely *personal* element that New Testament teaching owes its force. The person of Christ is the centre of all revealed truth. We are not saved by believing in some abstract truth calmly reasoned out for us, but by faith in Him who is the Truth, the Way, the Life. His *work* for us is the ground of our hope. As our atonement, our teacher, and our example, we enthrone him Lord of all. To his death we look for forgiveness—to his words we look for comfort and guidance—whilst to his life we look for our example in seeking to put on Christ, and walk in newness of life.

Lastly, let us notice one other peculiarity which attaches itself to Scriptural morality. Its sanctions are its safeguards. The obligatory power of Christian morality is found in the moral government which it reveals. Virtue brings its own reward with it, and vice its own punishment; but Scripture opens out still further prospects of bliss and woe. Pagan morality lacked authority. God speaks to us in revelation, and the commandments are ushered in with the proclamation, "Thus saith the Lord." His law is guarded by his justice—his threats guaranteed by his power—his promises made sure by his love. The disobedient and the contentious shall experience his wrath; they who patiently continue in well-doing shall be crowned with honour and immortality. Thus God guards his honour and conducts his government. Surrounded by motives to virtue and dissuaves from vice, God makes it dangerous for men to sin. The path to hell, strewn with roses by Satan, is planted with thorns by God; whilst in his word it is recorded that "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come."

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CAIRO TO THE PYRAMIDS.

To the unfledged traveller, Cairo is a compound of curiosities and annoyances, interspersed with sources of amusement. The distant view of the city is picturesque, but the place itself, after all that has been done for it within these few years, fluctuates between the squalid and the superb. The inhabitants are diversified enough, and so are their dresses. Jews and Armenians, Greeks and men from western Europe, Copts and Arabs, present variety sufficient, but these are not all: the dark-skinned natives of inner Africa remind us of the abominations of slavery. Camels with monstrous loads, horses and asses with their riders, and hungry dogs, are plentiful enough. The narrow streets and the open squares are all instinct with life. Such as can enjoy the bright sun and the clear sky, and withal can endure the petty annoyances

to which they are exposed, will find plenty to satisfy their curiosity. But if they ramble outside the city they must take care to return before night, as the gates are then closed. If they go out after dark they are bound to carry lanterns, or they will most likely be arrested. Mosques and minarets, fountains, gardens, and palaces are plentiful. Copts and Franks, Jews and Mohammedans, have their own respective quarters of the city to reside in, and these are distinguished by their proper peculiarities.

Cairo was founded about 900 years ago, and its name signifies *the victorious*. A fine view of the city may be obtained from the platform of the citadel. Beyond the city you may see the surrounding country, including the valley of the Nile and the Pyramids. Here one may breathe more freely than in the narrow, irregular, and crowded streets, and the sight of the Pyramids revives the strong desire to visit them. But you return to the city, you look in at the *café*, perhaps you take a bath, or even visit a slave depot outside the city. The bazaars also claim some notice, but if purchases are made there is a risk of your being cheated; only a risk, however, if you are cautious. You may buy at one, cotton, silk, and stuffs; at another, cloth, dresses, swords, slippers, &c.; at another, all sorts of miscellaneous articles. Other sights and amusements invite the traveller, but his thoughts wander away to the Pyramids, and thither we must conduct him.

Let us, therefore, turn our back upon the 200,000 or more who inhabit Cairo, take a last look at the veiled women and the motley garbs of the men, and cross the Nile to Gheezeh. We supply ourselves with provisions, water-bottles, candles, lanterns, mats, carpet, a fly-flap, and a mosquito curtain, for we shall not find these things at the Pyramids. From Gheezeh, if the water is not out, we can reach our destination after five miles' travel, but if the lands are flooded, we shall have to journey ten. There is not much at Gheezeh to detain us, but if we like we can see how they hatch eggs in ovens there. We pass over the ground whose heaps of rubbish carry back our thoughts to the glory and greatness of the Pharaohs, and the misery and toil of Israelitish bond-slaves. We come to the great Pyramid, a vast triangular mass of stonework still rising to a perpendicular height of 450 feet. Its base is square, measuring about 750 feet each way. To reach the top you must traverse an incline of 570 feet. If this Pyramid could be removed to Lincoln's Inn Fields it would very nearly occupy the whole of that large square, and rise about a hundred feet higher than the top of St. Paul's! We say this to show the enormous proportions of the great Pyramid. Its contents have been estimated at eighty-five millions of cubic feet. And when, and why, and by whom was this mighty fabric reared?

Its creation is ascribed to Cheops, an Egyptian king, otherwise called Saphis. According to Sir G. Wilkinson he reigned 2,123 years before Christ, or 3,985 years ago; two hundred years before Abraham came into Egypt. During these 200 years, the second and third Pyramids were built, so that three of them at least existed when the patriarch visited the country. If these calculations are correct, these Pyramids looked down upon the sufferings and sorrows of the Israelites all the time they were in Egypt. The sight of them must have been familiar to Jacob, to Joseph, and to Moses. When the infant Jesus was carried thither, they had existed for two thousand years. Of all man's works the mightiest and most enduring, we marvel not that they were reckoned among the seven wonders of the world.

Yet these huge piles are neither temples nor palaces. They are tombs, and nothing but tombs, surrounded on

all sides by meaner but yet ancient sepulchres. The entrance to the great Pyramid was closed and lost sight of, but long since a passage was forced into it to find out what it contained. In modern times the real entrance has been discovered, and enterprising visitors explore its dark recesses. They find that all this mighty accumulation was destined to receive the confined remains of a king and his queen, who fondly hoped to remain for ever undisturbed.

The materials of which the great Pyramid is constructed have many of them been brought from a considerable distance. Herodotus says that Cheops employed upon the work 100,000 men at a time, and that they were relieved every three months. Ten years were given to the formation of a way for the conveyance of the stones. Twenty years were devoted to the erection of the Pyramid itself. Two hundred thousand pounds were expended upon onions, garlic, and the like for the labourers, and an untold sum upon iron tools and whatever else was required. From first to last the work was carried on under the most grinding and hateful tyranny and oppression, so that the king who commanded it left a name which was execrated by later ages. It is a monument, not only of unbounded pride and ambition, but of terrible cruelty and untold suffering. And yet we are told that the monster Cheops reigned for fifty years, and that his successor, who erected the second Pyramid, continued the same practices for fifty-six years longer. The third Pyramid was built under similar circumstances. Such was the folly and heartlessness of Pagan kings, even in those far-off times.

If the traveller is agile, he may climb up the rough surface of the great Pyramid to the top, and he will be rewarded by a magnificent prospect. During the inundation of the Nile, he will see the wide expanse of water which covers the plain; at other times the canals winding through the plain. In the distance the minarets and citadel of Cairo are visible, the Mokuttum hills, and Masarah quarries. In another direction you see other Pyramids towards the south; and towards the north the heights of Abooroash. At your feet, on almost every side, are the relics and ruins of bygone days, and not far away the famous statue of the Sphinx. Indeed, there is so much to be seen from this elevation, that all should ascend who can accomplish the task.

If you explore the interior, you will find a passage of eighty feet in length; you then turn to the right, climb some rough steps, and enter what is called the great gallery. Here there is a horizontal passage to the "queen's chamber." You are now 72 feet above the level of the ground. Returning to the great gallery, you ascend again for some time, and then enter another horizontal passage which leads to the great chamber, 34 feet long, 17 broad, and 19 high. Here lies, in the heart of the Pyramid, the empty stone sarcophagus which once contained the bones of the tyrant who founded the building. Above this are four other small rooms. With the exception of what is termed "the well," and a lower passage, this is all you can see in the interior.

On reaching the open air, and contemplating the vast pile of huge granite blocks, you proceed to the second Pyramid, which is smaller and of inferior style, and which is internally much the same as the first. It is 447 feet in height perpendicularly, and its base is 690 feet long. It stands higher than the great Pyramid, and from some quarters looks higher. There are some interesting tombs about it which deserve examination.

The third Pyramid is 203 feet high, and 330 feet at the base. It once contained a sarcophagus, which was lost at sea, and a mummy case which is now in the British Museum.

The three great Pyramids of Gheezeh, the Sphinx, the surrounding tombs, small Pyramids and ruins, are all that ordinary travellers have leisure or perseverance to see. Lovers of antiquarian matters, however, will find here abundant means for study both above and below ground, in buildings, sculptures, paintings, and the remaining contents of the tombs. To describe and enumerate all that is known of the ruins of this mighty Necropolis, this city of the dead, where Memphis deposited her myriads of deceased sons and daughters for ages, would fill a volume. We call it the burying-place of Memphis, and such it probably was, although the prediction of Jeremiah has long been fulfilled, "Noph (i. e. Memphis) shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant," Jer. xli. 19.

About seven and a quarter miles from the great Pyramid, towards the south, we find other Pyramids at Abusir; more of them at Sakkara, two miles beyond, and still more at Dahshoor, further on. These last include two Pyramids of brick, and it is worthy of notice that the bricks were made like those we read of in Exodus, of clay mixed with straw. Other Pyramids exist still further south; but what with Pyramids, tombs, mummy-pits, and ruins, we shall have seen enough already to convince us how great and populous, and yet how degraded and superstitious, this ancient land once was. We therefore pause, and may reflect a little upon the wonders we have witnessed, as confirmations of Bible history, as fulfillments of inspired prophecy, and as an illustration of that sacred declaration, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

I'VE NO NOTION OF DYING SO.

A. B. WAS A SON of wealthy, influential parents, in one of the southern counties. He commenced business for himself early in life, and exhibited considerable shrewdness and energy of mind. But the safeguards of virtue and piety did not shield him in the perilous season of youth, and he soon became (in the language of the world) a bold, generous-hearted fellow, growing in popularity and wealth. He was above the fear of religious admonition or commands, and was considered quite able to confute any Christian believer. He was, indeed, a young man of promise; but his life was a dreadful illustration of talents perverted, and also of the down-hill progress of a vicious life, and his last end was a scene of horrors, at the recital of which an ungodly man may tremble. The substance of what I am about to relate is well known in the neighbourhood where he lived and died.

About a year before his death, and not above five years ago, A. B. was riding with an intimate friend, when the conversation which follows was held. This friend, as he now says, was, at the time, considerably impressed by religious truth, though impenitent; but that he might be comforted in his impenitence by the scepticism of his more intelligent and reckless comrade, or for some other reason, he felt desirous to know B.'s sentiments fully on religion. Accordingly, after a little hesitation, he commenced by saying—

"B., you and I have been much together, and have confidence, I believe, in each other as friends. We have conversed freely upon almost every subject, but there is one that we have never seriously talked about. It is a subject that has troubled me for some time, and I should like to know what are really your candid opinions. If you don't wish to have them told, I will keep the matter to myself."

"Certainly," was the reply. "I've no objection against making known any of my opinions."

"Well, then," said Henry (for so I will name his friend), "what do you think about the Bible? Is it true? And is there any such thing as religion, or is it all a delusion?"

"Why, as to that," said B., "I've no more doubt that there is a God, and that religion is a reality, and that it is necessary to be what the Christians call pious, in order to be happy hereafter, than that we are riding together."

Henry was greatly surprised; and looking at him intently, to see whether there was not designed trifling, B. proceeded:—

"It is plain enough that the Bible is true. It's a book that no mere man could ever have written, and a book, in my opinion, that no one, however wicked he may be, can read, and believe in his heart to be an imposition. I have often tried to believe so. And no one can look at the Christian religion, and see what it is designed to effect, without feeling that it must be from God. In fact, no man can be a Deist who isn't a fool. For reason and conscience confirm the Christian doctrines, and satisfy me that there is a place of happiness and of misery hereafter."

Henry was amazed by these confessions from one who had been nurtured in infidelity, and was regarded by the pious as a daring, irreligious young man. At length he replied, "If this is your belief, B., you're in an awful situation. What do you think of your present course?"

"Why, it's a pretty bad one, to be sure; but I've no notion of dying so. I expect to become a Christian. But the fact is, a man must have property; unless he has, he is scarcely respected in the world. And I mean to make money, and enjoy life; and when I've got these things around me to my mind, then I will be liberal, and feed the poor, and do good; that's the way men do in the present day."

"But how long do you think it will be safe for you to indulge in your present habits? Being out late, and drinking, have already injured your health."

"I've thought of that," answered B.; "but I'm young and hearty; though I do mean to quit cards and drinking pretty soon."

"I speak as a friend, B.; but I didn't suppose, from what I heard you say, that you believed in a Saviour, or in heaven or hell."

"I do, as much as you, or any man."

"Do you remember playing cards at —?" And here Henry referred to most horrid profanity uttered during a night of carousal.

"Oh, when I swore so I was a little intoxicated; but I felt sorry for it afterwards. I know it's wrong, and I always feel sorry. But when I'm among those fellows, I can't very well help it."

"But how often," continued his still doubting querist, "have I heard you say that religion was nothing but a kind of priestcraft, and that Christians were a pack of cursed fools?"

"I know I've said so, when they've crossed my path, and made me angry. And I think now that a great many of those who pretend to be Christians are nothing but hypocrites. But that there is real religion, and there are some who possess it, and have what you and I know nothing about, it's no use to deny."

The conversation continued much in this strain for some time, and, it is useless to say, made a deep and most happy impression on the mind of Henry.

As for his companion, madness was in his heart so long as he lived, and he soon came to sorrow. He continued to drink, until he was known to be a drunkard. He mingled with gamblers till his moral sensibilities seemed wholly blunted. At length, after a night of dis-

sipation, he started for home, was thrown from his horse, and badly bruised; disease set in, with dreadful severity, upon his constitution, greatly enfeebled by irregularities, and in a little space *delirium tremens* hurried him to his grave.

Now, while every reader may well be astonished at the inconsistencies, as well as shocked at the impiety, of this wretched man, yet can they avoid seeing that his character is that essentially of thousands who mean finally to enter the kingdom of heaven? Are there not many who read this, respectable before the world, free, as they think, from gross vices, and from danger, who have already entered the path which sunk this young man to eternal night? Let the gay and fashionable remember that the steps which take hold on hell are by no means seldom those which first lead to the convivial card-party. They here find an atmosphere peculiarly intoxicating, which renders serious society and instructive employment altogether distasteful, and are drawn step by step into the associated vices which destroy both body and soul.

Let the sinner who shall peruse this remember, also, that however confident and bold he may be in scepticism, his confidence will desert him at the hour of need. Nay, his hopes from any system of infidelity will vanish now, if he will only sit down and reflect—if he will listen for a few hours to the sober decisions of reason and conscience.

And, finally, let not the sinner imagine that religion is something always, as it were, waiting on him; a prize which, at any future time, he has little more to do than to reach out his hand and take. It is not so. And yet many trust in this delusion, and quiet themselves with this hope, at the very hour they are passing the bounds of mercy. Reader! are you saying, "I've no notion of dying as I am—I mean to become a Christian?" Beware!

EDEN.

ANY attempt to fix the locality of the garden of Eden is attended with insuperable difficulty. No dependence is to be placed on Jewish tradition or heathen mythology, upon ancient legends or modern speculation. As has been very justly observed—"We can trace over all those regions through which the Tigris and the Euphrates flow, the same monuments of the flood which are so remarkable in every other quarter of the world, in the form of boundless deserts of sand, mixed with salt and shells; and of course we might as well look for the rich and beautiful dwelling-place of our first parents in the prairies of America, or the sands of Africa, as expect to discover any trace of it on the banks of the Euphrates." The most probable opinion is that the site of this interesting spot was eastward of Canaan, and north-west of the Persian Gulf, in the midst of the fertile valleys of Armenia, a spot on which, according to Milton's idea, "Nature's whole wealth" was expended and exposed.

In this garden of the Lord there was a river large and deep, which had its four heads, or main streams, into which it divided, each branch having its own appropriate bed or channel, in which it flowed, conveying life, health, and beauty to Eden's thousand thousand plants and flowers. Nor is Milton to be charged with poetic licence when he tells us—

"How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain.

* * * * * Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose; "

while on every individual object, from the greatest and the grandest, down to the least and less impressive, the Creator had engraven his name, and expended his beneficence, and shed the lustre of his glory, and filled its hidden recesses with the cheering intimacy of His own presence.

Of the Source of this one River, all knowledge is lost, and every effort to find it has ended only in disappointment. Whether, as Schlegel conjectures, the first chastisement inflicted on man by expulsion from his first glorious habitation and primeval home, was accompanied by some physical change in Paradise, brought about by some natural convulsion, which resulted in the drying up of the source of this river, and in changing the course of its four grand divisions, we are not in a position to say. There is comparatively little difficulty in tracing the four separate streams into which the river divided itself; but where to look for their one common source no one can tell. The first division, known by the name of the river Pison, takes the precedence as being nearest to Arabia Petrea, where Moses wrote. According to some authorities, this is the same with Abarus, or Batoum, which was in Armenia, and flows into the Black Sea; but according to others, the Araxes has a prior and better claim. Following the reading of the Sacred Text, we learn that "the name of the second river was Gihon; the same is it that compasseth the whole land of Ethiopia"—not that country of this name in Africa, beyond Egypt, but the country lying to the east of the channel of the Euphrates, known by the name of *Cush*; and if we take Gihon as the eastern channel by which the sub-divided Euphrates enters the Persian Gulf, then here, and not on the borders of Ethiopia and Egypt, we find a district watered by the western branch of the Euphrates, distinguished for its fertility and beauty. Some, however, are of opinion that for this second division of the river, no one now knows where to look. Of the third division, whose name is Hiddekel, we are in no such uncertainty. It is universally acknowledged to be the Tigris, which flows toward Assyria, in a somewhat narrow channel, and with a less rapid torrent than the Euphrates. This Euphrates, which is the fourth main stream, is a famous river, which, rising in Armenia, skirts the Arabian Desert, passes through Babylon, and empties itself into the wider and deeper Ocean.

We can conceive of our first parents, still in the integrity of their unfallen nature, taking their evening walk along the banks of one or other of those pure, beautiful streams, amid the glories of departing day, and with the stillness of descending night listening to the music of their flow. The western horizon is one blaze of burning splendour, and the last rays of the setting sun are giving heightened beauty to every object around them. The quiet without corresponds with the deeper peace within, and everything invites to contemplation. The works and the wonders by which they are surrounded supply abundant material for thought and speech. As they converse, each becomes conscious of a higher inspiration, and neither can repress the rising feeling of the soul. Thought clothes itself in words, and

passes from mind to mind. Full of life and intelligence is their intercourse. Heart flows into heart, and sweet and full of confidence is their communion. The very waters along whose silvery edge they plant their footsteps, seem to reflect their own purity and peace; and bowing their knees on the banks of this river, they pour out their united heart and prayer in holiest adoration and sublimest praise to the one ineffable Fountain of light, and life, and love—the Centre of all rest—the Source of all happiness.

Scripture Illustrations.

(Acts I.—II. 1.)

CHAP. I., verse 12, "Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath-day's journey." From St. Luke's Gospel (xxiv. 50) we learn that our Lord's ascension took place at or near Bethany, a village on the eastern side of the Mount of Olives, and about fifteen furlongs (two miles) from Jerusalem (John xi. 18). Starting from Jerusalem, the traveller crosses the brook Cedron, and soon arrives at Gethsemane, at the foot of Olivet. Near the summit of the hill is a church, built upon the spot where it is supposed our Lord ascended. In this church the priests exhibit a stone, upon which they pretend the Saviour left the mark of his foot when he went up to heaven. Here also is a mosque, from the summit of which there is a most extensive and charming prospect. Jerusalem lies at our feet; in the east, the Dead Sea is visible, with the mountains of Moab rising grandly from it; towards the north, the plain of Jericho and the valley of the Jordan are seen. The scene changes with the position occupied. Olive-trees are still sprinkled over the hill, and the village of Bethany still nestles at its foot, on the side furthest from Gethsemane, as when our Lord visited Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. Not far away is Bethphage, so called from its fig-trees, and Dr. Stewart says that figs ripen earlier there than in any other place near Jerusalem. In the garden of Gethsemane, seven enormous olive-trees are still standing, and are supposed to have existed for many ages. If a Catholic should pluck any of their leaves, he would be excommunicated, so much are they venerated. Over all this locality, the monks profess to point out every spot where every event associated with it in the Gospels occurred.

A Sabbath-day's journey was about a mile, the distance to which the Jews were allowed to walk on the Sabbath, according to the tradition of the elders. This rule, although not of Divine institution, was an effectual preventive of Sabbath desecration by travelling. It is to be observed, however, that the regulation we speak of did not mean a mile from one's residence, but a mile from the town; otherwise, persons might have been debarred from the privilege of public worship.

Verse 13, "They went up into an upper room." Some say that the upper room was a room up-stairs used for devotion, for placing the dead (Acts ix. 37), for conversation, &c. Others say that it was a large room on the ground floor, and both in Greek and Jewish houses used for the entertainment of guests and special occasions. Others, again, think that the room alluded to in this verse was one of the rooms of the Temple, but this is most unlikely. Most likely, the upper room resembled one described by Mr. Jowett, who says that in the third storey of the house he then occupied, at Haivali, was the principal room. "This room is both higher and also larger than those below; it has two projecting windows, and the whole floor is so much extended in front beyond the lower part of the building, that the projecting windows

considerably overhang the street." In such a room, he thinks, Paul was preaching when Eutychus fell down from the window to the ground (Acts xx. 6-12).

Verse 19, "Aceldama, that is to say, The field of blood." The word *Aceldama* is formed from two words meaning "field" and "blood" in the Syriac language. It was previously called the "potter's field." It is now still called *Aceldama*, and, up to a comparatively recent period, was used for the purpose for which it was originally bought—namely, to bury strangers in (Matt. xxvii. 3-10). This field is a small piece of ground outside the walls of Jerusalem, beyond the brook of Siloam, and on the south side of the city. There yet stands there a building, the vaults of which contain many human bones, and in which probably deceased strangers were deposited. The ground was long used as a burial-place by the Armenians, who have a convent on Mount Zion. In reference to the name of the "potter's field," Mr. Williams mentions an interesting fact communicated to him by the Prussian consul. It is authenticated as the potter's field by a bed of white clay still worked. Dr. Robinson says: "It seems to have been early set apart by the Latins, and even by the Crusaders themselves, as a place for the burial of pilgrims. Sir J. Maundeville, in the fourteenth century, says that 'in that feld ben manye tombes of Cristen men, for there ben manye pilgrims graven.' He is also the first to mention the charnel-house, which then belonged to the hospital of St. John. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Quaresimus describes it as belonging to the Armenians, who sold the right of interment here at a high price. In Maundrell's day, dead bodies were still deposited in it. And Korte relates, that in his time it was the usual burial-place for pilgrims. Dr. Clarke repeats the same story in the beginning of this century; but, at present it has the appearance of having been for a much longer time abandoned. (See Zech. xi. 12, 13).

Verse 26, "They gave forth their lots, and the lot fell upon Matthias." There are frequent allusions to the casting of lots in the Old Testament. The land of Canaan was divided by lot (Num. xxvi. 55; Josh. xv., xvi., xvii., &c.). David divided the priests by lot (1 Chron. xxiv. 5). Jonathan was taken by lot (1 Sam. xiv. 41, 42). Achan was detected by lot (Josh. vii. 16-18). Jonah was discovered by lot (Jon. i. 7). The lot was viewed as a solemn appeal to the Lord to decide some uncertain question, and never appears to have been degraded to a gambling transaction. The custom prevailed among many ancient nations, and different methods were practised. The common mode of casting lots was to write the names of the persons proposed upon pieces of stone, wood, &c., and put them in an urn along with other pieces not written upon. These were all mixed up together, and then a hand was inserted, and the first names drawn were elected. Although the election of an apostle was by lot, we have no reason to believe that ministers ought to be so elected now. Neither can any argument in favour of modern gaming by lotteries be found in this occurrence, for it was no mere speculation for the sake of gain at another man's expense, but a solemn reference of a difficulty to God that he might decide it, and this was done with devout prayer. Barnes says "that lotteries either originate in, or promote covetousness, neglect of regular industry, envy, jealousy, disappointment, dissipation, bankruptcy, falsehood, and despair." What is gained by one is lost by another, and both the gain and the loss promote some of the worst passions of men—boasting, triumph, self-confidence, indolence, and dissipation on the one hand; and envy, disappointment, sullenness, desire of revenge, remorse, and ruin on the other. God intended that man should

live by sober toil. All departures from this great law of our social existence lead to ruin. These are true words; yet it is sad to see to what an extent lotteries prevail in Popish countries, and, above all, under the patronage of priests, who make a large profit out of them. What are called "raffles" are really lotteries, and as such should be avoided by Christians.

Chap. ii. 1, "The day of Pentecost." Pentecost means the fiftieth, and is a Greek word here denoting the feast which the Jews celebrated on the fiftieth day after the Passover. On the fourteenth of the month Abib, the paschal lamb was slain; on the fifteenth, there was a holy convocation; and on the sixteenth, the offering of first-fruits. The fiftieth day from this was the day of Pentecost. In the Old Testament (Exod. xxxiv. 22, Deut. xvi. 10) it is called the "feast of weeks," because it fell a week of weeks after the Passover. According to Jewish tradition, the law was given from Mount Sinai on that day. It may have been so, and it is remarkable that on the same day the Spirit was given in so marvellous a manner, and the Church of Christ organised and established. In the Christian Church, the feast of Pentecost is represented by Whitsunday, which was so called, because anciently it was a common time for celebrating baptism, and the persons baptised were clothed in white garments, as emblematical of that purity of soul which Christians should possess.

A NEGRO ANECDOTE.

At a prayer-meeting in New York, a gentleman said he wished the prayers of the meeting for a man who was awakened, but who had great difficulties on the subject of election. He stumbled at all the passages in the Word of God which set it forth. He was disposed to raise objections—could not understand it. Prayer was most earnestly desired for this carping objector, yet awakened sinner.

A clergyman said he wished to relate an incident; it might relieve the mind of the objector.

There formerly lived in the South an old slave, whose name was Abraham, and was known by the name of Father Abraham.

A wealthy man came into the place where Abraham was employed; the man was very profane, taking the name of God in vain continually, cursing and swearing. The old slave kindly and respectfully requested him to desist, and not to couple the name of his Divine and glorious Saviour with profane words.

The haughty white man wanted to know what right he had to dictate to him what terms he should use.

"Massa," said the black man, "I meant no harm and no disrespect; but I could not bear to hear you use the name of Jesus in that manner."

Some time after, the white man fell into great anxiety and trouble of mind. In his distress, he sought for some one who could guide him. He was troubled about this same doctrine of election. He bethought himself of Abraham. He thought if there was an honest man anywhere, Abraham must be that man. He resolved to go and see him, and lay his case before him. He went to the place and inquired for Father Abraham. They told him he was in the field. Into the field he went, and revealed to Abraham his great trouble. "Besides all this," said the planter, "I have great bewilderment on the subject of election, and I am especially troubled and stumble at that passage in Romans ix. 18; 'Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.' I cannot understand it; how this can be?"

"Massa," said Abraham, "you read too fast. In the beginning, when John came, he said, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;' and when Christ came

he said, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' This is the beginning of the New Testament. Now, massa, you have gone on too fast. You have got clear down into Romans. Go back to repentance in the Gospels, and attend to that duty; and then, when you get down into Romans, 'bout election, you'll find all easy."

"Now," continued the clergyman, "our anxious friend must go to repentance, and when he has experienced that, he will find no trouble about election."

THE TRAVELLER.

I WAS weary, and my shadow,
And the shadow of my load,
Slowly paced on before me,
As I travelled on the road;
And the mile-stones seemed to linger
More at sunset than before;
And more sadly came the teaching,
"One week more!"

So I sat me down and pondered,
Turning to the setting sun,
Pondered over all my folly,
And the good left all undone;
Turned me from the lengthening shadow
That had tortured me full sore—
To that sunset calmly ending
"One day more."

Hence it came that I consider,
Bear what crosses here we may,
From the shadow of afflictions
We should turn ourselves away;
Gaze upon a dying Saviour,
And the burden that He bore—
Off repeating as we ponder,
"One life more!"

Germs of Thought.

To lessen our desires is to increase our wealth.
PRACTICE flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so he will act.

INSULT not another for his want of a talent you possess—he may have others which you want.

THERE is a Gaelic proverb—"If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

CHRIST's teaching is a divine poetry, luxuriant with metaphor, overflowing with truth, too large for measured sentences, truth which only a heart alive can appreciate.

THE words of Christ are not like those of man. His sentences do not end with the occasion that called them forth. Every sentence of his is a deep principle of human life.

WE seem to be continued in this world of sin and sorrow after our conversion chiefly to declare and display, by word and deed, the Saviour's power and grace among our fellow-sinners.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or do something worth writing.

BENEVOLENCE is always a virtuous principle. Its operations always secure to others their natural rights, and it liberally superadds more than they are entitled to claim.

GRACE differs little from glory; the one is the seed, the other the flower. Grace is glory militant, and glory is grace triumphant.

GREGORY calls the Scriptures the heart and soul of God; for in the Scriptures, as in a "glass" he says, "we may see how the heart and soul of God stand towards his poor creatures."

In ascending the hill of life, our progress is slow and toilsome; but when we reach the top, it is remarkable with what celerity the years pass in reaching the base at the other side. "How slow the years!" say the young. "How rapid their flight!" say the old.

HOW TO PROMOTE REVIVALS.

FOR various reasons, which it is not necessary here to state, there is in some parts of the Church a morbid fear of using *extraordinary* means to promote a revival of religion. Seeing the sad effects of injudicious efforts, some have gone to the other extreme, and have not been willing to employ any but the ordinary means of grace. But why should they hesitate at this? May we not expect a blessing on our efforts to promote RELIGION just as much as on those we make to advance our success in business? In both, wisdom is profitable to direct. In either case we shall fail unless we are wise in the use of means adapted to the desired ends. It is true that we are absolutely dependent upon the Holy Spirit in all our endeavours to save souls; and this is the gift of God. But so are we dependent on God in all things. He is always more ready to impart his Spirit than we are to receive him. The bestowal is not limited to any one time, nor to any peculiar circumstances. If then, at any time, we diligently seek the favour of God in the use of the appointed means—the preaching of the Word, penitence, and prayer—may we not confidently expect the assistance of the Holy Ghost in the reviving of the graces of Christians, and in the conversion of the impenitent? Is not this the proper posture of our souls at all times, and if it were, should we not constantly enjoy the Spirit's presence? And the more in earnest we are, the more devoted to the cause of Christ we become, the more of his gracious power should we experience! This is the simple rationale of special religious meetings with the direct object of promoting a revival of religion in a church or community. If begun under a deep sense of responsibility for the souls of men, and persevered in with the belief that a blessing is in store for those who will diligently seek God, success will attend such efforts with far more certainty than it does our ordinary labours in life. There may not be a large addition to the Church, but Christians will be revived, which is an end not second in importance to the conversion of the impenitent. If we do nothing or next to nothing to bring men into the kingdom of God, and resolve the whole matter into Divine sovereignty, our success will very generally correspond with the feebleness of our endeavours. But if our own hearts are full of love for souls, and we use wise and persevering means to build up the kingdom of Christ, we shall not be disappointed.

HOW PREACHING MAY BE INWARDLY DIGESTED,

FOR THE NOURISHMENT OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

It has been said that no book is worth reading once that does not need to be read twice; that no book is worth reading once that is not worth reading again, and thinking about, and talking and dreaming over afterwards.

Before newspapers were common, the sermons of the Sabbath were treated somewhat in this way. The sermon was freighted with materials for thinking, and talking, and praying over the rest of the week. In a certain country parish, as we are told, the people came together, in the interval of the services, after they had eaten the lunch which the ample saddle-bags and capacious pockets supplied, and listened, while one of the older men went over the topics of the sermon, head by head. The afternoon discourse was treated in the same way by each family after reaching home. The members of the family compared notes, and talked over the matters of interest, considered the doctrines, recalled the illustrations, and preserved all for the week's use. But sermons have now come to be as ephemeral as light literature. No one thinks of the morning edition when the evening edition

is out. The minister, perhaps, has had some subject on his mind for months. While meeting his weekly duties, he has been revolving this subject. It has gradually taken shape, and has been growing in sunshine and showers. When the matter has fairly ripened, after a week of special care and labour in writing and praying it into the form of a sermon, he lays it before his people. They greatly enjoy the rich suggestions of their minister; they appreciate the discourse; but not one hearer in ten recalls the text on Monday morning. Even in the congregations of the gifted preachers who present their apples of gold in pictures of silver the sermon does not last over the Sabbath to the multitude.

Now, there is a way in which Christians can make the preaching conducive to their enjoyment and advantage, in an eminent degree; and that is, by making the subjects of each Sunday's sermons the special subjects of religious reading and Bible study, and of meditation and prayer for the week following.

We know a merchant who is very fond of music, and who has no little skill in playing on several instruments. But he can learn nothing by note. He was not taught in early life, and does not know how to read music. He catches easily, by his ear, anything that interests him, however. When a new musical *chef-d'œuvre* is performed, he listens and enjoys it to the full. As long as it is played, night after night, he listens and enjoys the same strains. Once, twice, three times do not exhaust the source of gratification. He goes home at night, and though it is late, he rises in the morning long before breakfast, and sits down to his piano and plays over the sweet strains which he has heard. And so for weeks, he keeps playing it over and humming the air while he is selling goods. He gains thus, perhaps, a month's pleasure out of a single entertainment, feeding on it in his soul, and relishing it in every part.

Now a sermon, caught by the ear, moving upon the feelings, kindling, instructing, and touching the springs of life, does not spend its force at one sitting. It needs to be played over. The truth needs to be meditated alone, and brooded over. It needs to be looked at in the first light of morning, and in the dusky shadows of evening, and in the gloom of the cloudy days which every week will bring. The consoling thoughts of the sermon need to be hummed soothingly over, as you are harassed by business, in order to take in their fullness. The preaching of one Sabbath ought to ring out, and ring on, through the week, till the echoes are caught up and renewed the succeeding Sabbath. The minister unfolds some spiritual doctrine, develops some duty, illuminates some portion of Scripture. Now, we would say to a Christian, if you would feed upon the Word, and grow thereby, let the subject of the sermon be your subject for the week. Work the vein the preacher has opened. Follow out the suggestions he has started. Let your reading be in the direction they lead. Take your Bible, and collect its teachings on the points involved. Make the topics of the sermon the special object of Bible study during the rest of the week. Meditate on the various bearings of the theme. Pray in that direction. Live in that direction. Make it a point to possess yourself of all that is within your reach on the subject opened on the Sabbath. How rich, then, the sermon would be to you! How it would consolidate your knowledge! How it would concentrate your grace! Instead of a loose, careless conning over of the Bible, here to-day and there to-morrow, you would have a special purpose, and thus an ever fresh interest in reading. Your mind would be labouring all the week with great thoughts. By such a process you would find yourself gaining a mastery of the

Scriptures, and a clearness of conception and justness of apprehension of important doctrines, and a fulness of religious knowledge.

And let ministers feel that their preaching is only furnishing a text, and giving suggestions on which Christians will be elaborating a sermon that is to last a week long, and ministers will make better sermons. It would be difficult, at present, in some cases, to make the preaching last through the week. It would be very thin diet by the middle of the week. But let there be such a habit on the part of Christians, and it would compel and it would allow the preacher to put more solid substance into the sermon. It would marvellously quicken him to know that his words were not to die upon the air, but were to live and breathe in hundreds of Christian hearts—be made the theme of investigation, and the food of thoughts for days to come.

We should have stalwart preachers, and we should have stalwart hearers, if sermons should be thus put on to be worn through the week. Every sermon would be an event. Every sermon would impart its peculiar benefits, and thus tend to lift the Christian higher towards heaven.

HE GIVETH US THE VICTORY.

"Wherefore this lingering of the soul,
This wish to longer stay,
To tread a little further yet
Life's sunny, shady way!"

Why should Christians dread to die, when death is but the entrance-way by which they may go and be for ever with the Lord? Oh, Christian, do not shrink from that solemn hour! Do not distress the hours which the performance of daily duties should make glad, by sorrowful forebodings of its terrors. "He will manage it all most excellently." He will come, and with a loving hand loosen the chain which binds you to earth. He will make you willing in the day of his power. That power may not be manifested until the very close of life; but if you truly rely on Jesus Christ, he "will not leave you comfortless."

What God has done for others should encourage your faith that he will do the same for you. Said one, whose experience beside the death-beds of Christians of all ages, ranks, and denominations, had been very extended, "I never knew one who had made so credible a profession of love to Christ, as to secure the general confidence of Christians in the vicinage, left to die an undesirable death." If you will but recall the memory of those Christians who have died among your own acquaintances, I doubt not your opinion will coincide with Dr. Plumer's—"The tie which binds us to our home circle is usually the hardest one to break." It is like severing life itself for the mother to lay her babe from her bosom, and leave it to shiver and wail amidst the storms of earth, without the shelter of her loving arms. Yet the love of Christ has often enabled her to lay it aside with a smile on her lip, and in high and holy trust in God's faithfulness as a hearer of prayer.

The other day we bore to her long rest a young mother, who has long been wasting with consumption. Though in an humble sphere, it was a privilege for any Christian to sit beside her and listen to the words of heavenly trust which flowed from her lips. Yet it was through a season of trial and darkness that she was brought to this glad state. How sorrowfully her large dark eye would follow the little prattler who played about her room, and with what anguish she thought of his future, with no loving hand to guide his little feet in the narrow way! But before the parting came, her aching heart was at rest;

"I can leave him in God's hands," she said to me, "and I feel sure he will answer my prayers for my child. He can raise up a Christian instructor for him, wherever he may be." And so she cast her burden on the Lord, and he sustained her with a faith which, from that time, did not falter.

Whatever your need may be, your Father knows it all, and can suit his comforts to your case. Though so aged and infirm that your memory of everything else has faded, and your brain is full of fancies, this fact will still be clear to you, that Jesus Christ is a precious Saviour. Though young and joyous, with life and its enjoyments opening up before you, he can reveal himself as so much lovelier than them all, that you will rejoice to go and be with him, "which is far better."

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

PRAYER.

It is a law as fixed and unvarying as that which regulates the revolution of the seasons, that he will be found the most established and steadfast believer who most abounds in prayer. All who are taught by the Spirit know that what the air of heaven is to the body—what sunshine is to the eye—what spring is to flowers, and herbs, and trees—prayer is to the believing soul. Without it, that soul would sicken and die. As a means of increasing faith, of drawing forth affection, of purifying the heart, apart from all that is obtained in answer to prayer, this privilege ranks among the foremost in the estimate of a child of God.

Every new visit to the throne becomes a means of augmenting the believer's stability; and as each season that revolves adds a new layer to the oak, which, in the end, assists in determining the age of the tree, each new petition sent up from the heart to the Hearer of prayer brings increase of strength, till the soul gradually reaches its appointed stature—the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

Is the heart fixed in prayer? Is it speaking in all earnestness to God? Does it feel its wants, and wait on him for a supply? its weakness, and wait on him for strength? its utter helplessness, and wait on him for all that the soul requires? Then its strength will grow—its graces will multiply; it will shoot up like willows by the water-courses. The promise shall be fulfilled—"It shall grow as the lily, and cast forth its roots like Lebanon."

Youths' Department.

HENRY SMILES; OR, THE SABBATH BREAKER.

It was a lovely Sunday morning in spring. The sun shone brightly in the heavens, and the air was calm and serene. A sacred quietness reigned over grassy hill, and flowery vale, and green corn-field. Garden and orchard were fragrant with the grateful odour of spring blossoms, and the morning breeze played lightly upon the new-born leaves.

The plough lay idle under a shed, and the horses enjoyed their rest in the stable. Everything seemed to speak of repose. A labouring man was seated in his cottage, with his Bible open before him, while he took his homely-morning meal. He had time for his Bible now, for it was the day of rest, the day so much esteemed by the true followers of Christ.

Ere long the village bells began to ring, and made the air vocal with their joyful and inviting sounds. They seemed to say—

"This is the Lord's day;
Christian, come away
Hither, to praise and pray."

One after another the dwellers of the scattered hamlet set out for the house of God. It was a beautiful sight, to see them coming in all directions, clad in their best, entering in silence, taking their wonted places, and bowing before the throne of grace.

After prayers, the aged pastor preached an affectionate and earnest sermon, showing how anxious and full of love he was for their souls. He pointed them to the Cross, and told them of the eternal joy, the unchanging bliss of the redeemed, beyond the bounds of time, and the cares and labours of the world.

The service ended, the congregation dispersed; every little group took its well-known way to its dwelling, and on the path spoke of what they had heard and felt.

Dinner came, and still there was talk about the sermon. The children had to go to the Sunday-school, and were asked to read a few verses before they went. They too seemed happy, though somewhat careless, and soon gathered around their teachers.

The quick eye of the superintendent this day noticed a vacant place. He looked round and round on every fair-haired boy, but the fair-haired boy he sought for was not there. Inwardly disturbed, and scarcely daring to think him absent, he at length inquired, "Where is Henry Smiles?" No answer was returned, for no one knew.

Long after school had closed, and the sun had already disappeared behind the mountain, the little truant made his way home with slow and weary steps. Thoroughly ashamed, he would fain have not been seen.

He confessed that he had wandered away into the fields, and that he had been amusing himself all day with Richard Wild. As if to divert attention or to turn aside his father's rebukes, he showed them a knotted stick of strange form, which he said he had cut in a hedge far away, as he went along.

If you could have looked into his conscience, however, you would have found it silently reproving the disobedient heart which had yielded to sin. Indeed, there was no need to look within: the downcast eyes of Henry told plainly enough that he heard the voice of his inward and offended monitor.

His father, in a voice which told more of love than of anger, said to him: "Did you not know, Henry, that you transgressed the Lord's command? Have you not heard that this is his day? You cannot have forgotten the hymn you learned so long ago, which says,

"To day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear thy Word;
And I would go with willing feet
To learn thy will, O Lord!"

"I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven:
Oh, may I love this holy day
The best of all the seven!"

"You do know that to spend Sunday in idle amusement is to sin against God, and you ought rather to spend it in worshipping him and learning his will. I have often heard you say of God's house—

"I have been there and still will go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure, or my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day."

"I am sorry for you, Henry, and hope you will no more absent yourself from home, and church, and school, on this holy day."

Henry would have done well to stop and think then, for the first step astray may be more easily retraced than

the second, and perseverance in the wrong path may lead on to great crimes. He little suspected what bitter memories would one day be awakened by this broken Sabbath, and that this was but the beginning of a long series of sad mistakes and falls.

How simple and beautiful, but how necessary for each day, the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"

But if we must pray, we must strive as well, and hold back our foot whenever it would leave the right way. Then may we expect the help of God, and an answer to our prayer.

Henry had neglected to pray, and not tried to flee in the hour of danger; and so he fell, and temptation carried him away. Thenceforward, the holy and precious Sabbath hours were ill employed and lost. Very soon he wholly forsook the school and the church, where he had once delighted to go.

In vain were all the tender and urgent words of his parents; in vain their severe and solemn warnings. He had to work all the week; why should he not enjoy himself on Sunday? What harm was there in wandering over the fields and woods?

But little faults lead to great ones, and folly leads to vice. Henry went on step by step down the steep path to evil, and soon, without being aware of it, was entangled beyond hope. He grew up to be an idle and dissipated youth, a guilty and wicked man. The negligent and thoughtless child became a hardened criminal.

One evening a weary traveller passed along the village street, and stopped at the inn to rest and ask his way. When he had taken some refreshment he passed on, hoping to reach his destination that night. His apparently well-filled purse attracted the notice of some worthless fellows at the inn, and they began to talk about his money, his solitary walk through the forest, and the dark night that was setting in.

The advancing hours silenced all talk, and the late moon rose calmly above the horizon. All was peace; all, save the base hearts which plotted crime, and they were troubled, for God has said, "There is no peace to the wicked."

When the early dawn announced the coming day, a shepherd found upon the road a lifeless traveller. His purse, the paltry recompense of crime, had been violently taken away, and near him, on the blood-stained turf, there lay a *knotted stick of strange form*, covered with gore. This stick was soon recognised as one which Henry had often showed with so much pride to his companions.

What bitter memories and cruel remorse was this fatal proof to awaken in the bosom of the guilty Henry! How would it make him bewail that sad Sabbath-day when he cut it in the hedge, far away! Then it was that, breaking God's law, silencing his conscience, and yielding to sin, he wandered first from the way that is right. He had fallen lower and lower, breaking away from all restraints, until he reached the gulf in which we find him now.

His parents had gone down mourning to their graves, and they were spared the disgrace and pangs of his guilty shame. They had taught him, they had prayed for him, and they had committed him to God. Before his end, his conscience once more awoke from its slumbers, and its reproaches filled him with terror. He confessed, with confusion and dismay, a long catalogue of crimes. There is a hope that he found mercy at the hands of a slighted Saviour, before he suffered for his guilt.

It may have been so, but still it is an awful thing to see a dreadful end to a wicked life.

Perhaps my reader, you say, you shall never come to

this. Alas! every one has thought so who has come to it. There is no saying where the path of sin will stop. We could tell you of many whose career of crime has commenced with Sabbath-breaking. But in any case, is it not safer, and better, and happier, to walk with the good in the way we know to be right, than to walk with the wicked in the way of evil? "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." If you are tempted to break this law, think of the sad course and doom of Henry Smiles.

IN JESUS.

At a boys' prayer-meeting which I conducted some time ago, I requested that all who felt that they were really happy should hold up their hands. One hand only was held up. The owner of that hand was a stout, strong lad, about seventeen, dressed in coarse clothes, and blackened from head to foot by the effect of his daily toil, like a chimney-sweep. His appearance told rather of hard work and privation than of happiness; yet when I made my request, without a moment's hesitation, and with a bright confident smile on his face, up went his hand.

"What makes you happy?" I said.

The answer was given in a deep, steady voice, expressive of a mind entirely and satisfactorily convinced of the truth of its conclusions—"Christ!"

This poor, uneducated lad had discovered experimentally the solution of that important problem which has puzzled so many wise heads since the creation of the world, "Where is happiness to be found?" He had found it in the only place in the universe where it can be found—in "Christ."

I have watched the lad closely, and believe his assertion to be true. He is happy, and it is his childlike faith in Christ that makes him so. He can say—

"Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all possessions are;
Chief of ten thousand in my eyes."

LOVE—THE LAW OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

No Christian employment more constantly or indispensably demands the law of kindness; and no talents or gifts can compensate here for a rough or unkind deportment. The law of the Sabbath-school must be love. When often asked for the constitution and rules of my schools, I answer that they are comprised in four letters, L O V E. Here is the law, and this is the only fulfilling of the law, in a Sunday-school. I have passed more than once classes under my care, when a teacher has called me to say, "Here is a boy or girl that I can do nothing with; can you remove him or her to some other class?" Now, how manifest was the incompetence of the teacher, under such circumstances! Impatience, want of sympathy and tenderness, to say the very least, were at the bottom of the whole; great want of discretion in openly announcing the disappointment—which was a confession of incompetency to the whole class, and extremely injudicious and irritating to the child proscribed—was very apparent. Indifference to the feelings and convenience of fellow-teachers was equally clear. In such a case, nothing could be done but to remove the child. But I should have felt more disposed to remove the teacher, if a greater result of evil would not have probably flowed from it. A complaining teacher can do no good. A fretful, peevish, hasty teacher can do no good. If a child is rebellious, let a teacher remember what fighters against God the ministry must meet, and how surely everything will be unavailing in them all for a blessing, without a forbearing, patient spirit. A

smiling, genial habit—a cheerful, welcoming countenance—a morning face, radiant with joy in the work of the Lord—comes into the school like the sunshine of heaven. It is God's own work, and God's own mark. I cannot but say, I will rejoice and be glad herein.

ABOUT PRINCE RADAMA.

Nor many princes would have dared to do what this prince did—Prince Radama, of Madagascar. Madagascar, you know, is an island in the Indian ocean five times as large as England, peopled by a superior coloured race. As long ago as 1819, some English missionaries carried the Gospel there. Old King Radama bade them welcome. He liked what he knew of England, and thought he should like the Englishman's religion also. They planted the Gospel in the very heart of his kingdom. It took deep root, and branched out on every side. For fifteen years the good missionaries worked with great success. Schools were opened, churches gathered, the Bible was translated, and more than twenty thousand tracts were printed in the native language. Those were precious days for Madagascar.

In 1828 the good king died, and his wife reigned in his stead. When she was crowned, she took two idols in her hand, and said to the idols, "I put my trust in you; therefore *you* must support me." The queen, alas! was a heathen, and as such, she hated her Christian subjects, and very soon let them know it. Passing a chapel one day where a little company of believers were praying and singing praises to God, she said she should not rest until all their heads were off. And soon there began a long and bitter persecution of the Christians, such as was hardly ever before equalled. They were flogged, speared, burned, and thrown down precipices. The missionaries, of course, had to leave, and their Bibles were burnt. I could not dare tell you all the cruelties that were practised; it would make your blood curdle. The poor Christians behaved in a way that took their wicked persecutors by surprise. "There is in the white man's religion," they said, "some *secret charm*, which takes away the fear of death." Yes, there is.

You must think the Gospel was pretty nearly crushed and rooted out. It seemed, so indeed. But the fact is, the religion of Jesus Christ is a heavenly life. It cannot be conquered or rooted out. Satan has done his best to kill it for eighteen hundred and sixty years, but Satan will have to give it up, for Christ is stronger than he. The Gospel is spreading everywhere. All the while it was treated so by this cruel queen, it was gurgling and sparkling in little underground springs all over her realm; for the Christians used to meet in caves, in the forests, on the mountain tops, in the dark midnight, to take sweet counsel with Jesus, and comfort themselves with his blessed promises.

And then what happened? The queen had a son, an only son, Radama, her darling. He became a believer in Jesus; and when one day the queen was urging severer measures, "Madam," replied her prime minister, "*your son is a Christian*. He prays with the Christians; he encourages the Christians. We are lost if your majesty does not stop him." "Oh!" cried the queen-mother, in an agony of rage and love, "he is my son, my only son, my beloved son! Let him do as he will, he is my son." Radama was only seventeen when this happened. At an age when too many boys in Christian lands disown their early piety and forsake the word of God, Radama professed his faith in Christ, and chose the Bible for his guide. His mother despised his religion, he knew. The great men of the kingdom hated it. He took the unpopular side when it was not only unpopular but highly

dangerous. The popular side was heathen, as, indeed, the popular side is too apt to be. But the prince took his stand, and *never flinched*. He stood bravely up between his mother's persecuting rage and God's little defenceless flock; and her arm was palsied, for if she struck again, she must strike her son, and a more tender and affectionate son a mother never had.

After this she indeed relaxed something of her severity; but she would not repeal the wicked laws which had been passed against the Christians. The banished missionaries, then in England, occasionally received letters from the poor saints in Madagascar; and Bibles were sometimes smuggled into the island in casks of nails or bales of cloth. A revised copy of the Malagasy Bible, printed in England, was privately sent to the young prince, who wrote back, "I thank you, and pray Jehovah God to bless you. I am doing all in my power for the people of God in trouble here, as God blesses me. Pray much to God to bless me, and the Christians, and the people of Madagascar. I am extremely glad with your words when you say you will come back again to teach us all true wisdom. May God-Jehovah grant what you and we desire!"

About eight years ago, one of the missionaries ventured to go back; but he could not stay. There was a strong heathen party, headed by a cousin of the prince, who threatened the queen in case any favour was shown the Christians. Indeed, the prince's life was in constant danger. His mother found it necessary to place a strong body-guard to protect him. Better than body-guard, God was his defence and his shield.

A few months since, news came of the wicked queen's death. The heathen party is put down, the leader of it banished, and the prince is seated on the throne, King Radama II. Good things are in store, we trust, for Madagascar. One of the first acts of this pious king was to write to the missionaries, telling them that *his whole land is open to the preaching of the Gospel*. He is resolved to establish Christian schools upon a large scale for all his subjects; and every step thus far is full of wisdom and promise.

Short Arrows.

COTTON MATHER'S LIBELS.—Dr. Cotton Mather was remarkable for the sweetness of his temper. He took some interest in the political concerns of his country, and on this account, as well as because he faithfully reproved iniquity, he had many enemies; and many abusive letters were sent to him, all of which he tied up in a packet, and wrote upon the cover, "Libels!—Father, forgive them."

SIN LEAVES ITS MARK.—Mr. Gough says, "Boys, what you learn from bad habits, and in bad society, you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I would give my right hand to-night if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society—if I could tear from my mind the things which I have seen and heard. You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged or harboured in the heart. You may pray against it, and by God's grace you may conquer it; but it will *through life* cause you bitterness and anguish."

THE LITTLE ONES.—I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, and heart; quite otherwise, God be thanked! but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air, and good play,

and some good companionship outside; otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or at best, prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

CHRISTIANS UNCHRISTIANISING.—In the memoirs of Varnhagen Von Ense, issued from the German press, Humboldt is reported as thus speaking of Tholuck, who had been induced to go to the opera. "What, this pietist there too? It shows how little he believes in what he preaches." No doubt, Tholuck was flattered to his face by his worldly friends for his liberality. Behind his back, however, he is laughed at as a hypocrite. And then, from the whole narrative, we see that the inconsistency of which Tholuck was thus guilty was used by unbelievers as a tacit admission on his part that his preaching was untrue. They fortified themselves in their belief by his weakness. Does not such an inside view of the world's opinions of any Christian inconsistency teach an important lesson to each of us?

A NOBLE ACT.—A ship was bearing down on the English coast under a stiff breeze and a lowering sky. It was not many hours before she was in the teeth of a violent storm, rolling and plunging in the angry waters. The winds shrieked through her cordage, and her huge timbers groaned from stem to stern. She at last struck, and became unmanageable, and hoisted signals of distress. A crew of brave and hardy men from the shore put out to rescue her living freight. Among those on board was a negro with two orphan children under his charge. The boat was soon filled with the affrighted passengers, and there was room for but *one more*—room for the negro, or the two little ones. Who should be saved—who left behind to perish? The faithful negro did not hesitate. Over the ship's side he lowered the helpless children into the life-boat, and only called out, "Tell master Coffie did his duty."

HURRIED DEVOTIONS.—Probably many of us would be discomposed by an arithmetical estimate of our communion with God. It might reveal to us the secret of much of our apathy in prayer, because it might disclose how little we desire to be alone with God. We might learn from such a computation that Augustine's idea of prayer, as "the measure of love," is not very flattering to us. We do not grudge time given to a privilege which we love. Why should we expect to enjoy a duty which we have no time to enjoy? Do we enjoy anything which we do in a hurry? Enjoyment presupposes something of mental leisure. How often do we say of a pleasure, "I wanted more time to enjoy it to my heart's content!" But of all employments, none can be more dependent on "times for it," than *stated* prayer. Fugitive acts of devotion, to be of high value, must be sustained by other approaches to God, deliberate, premeditated, regular—which shall be to those acts like the abutments of a suspension bridge to the arch that spans the stream. It will never do to be in desperate haste in laying such foundations. This *thoughtful* duty, this *spiritual* privilege, this foretaste of *uncorporeal* life, this communion with an *unseen* friend, can you expect to enjoy it in a few hurried moments?

EIGHT DIRECTIONS.

"How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?"—Judges xlii. 12.

WHEN a child is born into the world, the parents should—

1. Regard the child as having entered upon an immortal existence.
2. Heartily dedicate him to God, as Hannah did Samuel.
3. Pray for him, and teach him to pray.
4. Store his mind with the truth of God's Word.
5. Set him a Christian example.
6. Train him to habits of obedience, order, generosity, industry, and economy.
7. Check the first buddings of evil, and cherish the first indications of right feeling.
8. Rest not until his heart is given to Christ.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGES."

CHAPTER I.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

IN a very populous district of London, somewhat north of Temple Bar, there stood many years ago a low, old church, amidst other churches—for you know that London abounds in them. The doors of this church stood partially open one dark evening in December, and a faint, glimmering light might be observed inside by the passers-by.

It was known well enough what was going on inside, and why the light was there. The rector was giving away the weekly bread. A benevolent gentleman had left a certain sum to be expended in twenty weekly loaves, to be given to twenty poor widows at the discretion of the minister. Some curious provisos were attached to the bequest. One was, that the bread should not be less than two days old, and should have been deposited in the church at least twenty-four hours previously to the distribution. Another was, that each recipient must attend in person. Failing personal attendance, no matter how unavoidable her absence might have been, she lost the loaf: no friend might receive it for her, neither might it be sent to her. In that case, the minister was enjoined to bestow it upon "any stranger widow that might present herself, as should seem expedient to him:" the word "stranger" being used in contradistinction to the twenty poor widows who were on the books as the charity's recipients. Four times a year, one shilling to each widow was added to the loaf of bread.

A loaf of bread is not much. To us, sheltered in our plentiful homes, it seems as nothing. But, to many a one, toiling and starving, now, in this same city of London, a loaf may be almost the turning-point between death and life. The poor existed in those days, as they exist in these; as they always will exist: therefore it was no matter of surprise that a crowd of widow women, mostly aged, all in poverty, should gather round the church doors when the bread was being given, each hoping that, of the twenty poor widows, some one might fail to appear, and that the clerk would come to the door and call out her own particular name, to go in and be the fortunate substitute. On the days when the shilling was added to the loaf, this waiting and hoping crowd would be increased fourfold.

Thursday was the afternoon for the distribution. And on this day that we are writing of, the rector entered the church at the usual hour, four o'clock. He had to make his way through an unusual number outside: this being one of the shilling days. He knew them all personally; was familiar with their names, with their homes: for the Rev. Francis Tait was a hard-working clergyman. And hard-working clergymen were more rare in those days than they are in these.

Of Scotch birth, but chiefly reared in England, he had taken orders at the usual age, and become a curate in a London parish, where the work was heavy and the stipend small. Not that the duties pertaining to the church itself were heavy; but it was a parish filled with poor. Those who are familiar with such, know what that means, when the minister is sympathising and conscientious. For twenty years he remained a curate, patiently toiling, cheerfully hoping. Twenty years! it seems little, to write: but, to live it, is a great, great deal; and Francis Tait, in spite of his hopefulness, sometimes found it so. Then promotion came. The living of this little church that you now see open was bestowed upon him. A poor living, as compared with some; and a poor parish, speaking of the social condition of its inhabitants. But the living appeared wealth, after what he had earned as a curate; and, as to his flock being chiefly composed of poor, he had not been used to anything else. Then the Rev. Francis Tait married: and another twenty years went by.

He stood in the church on this evening; the loaves of bread resting on the shelf overhead, close against the door of the vestry, all near the entrance of the church. A flaring

tallow candle with a long snuff stood on the small table between him and the widows who clustered opposite. He was sixty-five years old now; a tall, spare man of middle height, with a clear pale skin, an intelligent countenance, and a thoughtful, fine grey eye. He had a pleasant word, a kind inquiry for all, as he put the shilling in their hands; the lame old clerk at the same time handing over the loaf of bread.

"Are you all here to-night?" he asked, as the distribution went on.

"No, sir," was the answer, from several who spoke at once. "Betty King's away."

"What is the matter with her?"

"The rheumaticks have laid hold on her, sir. She couldn't get here now. She be in her bed."

"I must go and see her," said he. "What, are you here again, Martha?" he continued, as a little deformed woman stepped from behind the rest, where she had been hidden. "I am glad to see you."

"Six blessed weeks, this day, and I've not been able to come!" exclaimed the woman. "But I'm restored wonderful."

The distribution was approaching its close, when the rector spoke to his clerk. "Call in Eliza Turner."

The clerk laid on the table the four or five loaves remaining, that each woman might help herself during his absence, and went out to the door.

"Liza Turner, his Reverence has called for you."

A sobbing sigh of delight from Eliza Turner, and a wailing groan of disappointment from those surrounding her, greeted the clerk in answer. He took no notice—he often heard it—but turned and limped into the church again. Eliza Turner followed; and another woman slipped in after Eliza Turner.

"Now, Widow Booth," cried the clerk, sharply, perceiving the intrusion, "what business have you here? You know as it's again the rules."

"I must see his Reverence," murmured the woman, pressing on—a meek, half-starved woman; and she pushed her way into the vestry, and there told her pitiful tale.

"I'm worse off nor Widow Turner," she moaned piteously, not in a tone of complaint, but of entreaty. "She have got a daughter in service as helps her, but me, I've got my poor unfortunate daughter a lying in my place, weak with fever, sick with hunger. Oh, sir, couldn't ye give the bounty this time to me? I've not had bit or drop in my mouth since morning, and then it was but a taste o' bread and a drain o' tea, as a neighbour give me out of charity."

It was essentially necessary to discountenance these self applications. The rector's rule was, never to give the spare bounty to those who applied: otherwise the distribution might have become a weekly scene of squabbling and confusion. He handed the shilling and bread to Eliza Turner; and when she had followed the other women out, he turned to the Widow Booth, who was sobbing against the wall, speaking kindly.

"You should not have come in, Mrs. Booth. You know that I do not allow it."

"But I'm starving, sir," was the answer. "I thought maybe as you'd divide it between me and Widow Turner. Sixpence for her, and sixpence for me, and the loaf halved."

"I have no power to divide the gifts: to do so, would be against the terms of the bequest. How is it that you are so badly off this week? Has your work failed?"

"I couldn't do it, sir, with my sick one to attend to. And I've got a gathering come on my thimble-finger, and that have hindered me. I took ninepence the day afore yesterday, sir, but last night it was every farthing of it gone."

"I will come round and see you by-and-by," said the clergyman.

She lifted her eyes yearningly. "Oh, sir! if you could but give me something for a morsel of bread now! I'd be grateful for a penny loaf."

"Mrs. Booth, you know that, to give here, would be entirely against my rule," he replied, with unmistakable firmness. "Neither am I pleased when any of you attempt

to ask it. Go home quietly: I have said that I will come to you by-and-by."

The woman thanked him, and went out. Had anything been wanting to prove the necessity of the rule, it would have been the eagerness with which the crowd of women gathered round her. Not one had gone away; and they pushed up with eager eyes, eager tongues. "Had she got anything?" To reply that she *had* got something, would have sent the whole lot flocking in, to beg in turn of the rector.

Widow Booth shook her head. "No, no. I knowed it afore. He never will. He says he'll come round."

They dispersed; some in one direction, some in another. The rector blew out the candle, and he and the clerk came forth; and the church was closed for the distribution of bread until that day week. Mr. Tait took the keys to carry them home himself. They were kept at his house. Formerly the clerk had carried them; but since he became old and lame, Mr. Tait would not give him the trouble.

It was a fine night over head, but the streets were sloppy; and the clergyman put his foot unavoidably in many a puddle. The streets through which his road lay were but imperfectly lighted. The residence apportioned for the rector of this parish was contiguous to a well-known square, fashionable in that day. It was a very good house, bearing a handsome appearance outside: to judge by it, you would have said the living must be worth five hundred a year at the least. It was not worth anything like that; and the parish treated their pastor liberally in according him so good a residence. A quarter of an hour's walk from the church brought Mr. Tait to it.

Until recently a gentleman had shared this house with Mr. Tait and his family. The curate of a neighbouring parish, the Rev. Mr. Acton, had been glad to live with them as a friend, partaking of their society and their table. It was a little help; and but for that, Mr. and Mrs. Tait would scarcely have deemed themselves justified in keeping two servants, for the educational expenses of their children ran away with a large portion of their income. But Mr. Acton was now removed to a distance, and they were in hopes of receiving somebody or other in his place.

On this evening, as Mr. Tait was picking his way through the puddles, the usual sitting-room of his house presented a cheerful appearance, ready to receive him. It was on the ground floor, looking to the street, spacious and lofty, and bright with fire. Two candles, not yet lighted, stood on the table behind the tea-tray, but the glow of the fire was quite sufficient for all the work that was being done in the room.

It was no work at all, but play. A young lady was quietly whirling round the room with a dancing step—quietly, because her foot and movements were gentle, in contradistinction to noisy; and the tune she was humming to herself, and to which she kept time, was carolled in an undertone. She was moving thus in the happy innocence of her heart and youth. A graceful girl was she, of middle height; one whom it gladdened the eye to look upon. Not for her beauty, for she had no very great beauty to boast of; but it was one of those countenances that win their own way to favour. A fair, gentle face it was, openly candid, with the same earnest, honest grey eye that so pleased you in the Rev. Mr. Tait, and brown hair. She was that gentleman's eldest child, and looked about eighteen. In reality she counted a year on to it; but her face and dress were both youthful. She wore a violet silk dress, made with a low body and short sleeves; young ladies did not have their pretty necks and arms covered up then. In the day time, the dress would have shown out old, but it looked very well by candle light.

The sound of the latch-key in the front door brought her dancing to a stand-still. She knew who it was—no inmate of that house possessed a latch-key, save its master—and she turned to the fire to light the candles.

Mr. Tait came into the room, removing neither his overcoat nor hat. "Have you made the tea, Jane?"

"No, papa. It has but just struck five."

"Then I think I'll go out again first. I have to call on

one or two of the women, and it will be all one wetting. My feet are soaked already"—looking down at his buckled shoes and his black gaiters. "You can get my slippers warmed, Jane. But"—the thought apparently striking him—"would your mamma like to wait?"

"Mamma had a cup of tea half an hour ago," replied Jane. "She said it might do her good; that if she could get a little sleep after it, she might be able to come down for a little while before bed-time. The tea can be had whenever you like, papa. There's only Francis at home, and he and I could wait until ten at night, if you pleased."

"I'll go at once, then. Not until ten, Miss Jane, but until six, or thereabouts. Betty King is ill; but she does not live far off."

"Papa," cried Jane as he was turning away, "I forgot to tell you. Francis says he thinks he knows of a gentleman who would like to come here in Mr. Acton's place."

"Ah! who is it?" asked the rector.

"One of the masters of the school. Here's Francis coming down-stairs. He went up to wash his hands."

"It is our new mathematical master, papa," cried Francis Tait, a youth of eighteen, who was being brought up to the Church. "I overheard him ask Dr. Percy if he could recommend him to a comfortable residence where he might board and make one of the family; so I told him perhaps you might receive him here. He said he'd come down and see you."

Mr. Tait paused. "Would he be a desirable inmate, think you, Francis? Is he a gentleman?"

"Quite a gentleman, I am sure," replied Francis. "And we all like him, what little we have seen of him. His name's Halliburton."

"Is he in orders?"

"No. He intends to be, I think."

"Well, of course I can say nothing about it yet, one way or the other," concluded Mr. Tait, as he went out.

Jane stood before the fire in thought, her fingers unconsciously smoothing the parting of the glossy brown hair on her well-shaped head, as she looked at it in the pier-glass. To say she never did such a thing in vanity, would be wrong: no pretty girl ever lived yet, but was conscious of her good looks. Jane, however, was neither thinking of herself nor of vanity then. She took a very practical part of home duties; she took, with her mother, a practical part in the out-door life, amidst her father's poor; and just now her thoughts were running on the additional work it might bring to her, did this gentleman come to reside with them.

"What did you say his name was, Francis?" she suddenly asked her brother.

"Whose?"

"That gentleman's. The new master at your school."

"Halliburton. I don't know his Christian name."

"I wonder," mused Jane aloud, "whether he'll wear out his stockings like Mr. Acton did? There was always a dreadful deal of darning to do to his. Is he an old guy, Francis?"

"Isn't he!" responded Francis Tait. "Don't you faint when you see somebody come in, old and fat, with green rims to his spectacles. I don't say he's *quite* old enough to be papa's father, but—"

"Why! he must be eighty at least, then!" uttered Jane, in dismay. "How could you tell him of it? We should not care to have anybody older than Mr. Acton."

"Acton! that young chicken!" contemptuously rejoined Francis. "Put him by the side of Mr. Halliburton. Acton was barely fifty."

"He was forty-eight, I think," said Jane. "Oh, dear! how I should like to have gone with Margaret and Robert this evening!" she exclaimed, forgetting the passing topic in another.

"They were not polite enough to invite me," said Francis. "I shall pay the old lady out."

Jane laughed. "You are getting too old now, Francis, to be admitted to a young ladies' breaking-up. Mr. Chilham said so to mamma—"

Jane's words were interrupted by a knock at the front door, seemingly that of a visitor. "Jane!" cried her

brother, in some commotion, "I should not wonder if it's Mr. Halliburton! He did not say when he should come."

Another minute, and one of the servants ushered a gentleman into the room. It was not the old guy, however, as Jane saw at a glance; and she felt a sort of relief. A tall, gentlemanly looking man of five or six-and-twenty, with thin aquiline features, dark eyes, and a clear, fresh complexion. A handsome man, very prepossessing.

"You see I have soon availed myself of your permission to call," said he, in a pleasant, cordial tone, as he took Francis Tait's hand, and glanced towards Jane with a slight bow.

"My sister Jane, sir," said Francis. "Jane, it's Mr. Halliburton."

Jane forgot for once her calm good manners. So surprised was she—in fact perplexed, for she did not know whether Francis was playing a trick upon her now, or whether he had previously played it; in short, whether this was, or was not, Mr. Halliburton—that she could only look from one to the other. "Are you Mr. Halliburton, sir?" she said, in her straightforward simplicity.

"I am Mr. Halliburton," he answered, bending to her courteously. "Can I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Tait?"

"Will you take a seat?" said Jane. "Papa is out, but I do not expect he will be very long."

"Where did he go to—do you know, Jane?" cried Francis, who was smothering a laugh.

"To Betty King's. He may have been going elsewhere also. I think he was."

"At any rate, I'll just run there, and see. Jane, you can tell Mr. Halliburton all about it while I am gone. Explain to him exactly how he will be here, and how we live. And then you can decide for yourself, sir," concluded Francis.

To splash through the wet streets to Betty King's, was an expedition rather agreeable to Francis, in his eagerness; otherwise there was no particular necessity for his going.

"I am sorry that mamma is not up," said Jane. "She suffers sadly from occasional sick headaches, and they generally keep her in bed for the day. I will give you any information that I can."

"Your brother Francis thought—thought—that it might not be disagreeable to Mr. Tait to receive a stranger into his family," said Mr. Halliburton, speaking with some hesitation. But the young lady before him looked so entirely lady-like, the house altogether seemed so well-appointed, that he almost doubted whether the proposal would not offend.

"We wish to receive some one," said Jane. "The house is sufficiently large, and papa would like it for the sake of society, as well as that it would be a help to our housekeeping," she added, in her truthful candour. "A friend of papa's was with us—I cannot remember precisely how many years, but he came when I was a little girl. It was the Rev. Mr. Acton. He left us last October."

"I feel sure that I should like it very much; that I should deem myself fortunate if Mr. Tait will admit me," spoke the visitor.

Jane remembered the suggestion of Francis, and deemed it her duty to speak a little to Mr. Halliburton of "how he would be there," as it had been expressed. She might have done it without the suggestion: she could not be otherwise than truthful and open. "We live quite plainly," she observed. "A joint of meat one day; cold, with a pudding, the next."

"I should deem myself fortunate to get the pudding," replied Mr. Halliburton, smiling. "I have been tossed about a good deal of late years, Miss Tait, and have had none too much of comfort. Just now I am in very uncomfortable lodgings."

"I daresay papa would like you to come," said she, frankly, and feeling a sort of relief herself. She had thought he looked like one who might be over-fastidious.

"I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister," he resumed. "In fact, I may say that I am without relatives: for almost the only one I have has discarded me. I often think, how rich those people must be who possess dear connections and a happy home," he added, turning his bright glance upon her.

Jane dropped her work, which she had taken up, upon her knee. "I don't know what I should do without all my dear relatives," she exclaimed.

"Are you a large family?"

"We are six. Papa and mamma, and four children. I am the eldest, and Margaret is the youngest; Francis and Robert are between us. It is the breaking-up at Margaret's school to-night, and she is gone to it with Robert," continued Jane, never doubting but that the stranger must take as much interest in "breakings-up" as she did. "I was to have gone; but mamma has been unusually ill to-day."

"Was it a disappointment to you?"

Jane bent her head while she confessed the fact, as if feeling it were a confession to be ashamed of. "It would not have been kind to leave mamma," she added, "and I dare say some other pleasure will arise for me soon. Mamma is asleep now."

"What a charming girl!" thought Mr. Halliburton to himself. "How I wish she was my sister!"

"Margaret is to be a governess," observed Jane. "She is being educated for it. She has a great talent for music, and also for drawing: it is not often the two are united. Her tastes lie quite that way—anything clever; and as papa has no money to give us, it was well to make her a governess."

"And you?" said Mr. Halliburton. The question may have been deemed an impertinent one by many, but he spoke it only in his deep interest, and Jane Tait was of too ingenious a disposition not to answer it as openly.

"I am not to be a governess. I am to stay at home with mamma and help her. There is plenty to do. Margaret cannot bear domestic duties, or sewing either. Except dancing, I have not learnt a single accomplishment—unless you can call French an accomplishment."

"I am sure you have been well educated!" involuntarily spoke Mr. Halliburton.

"Yes, I have; in all solid things," replied Jane. "Papa has taken care of that. He still directs my readings in literature. I know a good bit of—Latin"—she added, bringing out the concluding words with hesitation, like one who repents of his sentence—"though I do not like to confess it to you."

"Why do you not?"

"Because I think young ladies who know Latin are laughed at. I did not regularly learn it, but I used to be in the room when papa or Mr. Acton was teaching Francis, and I picked it up. Mr. Acton often took Francis: he had more time on his hands than papa. Francis is to be a clergyman."

"Miss Jane," said a servant entering the room, "your mamma is awake, and wishes to see you."

Jane left Mr. Halliburton with a word of apology, and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Tait came in. He was a little taken aback when he saw the stranger. His imagination had run, if not upon an "old guy" in spectacles, certainly upon some steady, sober, aged mathematical master. Would it be well to admit this young and good-looking man to his house?

If Jane Tait had been candid in her revelations to Mr. Halliburton, that gentleman, in his turn, was not less candid to her father. He, Edgar Halliburton, was the only child of a country clergyman, the Rev. William Halliburton, who had died when Edgar was sixteen, leaving nothing behind him. Edgar—he had previously lost his mother—found a home with his late mother's brother, a gentleman named Cooper, who resided at Birmingham. Mr. Cooper was a man in extensive business, and he desired that Edgar should go into his counting-house. Edgar declined. His father had lived long enough to form his tastes: his greatest wish had been to see him enter the Church; and the wish had become Edgar's own. Mr. Cooper thought there was nothing in the world like business: he looked upon that most sacred of all callings, God's ministry, only in the light of a profession. He had marked out his own career, step by step, attaining wealth and importance, and he wished his nephew to do the same. "Which is best, lad?" he coarsely asked: "To rule as a merchant-prince, or to starve and toil

as a curate? I'm not a merchant-prince yet, but you may be." "It was my father's wish," pleaded Edgar in answer, "and it is my own. I cannot give it up, sir." The dispute ran high—not in words, but in obstinacy. Edgar would not yield, and at length Mr. Cooper discarded him. He turned him out of doors: he told him that if he must become a parson, he might get somebody else to pay his expenses at Oxford, for he never would. Edgar Halliburton proceeded to London, and obtained employment as an usher in a school, to teach the classics and mathematics. From that he became a private teacher, and had so got his living up to the present time: but he had never succeeded in getting to the university. And Mr. Tait, before they had talked together five minutes, was charmed with his visitor, and invited him to partake of tea, which Jane came down to make.

"Has your uncle never softened to you?" Mr. Tait inquired.

"Never. I have addressed several letters to him, but they have been returned to me."

"He has no family, you say, Mr. Halliburton? You ought—in justice, you ought to inherit some of his wealth. Has he other relatives?"

"He has one, standing to him in the same relationship that I do—my cousin, Julia. It is not likely that I shall ever inherit a farthing of it, sir. I do not look for it."

"Right," said Mr. Tait, nodding his head approvingly. "There's no thriftless mark like that of waiting for legacies. Wearying, too. I was a poor curate, Mr. Halliburton, for twenty years—indeed, so far as being poor goes, I am not much else now—but let that pass. I had a relative who possessed money, and who had neither kith nor kin nearer to her than I was. For the best part of those twenty years I was casting covert hopes to that money; and when she died, and NOTHING was left to me, I found out how foolish and wasteful my hopes had been. I tell my children to trust in their own honest exertions, but never to trust to other people's money. Allow me to urge the same upon you."

Mr. Halliburton's lips and eyes alike smiled, as he looked gratefully upon the rector, the man so much older than he was. "I never think of it," he earnestly said: "it appears, for me, to be as thoroughly lost as though it did not exist. I should not have mentioned it, sir, but that I deem it right you should know all particulars respecting me; if, as I hope, you will admit me to make one in your home."

"I think we should get on together very well," frankly acknowledged Mr. Tait, forgetting the prudential ideas which had crossed his mind.

"I am sure we should, sir," warmly replied Edgar Halliburton. And the bargain was made.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW GROWN INTO SUBSTANCE.

AND yet it had perhaps been well that those prudential ideas had been allowed by Mr. Tait, the clergyman, to obtain weight. Mr. Halliburton took up his abode with them; and, the more they saw of him, the more they liked him. In which liking must be included Jane.

It was a shadow of the possible future, of the effects the step might bring forth, which had whispered determent to Mr. Tait—a very brief shadow, which had crossed his mind but imperfectly, and flitted away again. Where two young and attractive beings are thrown into daily companionship, the result too frequently is, that a mutual regard arises, stronger than any other regard can ever be in this world. This result had arrived here.

A twelvemonth passed over from the period of Mr. Halliburton's entrance. How swiftly for him and for Jane Tait, they alone could tell. Not a word had been spoken to her by Mr. Halliburton that he might not have spoken to her mother or her sister Margaret; not a look on Jane's part had been given by which he could infer that he was more to her than were the rest of the world. And yet both were inwardly conscious of the feelings of the other; and when the twelvemonth had gone by, it had seemed to them but a brief span for the mutual love they bore.

On an evening in December, Jane stood in the dining-room, waiting to make the tea, just as she had so waited that former evening. For any outward signs there were, you might have deemed that not a single hour had elapsed since—that it was the same evening as of old. It was sloppy outside, it was bright in. The candles stood on the table unlighted, the fire was blazing, the tea-tray was placed ready, and only Jane was there. Mrs. Tait was up-stairs with one of her frequent sick headaches; Margaret was with her; and the rest had not come in.

Jane stood in a reverie; her elbow resting on the mantelpiece, and the blaze from the fire flickering on her gentle face. She was fond of these few minutes of idleness on a winter's evening, between the dusk hour and the lighting of the candles.

The clock in the kitchen struck five. It did not arouse her. She heard it in a mechanical sort of manner, without taking note of it. Scarcely had the sound of the last stroke died away, when there was a knock at the front door.

That aroused her; for she knew it. She knew the footsteps which came in when it was answered, and a rich damask blush arose in her cheeks, and the pulses of her heart went on a little quicker than they had been going before.

She took her elbow from the mantelpiece, and sat down quietly on a chair. No need to look who entered. Some one taller by far than any in that house came up to the fire, and bent to warm his hands over the blaze.

"It is a cold night, Jane. We shall have a severe frost."

"Yes," she answered; "the water in the barrel is already freezing over."

"How is your mamma now?"

"Better, thank you. Margaret is going up to help her dress. She is coming down to tea."

Mr. Halliburton remained a minute silent, and then he turned to Jane, his face glowing with satisfaction. "I have had a piece of preferment offered me to-day."

"Have you?" she eagerly said. "What is it?"

"Dr. Percy proposes that, from January, I shall take the Greek classes as well as the mathematics, and he doubles my salary. Of course I shall have to give more attendance, but I can readily do that. My time is not fully employed."

"I am very glad," said Jane.

"So am I," he answered. "Taking all my sources of emolument together, I shall now be earning two hundred and eighty-three pounds a year."

Jane laughed. "Have you been reckoning it up?"

"Ay. I had a motive."

His tone was a peculiar one, and it caused her to look at him, but her eyelids drooped under his gaze. He drew nearer and laid his hand gently on her shoulder, bending down before her to speak.

"Jane, you have not mistaken me. I feel that you have read what has been in my heart, what have been my intentions, as surely as if I had spoken. It is not a great income, but it is sufficient, if you can deem it so. May I speak to Mr. Tait?"

What Jane would have contrived to answer she never knew, but at that moment the step of her mother was heard approaching. All she did was to glance shyly up at Mr. Halliburton, and he bent his head lower and kissed her. Then he walked rapidly to the door, and opened it for Mrs. Tait.

A pale, delicate-looking lady, wrapped in a shawl. These violent headaches, from which she so frequently suffered, did not affect her permanent health, but on the sick days she would be entirely prostrated. Mr. Halliburton gave her his arm, and led her to a seat by the fire, his voice low and tender, his manner sympathising. "I am already better," she said to him, "and shall be much better after tea. Sometimes I am tempted to envy those who do not know what a sick headache is."

"They may know other maladies as painful, dear Mrs. Tait."

"Ay, indeed. None of us can expect to be free from pain of one sort or another in this world."

"Shall I make the tea, mamma?" asked Jane.

"Yes, child. I shall be glad of it, and your papa is sure not to be many minutes. There he is!" she added, as the latch-key was heard in the door. "The boys are late this evening."

The rector came in, and, ere the evening was over, the news was broken to him by Mr. Halliburton. He wanted Jane.

It was that imperfect, uncertain shadow of twelve months ago grown into substance. A shadow of the future only it had been, you understand; never a shadow of evil. To Mr. Halliburton personally, the rector had no objection; he had grown to love, to esteem, to respect him; but it is a serious thing to give away a child.

"The income is small to marry upon," he observed. "Besides, it is uncertain."

"Not uncertain, sir, so long as I am blessed with health and strength. And I have no reason to fear that they will fail."

"I thought you were bent on taking orders."

Mr. Halliburton's cheek slightly flushed. "It is a prospect I have fondly cherished," he said; "but the difficulties frighten me. The cost of the university is great, and were I to wait until I had laid by sufficient money for that, I should be obliged, in a great degree, to give up my present means of living. Who would employ a tutor that must be away frequently for weeks? I should lose my connection, and perhaps never regain it again. A good teaching connection is more easy to lose than to gain."

"True," observed Mr. Tait.

"Once in orders, I might remain for years and years a poor curate. I should most likely do so. I have neither interest nor influential friends. Sir, in that case Jane and I might be obliged to wait for years: perhaps go down to our graves, waiting."

The Rev. Mr. Tait cast back his thoughts. How he had waited; how he was not able to marry until years were advancing upon him; how in four years now he should have attained threescore years and ten—the term allotted for the life of man—while his children were but yet growing up around him! No! never, never would he counsel another to wait as he had been obliged to wait.

"I have not yet given up hopes of eventually entering the Church," continued Mr. Halliburton; "though it must be accomplished, if at all, slowly and patiently. I think I may be able to keep one term, or perhaps two terms yearly, without damaging my teaching. I shall try to do so: try to find the necessary money and the time. My marriage will make no difference to that, sir."

Many a one might have suggested to Edgar Halliburton that he might keep his terms first, and marry afterwards. Mr. Tait did not: possibly, the idea did not occur to him. If it occurred to Edgar Halliburton himself, he drove it away from him. It would have put off his marriage for an indefinite number of years; and he loved Jane too well to do that willingly. "I shall get much better preferment yet in teaching, than that which I hold at present," he urged aloud to the rector. "It is not so very small to begin upon, sir; and Jane is willing to enter upon it."

"I will not part you and Jane," said Mr. Tait, warmly.

"If you have made up your minds to share life and its cares together, you shall do so. Still, I cannot say that I think your prospects golden ones."

"Prospects that appear to have no gold at all in them sometimes turn out very brightly, sir."

"I can give Jane nothing, you know."

"I have never cast a thought to it, sir; I have never expected that she would have a shilling," replied Mr. Halliburton, his face flushing with his eagerness. "It is Jane herself I want; not money."

"Beyond a five-pound note which I may give her to put in her pocket on her wedding morning, that she may not go out of my house entirely penniless, she will have nothing," cried the rector, in his plain straightforwardness. "Far from saving, I and her mother have been hardly able to make both ends meet at the end of the year. I might have put by a few pounds yearly, had I chosen: but you know what a

parish this is; and the reflection has always been upon me, how would my heavenly Master look upon my putting by bits of money when many of those over whom I am placed were literally starving for crumbs? I have given what I could; but I have not saved for my children."

"You have done well, sir."

The Rev. Mr. Tait sought his daughter. "Jane," he began—"Nay, child, do not tremble so! There is no cause for that, or for tears, either: you have done nothing to displease me. Jane, I like Edgar Halliburton. I like him much. There is no one to whom I would rather give you. But I do not like his prospects. Teaching is precarious."

Jane raised her timid eyes. "Precarious for him, papa? For one learned and clever as he!"

"It is badly paid. Look how he toils—and he will have to toil more when the new year comes in—and only to earn two or three hundred a year! speaking of it in round numbers."

The tears gathered in Jane's eyes. Toil as he did, badly paid as he might be, she would rather have him than any other in the world, though that other might have revelled in thousands and thousands. The rector read somewhat of this in her downcast face.

"My dear, the consideration lies with you. If you choose to venture upon it, you shall have my consent, and I know that you will have your mother's, for she thinks there's not such another in the world as Mr. Halliburton. But it may bring to you many troubles."

"Papa, I am not afraid. If troubles do come, they—you told us only last night—"

"What, child?"

"That troubles, regarded rightly, only lead us nearer to God," whispered Jane, simply and timidly.

"Right, child. And the trouble must come before that blessed truth can be realised. Consider the question well, Jane,—whether it may not be better to wait; and give your answer to-morrow. I shall tell Mr. Halliburton not to ask for it to-night. As you decide, so shall it be."

Need you be told what Jane's decision was? Two hundred and eighty-three pounds per annum seems a brave sum to an inexperienced girl; quite enough to buy everything that may be wanted for a fireside.

And so she became Jane Halliburton.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Great Conflict of the Age; or, Protestantism and Popery contrasted in their Leading Doctrines. London: J. F. Shaw.

Of course, the great conflict is between Popery and the Gospel. The author calls attention to a number of points in which these are opposed to each other, and urges us to endeavour to bring the Papists to the knowledge of the truth. The book is earnest and instructive, and if not profound, it is distinctly evangelical.

The Sinfulness of Little Sins. By JOHN JACKSON, D.D. Twelfth edition. London: W. Skeffington.

Dr. Jackson, now Bishop of Lincoln, first published this book in 1849, and it is now in its twelfth edition. Its value for practical purposes has been recognised by the public, and we rejoice to see that, under Mr. Skeffington's auspices, it comes forth in a cheap form, adapted for extensive circulation. It comprises six sections, being so many short and simple sermons, on the following topics:—"The exceeding Sinfulness of Sin," "Sins of the Temper," "Sins of Pride and Vanity," "Sins of the Thoughts," "Sins of the Tongue," and "Sins of Omission." These sermons appear to have been preached in Lent, and we have no doubt were most favourably received; they are so earnest, discriminating, faithful, and affectionate, that all may read them with profit. We are so fully persuaded of their fitness for general usefulness, that we cordially hope they

may be most widely diffused in their present elegant and inexpensive form.

The Mosaic Miracles, with Reference to the Treatises on Divine or Special Providence, contained in Nos. 344—350 of the "Jewish Chronicle." By A. SCHNEIDER. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

The *Jewish Chronicle*, edited by Dr. Benisch, is the organ of the Jewish community in this country, and hence the importance attached to what appears in its columns. We saw the articles discussed in this pamphlet, and, like Mr. Schneider, were not astished with them. Mr. Schneider writes as a Jew, and quotes Hebrew; but he earnestly upholds the truth of the inspired narrative in which the Mosaic miracles are recorded. He views those miracles as direct interventions of Deity; and, except when he objects to a quotation from the New Testament, says nothing with which we should disagree.

The Millennium: Proofs of its Certainty; Passing Events are Preparing the World for it, &c. By THOMAS SEYMOUR. London: H. Webber.

Mr. Seymour has written this pamphlet on the basis of a lecture delivered at Belfast. He advocates with considerable heartiness the principles of a moderate millenarianism. As, however, we do not profess to discuss questions of a controversial character, on which the best of men differ, we can only say that the writer is free from many of the extreme views into which some have fallen when treating of the subject of Christ's second coming.

The Pilot of Peatland Frith; and other Poems. By W. LEITH BREMNER. Third edition, carefully revised. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Several respectable journals have praised this work, and the author proposes to give the profits of the present edition to a most praiseworthy object, the National Life-Boat Institution. We generally approve of the sentiments of these pieces; although such as the one beginning, "Drill, boys, drill! your rifles learn to handle," remind us that men have yet much to be ashamed of. The versification it of all degrees of merit; some of it very good; some of it very poor. The last poem, on the death of Prince Albert, calls him, "Of kings the wisest and the best;" and the last stanza of the first and longest, is—

"Now readers, dear, my tale is told;
I wish you all good-bye!
Good-bye to the three Pilot-men—
Good-bye to Captain Wye!"

The Conflict of the Two Natures in the Believer's Soul. By Rev. C. J. SWETE, B.A. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

Spiritual Anatomy; or, a Search if the True Religion of Christ be in my Soul. London: Hamilton and Adams.

The first of these tracts may be described as tracing a parallel between the language of St. Paul in Romans vii. and the experience of the disciple of Christ. Hope, and joy, and holy peace, may be interrupted by temptations, or followed by doubts and fears, and inward confusion, arising from the consciousness of indwelling sin. Nature and grace contend, and anguish fills the soul. In the end grace triumphs, gladness returns, and the Christian is enabled to give thanks unto God, through Jesus Christ his Lord. The doctrine is true, the description faithful, and the whole calculated to instruct and encourage.

The other tract is intended to inform inquirers what phases religious profession may assume, and to show them the true way. Hence, it analyses the religion of tradition, of circumstance, of sentiment, of combination, of impulse, of intellect, of natural affection, and of conscience. The chapters are brief, intelligible, and well written. The author's aim is to be useful to the souls of his readers, and we have much gratification in calling attention to what he has done.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED WITH
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

APRIL 13.

TOLERATION IN FRANCE.—It was on this day, in 1598, that Henry IV. of France published, at Nantes, the memorable edict of toleration named from this city, and which granted to the Protestants the free exercise of their religion. In 1685 that edict was revoked by Louis XIV.; an act on the part of Louis which was followed by the emigration of thousands of his most industrious and wealth-producing subjects, who, by this not only unchristian but impolitic act, augmented in other countries the armies and the resources of his enemies.

OTHER EVENTS.—On this day, in 1749, the Radcliffe library at Oxford was opened with great ceremony. Anciently, every large church had its library, as appears from the writings of St. Jerome, Anastasius, and others. There are several public libraries belonging to the university colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The library of the British Museum, in London, may be estimated in round numbers at upwards of 700,000 printed books—this exclusive of 40,000 manuscripts. There is no complete catalogue of the vast collection comprising the royal library of Paris, esteemed the finest in Europe. It is believed to contain 700,000 printed volumes, and 80,000 manuscripts, exclusive of nearly two millions of prints, maps, and charts. Like our own in London, it is open daily. The celebrated library of the Vatican at Rome, containing inestimable ecclesiastical treasures (and especially that precious manuscript of the Scriptures, which contests priority with our own Alexandrian manuscript in the British Museum), may be taken as comprising 600,000 volumes. The manuscript in question is, in fact, a Greek Bible of the sixth century, written in capital letters, and following the Septuagint version. Unlike our manuscript, no fac-simile of it has ever been published. Although its antiquity is indisputable, it is by no means easy to determine whether it is more ancient than the one which forms the gem of the British collection.

On this day, in 1759, died George Frederick Handel, whose choral music, especially that of his oratorio, "The Messiah," is inseparably associated with Protestant worship in our English churches.—The same date marks the meeting of Parliament in 1640, by royal mandate from Charles I., after "above eleven years' intermission; whereupon the Commons urged their grievances, among which they enumerated the Star Chamber, the High Commission, and innovations in religion.—On the same day, in 1641, died Richard Montague, Bishop of Norwich. He took a very active part, as the imitator and associate of Archbishop Laud, equally in affairs of Church and State, publishing several controversial works. Fuller speaks highly of his abilities, and Selden acknowledges his great learning.

APRIL 14.

EVENTS.—On this day, in 1386, the first warden and fellows made their public entrance into New College, Oxford, founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England. He built and endowed another college at Winchester, and died in 1404.—The coronation of Ethelred II., in 979, by Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, is noteworthy from the fact, that the "coronation oath" was first used on that occasion.—In 1743 died Dr. Thomas Rundle, bishop of Derry, the intimate friend of many learned men of his time. His letters, a few sermons, and his memoir were published in 1790.

APRIL 15.

BALTIMORE.—The founder of the colony of Maryland, in North America, and whose name is identified with that of a city which, in 1850, contained 170,000 inhabitants, became a Roman Catholic in 1634, and was consequently compelled to give up his office of Secretary of State, and to

abstain altogether from interference in public affairs. The open exercise of worship according to his creed was not then tolerated. This circumstance, and the passion for colonisation which then prevailed in England, led his lordship to turn his thoughts to America. The French having taken possession of a settlement in Newfoundland, upon which Lord Baltimore had expended a large sum of money, Charles I. made him a grant of all that tract of country which now constitutes Maryland, but he died before the act was legalised, and the patent was accordingly made out in the name of his second son, Cecil. The royal condition was "yielding and paying therefor to us two Indian arrows" every Easter Tuesday, and also the "fifth part of all gold and silver mines which shall hereafter be discovered." Under this charter, about 200 persons of respectable family, and mostly of the Roman Catholic persuasion, entered Chesapeake Bay in 1634. They purchased a village, and having organised their colony, named it Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, the Queen of Charles I. Liberty of conscience was allowed, as respected the various Christian sects; a representative form of government was established, and the settlement made rapid progress. But the inhabitants of Virginia viewed with a jealous eye the advances made by those whom they denounced as "Papist idolaters," and as Maryland originally formed part of Virginia, they were with difficulty restrained from treating Lord Baltimore as a usurper of their rights and privileges. When the civil war had extended itself to the colonies, the triumph of the anti-Catholics was soon felt in the harsh measures that were directed against the adherents of the Papacy. However, at the Restoration, a more liberal policy was adopted. Lord Baltimore lived long enough to learn the realisation of his most sanguine expectations, dying in 1676, at an advanced age. Though proprietor of Maryland, he never resided there, nor, as it is believed, even visited the place. The present disturbances in America give a painful interest to the early history of the Transatlantic cities. The university of Maryland, incorporated in 1812, had, in 1851, a hundred students in its medical school. There are also other educational institutions. One of these, St. Mary's College, and under the direction of Roman Catholics, was founded in 1791, and possesses a library of upwards of 20,000 volumes.

THE SORBONNE.—In 1521 the faculty of divines of the university of Paris, held in the Sorbonne, drew up a censure of the so-called heresies of Luther, which, on this day, were publicly stigmatised in a general assembly. Robert de Sorbonne, the founder of the famous theological college which bears his name, was born in 1201 of an obscure family, at Sorbon, near Rheims. Having risen to become chaplain and confessor to the King, the recollection of his own difficulties prompted the formation of a society of secular ecclesiastics, who, living in common, and provided with a regular maintenance, should read lectures gratuitously. In this way was founded the college called the Sorbonne, particularly consecrated to the study of theology, and forming a model for that of all colleges since erected in France. The foundation dates from 1256, and the college was magnificently rebuilt by Cardinal Richelieu, as a place for the accommodation of poor students in divinity. Sometimes the appellation is used as designating the whole theological faculty of Paris, from the circumstance that the assemblies of the entire body were held there—the place where the degree of doctor in divinity was always conferred.

APRIL 16.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH SERVICE.—On this day, in 1548, evening prayer began to be read in English, in King Edward VI.'s chapel. Before the Reformation the liturgy was in Latin, being a collection of prayers made up partly of some ancient forms used in the primitive Church, and partly of some others of later origin; but when the nation, in Henry VIII.'s time, was disposed to a reformation, it was thought necessary not only to correct and amend the liturgy, by freeing it from those gross corruptions which it originally contained, but also to have the service in

English or the vulgar tongue. Substantially, it may be stated that the liturgy of the Church of England was composed in 1547, and established in the second year of Edward VI. In the fifth year of his reign it was revised. Some material alterations were effected, and the use of oil in confirmation, extreme unction, prayers for souls departed, and what related to the doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, were all omitted. Further alterations were made by James I., and in 1662 some further slight modifications having been made, the liturgy assumed its present form as subscribed by both Houses of Convocation, and afterwards confirmed by parliamentary enactment.

OTHER EVENTS.—In 1546 the Pope, Paul III., excommunicated the Bishop of Cologne for heresy, in countenancing Lutheranism. The Bishop resigned, rather than expose his people to the miseries of war.

In 1621 the lord treasurer issued a warrant giving liberty to 60 women, 26 children, and 300 men, with victuals, arms, and cattle, to proceed to America. They were conveyed in six ships, and landed at Naumkeak, now called Salem, in Massachusetts—a name intended to be expressive of the peaceful abode they hoped to find in the American wilderness. The "Salem" of the present day, now agitated by events which belie its Hebrew appellation, may be described as a town of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, a flourishing seaport to the northward of Boston, and engaged largely, with the adjoining town of Lynn, in the manufacture of boots and shoes. Boston (with its 150,000 inhabitants), Cambridge, Lowell, Salem, Newburyport, Worcester, and Fall River comprise the chief places in what is now the State of Massachusetts.

APRIL 17.

BISHOP HOADLEY.—Among divines of the Church of England who were prominent during the eighteenth century, it would be unjust not to mention Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, installed in 1734 to the bishopric of Winchester. He was born in 1676. He was the son of a clergyman, and his earlier history presents no striking incidents. In 1703 he published a treatise, entitled "The Reasonableness of Conformity to the Church of England represented to the Dissenting Ministers; in answer to Calamy's Abridgment of Baxter's History of his Life and Times." This production was followed by a succession of treatises on clerical and lay conformity and episcopal ordination, by Hoadley and Calamy, who defended their opposite opinions with much learning, skill, and moderation. In 1706 he became the opponent of Atterbury, who had advanced some positions which Hoadley thought dangerous in their tendency. He next assailed the Bishop of Exeter in comment upon a sermon preached by that prelate before the Queen. In 1709 he again attacked Atterbury, for having maintained the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance. This effort gratified the ruling powers, and the result was that, pleased with his services to the cause of civil and religious liberty, the Commons addressed her Majesty, praying that she would graciously bestow upon Hoadley some dignity in the Church. In 1711 he published his discourses on the "Terms of Acceptance with God," and the rectory of Streatham, in Surrey, was given him. Soon after the accession of George I., Hoadley was made one of his chaplains, and as Bishop of Bangor, in 1715, preached before the King his famous sermon from John xviii. 36, "My kingdom is not of this world," which gave rise to the celebrated Bangorian controversy. No sooner had it been printed by special command, than it was determined to proceed against the author in Convocation, as soon as convocation should assemble. The Lower House drew up their representation, but, before it could be brought into the Upper House, that assembly was prorogued by special order from the King. In 1721 he became Bishop of Hereford; in 1723 he was translated to Salisbury; and finally, in 1734, to Winchester. The general testimony borne to the character of this talented prelate—a man who fell upon an age when clerical controversies inevitably assumed more or less of a political character—is, that he was far from adhering strictly to the teachings of the Anglican Church;

so far, indeed, that it is difficult to say upon what principles he continued through life to profess conformity; and that his attempt to gain over the Dissenters, himself being the greatest Dissenter that ever received high preferment in the Church, is one of those unaccountable inconsistencies which must ever remain unexplained, otherwise than by the admission that he was as ready to give as to take great latitude. Indeed, it is said that he held the very questionable doctrine that sincerity is sufficient for our acceptance, whatever may be the nature of our opinions. His brother John died Archbishop of Armagh, in 1746.

APRIL 18.

THE PASSOVER.—In the year 515 B.C. the Jewish passover was celebrated in the New Temple. The passover was a solemn festival of the Jews, instituted in commemoration of their departure from Egypt, and of the fact that, on the night before their "exodus" from that country, the destroying angel that slew all the first-born of the Egyptians passed over the houses of the Hebrews without entering them, such dwellings bearing the mark of the blood of the lamb, for this reason called the "paschal" lamb. The allusion to this "sacred lamb" is very distinct in the appellation given by the apostles Paul and Peter to the second person of the Trinity as "Christ our Passover," 1 Corinthians v. 7; Romans iii. 25; Hebrews ix. 14; 1 Peter i. 19; and Hebrews xiii. 20. The Jews, as we read, Exodus xii. 26, were enjoined to inform their children through all successive ages, in answer to the inquiry, "What mean ye by this service?"—of killing and roasting a lamb, and eating it with bitter herbs—that the ceremony was the "sacrifice of the Lord's passover," the very words used by the Apostle in application to the Redeemer. Maimonides, a learned and ancient Jewish commentator, says, "It is a command to make this known to our children, even though they do not ask it"—a significant hint to professing Christians that nothing can justify them in withholding from their children a knowledge of the great facts connected with the history of human redemption.

OTHER EVENTS.—In 1551 Nicholas Udall obtained a patent to print the works of Peter Martyr, and also a translation of the paraphrase by Erasmus on the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. He was some time head master of Westminster School, and subsequently promoted to a canonry at Windsor.

APRIL 19.

PROTESTANTS.—A name originally given to the Reformers of Germany, because on this day, in 1529, they "protested" against a decision of the Diet of Spire. It soon came to signify all who renounced obedience to the Church of Rome. The "protest" was followed in a few days by an appeal to the Emperor, to a general or national council, and to every impartial judge. Chillingworth describes rather than defines Protestants as those who take the Bible only as the source from which they derive all the principles relating both to practice as well as to doctrine. This famous protest was signed by the Elector of Saxony, the Marquis of Brandenburg, the two Dukes of Lunenburg, the Prince of Anhalt, together with the representatives of fourteen imperial cities. In this second Diet of Spire, which provoked the "protest," it was decreed against the Lutherans, that wherever the edict of Worms was received it should not be lawful for any one to change his opinions, but in the countries where the new religion (as they termed it) was received, it should be lawful to continue in it until the holding of the next council, that is, if the "old religion" could not be re-established there without sedition. Nevertheless, the mass was not to be abolished there, and no Romanist was allowed to turn Lutheran; the Anabaptists were to be put to death, and preachers were absolutely interdicted from inveighing against the Church of Rome. Such was the decree, destroying that of the former, or first diet. The next year the Emperor held the diet of Augsburg.

OBSCURE LANGUAGE IN THE BIBLE.

AMONG the objections which have been raised to the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures is the fact that they contain many passages the meaning of which is obscure. "God's work," we are reminded, "must be perfect; his Word must be exactly fitted to the mission on which it is sent. But the one purpose of a revelation is to 'enlighten the eyes, and make wise the simple.' Hence the use of obscure language mars its perfection and refutes its claim to a Divine origin."

In replying to this objection, we shall freely admit that every work of God is perfect in the sense claimed, and no less freely, that the meaning of many passages in the Holy Scriptures is obscure, but shall assign a few obvious reasons for this obscurity.

1. Some of the objects and events referred to in the Bible cannot be clearly described in human speech. They have never fallen under the observation of man. Hence he has given them no names. For example, no earthly dialect has words which literally express the facts and forms of purely spiritual existence. "It is only by things known that the mind can picture to itself such as are unknown; and in foreshadowing things that are yet to be, it must avail itself of those which have already been." If immaterial beings are described at all, it must be by way of analogy and suggestion, by affirming a resemblance or contrast with what is known. If a revelation from God in human speech would bring to our notice a spiritual state quite unlike the present, it must do this in figurative language, by means of hints, shadows, negations. It may speak of a city with gates of pearl and streets of gold; it may tell us of harps and palms, of crowns and thrones; it may say there shall be no more hunger nor thirst, no more tears nor death; it may remind us of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, and of the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month. This language may suggest to our minds a state of unmingled blessedness; but it does not give us a proper image of that state, and we are still compelled to say that "now we see through a glass darkly," and that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." A man may have seen London, and yet the word Rome gives him but a vague idea of the Italian capital; how then can the word heaven, signifying as it does a place of which there is no likeness on earth, be expected to give one a clear conception of the "undiscovered country?" Similar remarks might be offered on the modes of the Divine existence—the eternity, omnipresence, and immutability of God. What human intellect has comprehended the reality intimated by either of these terms? We can no more understand how a being can be wholly and entirely present at every point of space simultaneously, than we can understand how a being can be tri-personal. Such realities are beyond the range of human experience, and above the grasp of human reason; it is therefore impossible to set them forth distinctly in human language. One reason, then, for the obscurity of certain portions of Scripture may be found in the objects of which it speaks.

2. Truth to Nature and history renders certain passages of the Bible obscure. It is obviously more important that a revelation from God be true than that it be perspicuous. Truth is indispensable; perspicuity may be desirable, but it surely is not indispensable. A defect in the one is fatal; a defect in the other is not, for patient and prayerful study will remove it. Suppose, for example, that the book of Job is a sacred drama, in which the inspired writer puts into the mouth of Job and his friends such views and arguments as were suited to the circumstances of the case; ought we not to expect more or less of obscurity? Would the representation be true to Nature, if every argument on the great question in debate were transparent and logical—if there were no haziness of thought or speech on the part of any one in the long discussion? Or suppose the book to be historical, a record of actual conversation between Job and his friends on one of the darkest questions which ever engaged the attention of man; ought perfect clearness of argument and of language to be any more expected? Are men never confused and scarcely intelligible when they speak of matters too high and complex for their understanding? And, if all other men are liable to express themselves darkly at times, why should not uninspired men, whose language is presented in the Bible, do the same? Obscurity in the Sacred Record, springing from such a source, is an excellence rather than a defect. It is twilight where twilight belongs, and to ask for anything else in its place is to find fault, not so much with Divine revelation, as with the whole constitution and course of Nature. In saying that the language of the Bible is true to Nature and history, it must not be forgotten that the East is the proper home of figurative speech, the native land of proverbs, symbols, allegories, parables, and dark sayings. Oriental minds love to clothe the truth in gorgeous apparel: they give free play to the imagination; they follow the impulses of a fervid temperament. Quick to discover analogies, and prompt in the use of illustrations, they shrink from whatever is abstract, formal, deliberative, logical. Hence it is almost no exaggeration to say that we find in their writings "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Now the style of the sacred writers is manifestly Oriental; raised, indeed, and chastened by the Spirit of God, but still Oriental. It is rich, varied, picturesque, lifelike; sometimes touchingly simple, and at others awfully sublime; sometimes rapid, involved, rushing on with the power of a whirlwind; and at others placid, spiritual, floating the mind upwards, as it were, and giving it visions of celestial peace; but never weak or dull, never heartless or vapid. The story of Joseph: what can be more artless and lifelike? The language of Isaiah: what can be more sublime and powerful? The words of John: what can be more deep and spiritual? The reasoning of Paul: what can be more rapid and overwhelming? It has been characterised as "logic set on fire;" and if it be occasionally obscure, it is always strong as a tempest and warm as the sun. Closely connected with what has just been said is another reason, to which I now pass.

3. Adaptation to the minds of its first recipients

sometimes renders the language of the Bible obscure. The usages of society, the habits of thought, the forms of speech and argument, among the Eastern nations, are very unlike, as we have intimated, those of Western nations; and, in many parts of the world, those of ancient times differed greatly from those of the present day. It is not, therefore, surprising, that accounts of real life, prudential maxims, religious apothegms, hymns of praise, discourses to the people, and arguments in support of truth, as found in the pages of the Bible, bear the stamp of antiquity and of the Orient, and, therefore, seem to us, "on whom the ends of the world are come," somewhat strange and indistinct. But it is surprising, and almost marvellous, that so large a part of the Sacred Record is seen to be, in the strictest sense, adapted to the wants and tastes of all men in every age—to scholars and artisans, to philosophers and poets, to age and youth. It is wonderful that a book written so long ago, and for men so different in a thousand respects from the men of our land to-day, is yet so intelligible to the common mind—so deep and yet clear, so spiritual and yet vivid, so old and yet pertinent, so figurative and yet simple, so universal and yet particular. We are acquainted with no book that approaches the Bible in this excellence. Still, it has many allusions to the special habits, tastes, and opinions of those to whom its various portions were first addressed, and these allusions cannot always be understood at first sight and without investigation. They compel us to study the Bible as a whole with care, that we may combine the scattered intimations, and form in our own minds a distinct conception of society as it then was; of the errors to be corrected, the sins to be rebuked, the crimes to be punished, the duties to be enforced, and the virtues to be commended. Nothing can be more evident than that the letters of Paul were adapted to the special circumstances of those addressed; and it is only by uniting in each case the several hints into a full picture, that we can understand the bearing of those circumstances, and perceive the exact force of his language. The church at Rome was in one condition, the church at Corinth in another, the churches of Galatia in another, and the Hebrew Christians in another, calling for just those instructions, reproofs, and encouragements which were given to each of them; and, beyond question, the complete adaptation of Paul's epistles to the wants of particular churches made them more useful at the time, and more graphic, earnest, lifelike for all time. Whatever obscurity is due to this feature of the sacred Scriptures, is more than compensated by an increase of energy and pathos.

4. Adaptation to special ends, distinct from mere instruction, sometimes makes the language of Scripture obscure. To assume that a revelation from God is intended solely to give information, is a serious mistake. This is not even its main purpose. The chief end of Divine revelation is to reach the hearts of men, and move them to repentance and faith. To startle, arouse, quicken; to impress, convict, persuade; to beget emotion, affection, impulse; to produce a holy life in the soul of man—this is the grand purpose of inspiration; and for the accomplishment of this purpose a solemn twilight of thought is often better than the splendour of noonday.

Besides, we all know that truth affects the soul most deeply where it is gained by much labour, or when it breaks forth like the sun from a dark cloud. Were all the doctrines of the Bible stated plainly and in order, as so many bald propositions, how uninteresting and unimpressive would they be to multitudes of our race! By seeking out of clearer passages a key to the meaning of dark ones, we acquaint ourselves more thoroughly

with the former. By finding sentences too deep or high for our comprehension in the present state, we are laid low before God. Our knowledge and humility are both increased; and we bless God for the allegories, parables, typical forms, and dark sayings in his Word. Bearing in mind the chief purpose for which the Bible was given to man, we are convinced that those very obscurities, which are said to mar its perfection, "do in reality form a part of that perfection." This may be seen, for example, in historical sketches of religious purport. Much is to be omitted in every case; and for the sake of brevity it may sometimes be desirable to pass over connecting links in the chain of events, or even to disregard the order of time. The advantage of having several parables or miracles of kindred import placed together, may more than compensate for the labour requisite to clear up any obscurity in regard to the succession of events which might result from such a collection. Brevity, vivacity, power, may well be purchased at the cost of a somewhat diminished perspicuity. This is pre-eminently true when the chief aim of a book is to reach the conscience, give moral instruction, and lead men by repentance into the kingdom of God. Thus the four evangelists were not moved by the Holy Spirit to give us a complete picture of the life of Christ; the paramount design of their sketches was rather to give us a true conception of his person, his character, his work, and his doctrine. And this could best be accomplished, not by a circumstantial narrative of his entire life, but by a truthful account of certain representative acts and teachings. Yet the method involves a degree of obscurity; and this obscurity is therefore necessary to the greater excellence of such compositions.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

CAIRO TO THE CATARACT.

AFTER visiting the Pyramids and exploring the sepulchres, with their paintings and carvings, and their mummies of men and birds, cats, monkeys, crocodiles, and fish, we find our way back to Cairo. There we make our arrangements for a voyage along the mysterious river of Egypt, in one of the far-famed Nile boats, or dahabieh. Like Abraham of old, we journey toward the south. Perhaps a slight twinge is experienced by us at the idea of committing ourselves to the care and keeping of a set of wildish-looking men, descended from that Ishmael whose hand was against every man. But our apprehensions are groundless, and we may dismiss them at once, as the only harm we are likely to suffer is from the petty pilfering propensities of any one who cannot resist temptation. Our arrangements completed, and all our effects and precious selves on board, away we go. Gliding past the palaces of Cairo, we reach the island of Rhoda, where we get a delicious prospect in almost every direction. Here is the glorious old Nile, with its new boats and their gay colours; there is Old Cairo, and yonder New Cairo, with its domes and minarets, &c. &c., and away yonder are the old Pyramids, beyond the green fields, lifting up their heads in kingly grandeur above the wide sandy desert waste. If the weather is fine—for it is not always propitious, even in Egypt—few scenes are more exciting and few occasions more exhilarating than the start for Nubia. Other little ships entering upon the same expedition contribute to the pleasure of the time, by their mutual endeavours to outstrip each other in their zigzag course, for we sail against the stream, and the wind may not be quite in our favour. The interest of the voyage, and the changing scenery on the river, with the casual information which we pick up as we go along, suffice to beguile the time, be it long or short. The Pyramids of Gheezeh gradually

leave us, and we pass in succession those of Abousir, Sakkara, and Dashoor. Low mounds of earth mark the spot where once great cities stood, teeming with life, but now a solitary wilderness. Ruined buildings, of various kinds, exhibit their strong remains, as we glide along. There are hills, and vast quarries in them, containing inscriptions and sculptured relics. There are modern villages upon the banks, inhabited by poor and ignorant people, and built of mud. At Atfeh are the mounds of Aphroditopolis, sacred to the Egyptian Venus. At Maydoon, and opposite Zowieh, are other mounds. So we proceed, till we come to Benisooef, a town of some consequence. There we see boats fastened to the shore, buffaloes in the water, women filling their water jars, or washing clothes in the river, besides dogs and beggars in abundance. From Benisooef we can see the brick Pyramid of Illahoon.

Different objects of interest are passed on the right and left, at Bibbeh, el-Haybee, and Melatieh, opposite which is a lofty table mountain, which approaches very close to the river. Near Kom Ahmar, there are mummy pits, containing the carefully preserved remains of dogs; and ancient ruins are to be found near Abou-Girgeh, still a town of some size, inhabited by *fellahs*. Farther on is el-Kays, where stood the ancient Cynopolis, or city of dogs, whose mummies are plentiful on the other side the river. At Gebel e-Jayr we may be annoyed by a visit from Coptic beggars, who take to the water on inflated skins, and clamour for alms alongside the boat. Ruins present themselves everywhere, proving that once the valley and its hill sides swarmed with human life. Jehneh is especially noticeable for its quarries, as well as its ruins. At Minieh, 170 miles from Cairo, is a place worth seeing and known for its excellent fruits and its market on Sundays. On the other side the river there are sugar plantations and a rum distillery, the latter originated by an Italian. But there has been nothing hitherto seen by us on our river voyage more worthy of attention than the tombs, caves, or catacombs of Beni Hassan. These must be seen, and a whole day, from early morning to evening, is well spent upon the task. These grottoes are excavated in the hill sides, and are internally adorned with paintings and sculptured hieroglyphics of great importance, and in a marvellous state of preservation. Here we have represented nearly every phase of the domestic life of the ancient Egyptians. In one, we have representations of trades, games, warlike pursuits, hunting, fishing, fowling, women playing the harp, making bread, &c. In another, among the sketches, is the famous one which has been supposed to describe the arrival of Joseph's brethren and families, but which more likely describes a similar event about the same time. To enumerate all would be impossible, but here we have the fullest illustration of the games, trades, and customs of ancient Egypt now to be found. Here also, for the first time, we meet with our ugly friend, the crocodile. Finally, about three miles hence, is the celebrated cave of Diana, excavated in the rock, and adorned with sculptures and other curious matters, while near it are the burying places of sacred cats and dogs.

A few miles higher up the river is Shekh Abadeh, where the ancient city of Antinoe once stood, but its former glory is gone, and scattered ruins only remain. Such is the tale we have continually to tell, and, therefore, without stopping to specify many interesting objects and sites which are successively passed, let us come to Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt. It contains nearly 20,000 inhabitants, about 1,000 of whom are Christians. Under the name of Lycopolis, or city of wolves, it was once renowned, and was for a long time the seat of a Christian bishop. At present it is a busy place, and its

bazaars and Sunday market are well known. Of the ancient city not much remains, but the catacombs are extensive, and the mummies of sacred wolves are to be found in the tombs. The modern cemetery is also worth noticing.

After leaving Siout, the scenery, on the right and left, becomes more romantic; hills are always to be seen, and sometimes they seem to rise directly from the water. Castor oil plants and palm trees display their different beauties; Indian corn, dove-houses, and mud cottages, with the varied costumes of the inhabitants, all have their attractions. A bright sky over head is constant by day, but the wind is often strong, and night and early morning cold. We are still in the land of ruins, which seem to pass us at frequent intervals, and, if our antiquarian tastes are strong, we feel as if we should like to spend most of our time on shore, where, in fact, we do not find ourselves often enough to meet our desires. One cannot imagine where all the millions who once inhabited the valley of the Nile found bread. But, probably, every available spot was cultivated, and certainly, in a country so favoured by Providence, careful agriculture was very productive.

At Gow el-Kebeer was the ancient Antaeopolis, where the gods Horus and Typhon are said to have fought, and where Hercules is fabled to have killed Antaeus. At Shekh Hereedee, a story is told of a serpent which lived there for ages, and which had the power of curing all diseases. What is more true is, that the land in this neighbourhood produces abundant crops of corn. At Girgeh is a town of considerable size, formerly the capital of Upper Egypt, and supposed to be named after St. George, who is as well known there among the Christians as he is here. From Girgeh, a pleasant ride takes us to Abydos, with its ruins on a grand scale, after seeing which we can remount our asses, and return to our boat at Girgeh, where we resume our course to Keneh. We pass How, the ancient Diospolis, with its interesting remains. We arrive at Jabenna, an island once renowned for its monasteries. We reach Dendera, once grand and populous, and still noted for its extraordinary temples in ruins. These we must investigate another time, nor can we now cross over to Keneh, once called Canopolis, the new city, and at this day remarkable for its *goolchs*, or porous water-bottles and jars, which are in great request by the lovers of really cold water. The potteries of Ballas, a little farther south, on the west bank of the river, are also celebrated. Opposite Ballas is Koft, where once Coptos stood, a city which was for centuries the mart of commerce with India, and from which a road yet leads to Kosseir, on the Red Sea. Beyond Koft we reach Koos, opposite which is "pretty Negadeh," as Miss Beaufort styles it, and not in vain, although she passed it "in a mud-storm, that filled eyes, mouth, and nose with unpleasant pertinacity, descending upon one suddenly, like a December fog in London, obscuring everything in a thick, brown cloud, penetrating everywhere." But, then, she had the advantage of passing this spot "by the light of a magnificent full moon, such moonlight as one has in Egypt."

And now come Thebes, Karnak, Luxor, three great and venerable names. If we have Miss Beaufort's full moon, we shall do well to see Karnak as we ascend; but, if not, it may be reserved till our return journey. A little self-denial, and laying in store some of the best things for another day, are very proper, journeying on the Nile. It may be difficult to lose our first chance of seeing Thebes, but let it be done, and let us float on our way past Erment, where the people used to account the bull a sacred animal, and where an idle tradition says Moses was born. Crocodilopolis, or the city of croco-

diles, was somewhere in this direction, so called, no doubt, because the "natives" accounted that amiable creature sacred, and worshipped it with special enthusiasm. At Esneh, farther on, and once called Latopolis, the popular religion was the worship of a fish, along with other deities! It is with more satisfaction that we read of Christian martyrs in the vicinity.

Curious relics of antiquity still exist on either side the river, till we reach Edfoo, the ancient Apollinopolis, where they are more imposing. Further along, at Hagar Silsileh, and on both sides of the river, are some splendid ancient quarries, full of interest. Still further on, at Kom Ombo, are the ruins of a temple, built by one of the Ptolemies; a few hours after leaving which, we arrive at Assouan, the ancient Syene. Here we may stay and inspect the remarkable objects and quarries, or we may examine the celebrated island of Elephantine, or we may proceed and inspect the island of Philæ, which we can reach by land or by water, if we will be towed up what is called the cataract. If we go to Philæ, and investigate its curious relics, we can return by water down the famous cataract. The interest of the southward route does not end here, and many enterprising tourists push on to Abou Simbel and Wady Halfeh, at the second cataract, or even beyond, to the third cataract and Hannek. Even then, the Nile has flowed on its almost solitary way for many a long league from its origin in the mountains of the yet distant equatorial regions. But, leaving our readers to reflect upon the countless traces of the marvellous grandeur of ancient Egypt, and the vicissitudes of human things, we must prepare to retrace our steps, and to examine some of those more remarkable sites which we have as yet only mentioned.

TALK WITH TWO PICTURES.

(AFTER THE FRENCH.)

THERE are hanging up in my study the portraits of two eminent Continental pastors who lived many years ago, and who were great ornaments of the Lutheran Church. One of the pictures bears the name of Frederic Saltzmann, and the other that of John Reuchlin. The engravings are old, but well executed, and the features have a life-like expression. I happen to be very fond of pictures, but I take a special interest in these. They sometimes seem to talk with me from their venerable black frames, and I try to be full of attention, as much so as if it were not the pictures but the men who spoke to me. Not that I believe in winking pictures, or bleeding pictures, or talking pictures—all that sort of mummery I leave to the poor benighted Romanist. My pictures utter no audible voice, and yet they talk with me. They speak not so much by the noble countenance, the clerical robe, the grey hairs of age, and the dignified bearing of their figures, as by one little peculiarity of which I am about to tell you. Saltzmann is pointing with his finger towards a representation of Christ crucified; and Reuchlin points with his finger towards heaven. It is this which makes the pictures speak, and tell me of great and glorious things.

You may think me weak, and call me imaginative, but I trust you will let me tell you when my pictures talk with me, and what they say.

I have my portion in this life's troubles. I am no stranger to sorrow, suffering, and tears. My heart is sometimes sad within me, because of the disappointments and cares of the world. My plans are not always prosperous, and I am full of concern for my own welfare, and that of my family. There is so much competition in business, that it is a constant struggle to get on. Besides which, injustice, deceit, slander, and other annoyances

befall me in their turn. I am apt to be, like Martha, "careful and troubled about many things"—my health and prosperity, my relatives, family, and friends, and I know not what more. Altogether, I am reminded every day that this is a vale of tears. When such thoughts and cares are upon me, there is good Saltzmann pointing with his finger to a suffering Saviour, and telling me how he said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He seems to say, "My Master was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs; he knew all these cares, he carried all these burdens, he wept over all these troubles, and in love for thee died upon the cross."

My conscience is often vexed by sin, which, like a heavy burden, weighs me down, and oppresses my spirit. I know that I have offended in many things the spotless Majesty of heaven, and I feel disconsolate and sad. Then it is that Saltzmann comes to my aid, and, pointing me to the cross, reminds me of Him who bore my sins in his own body on the tree. To him I am directed for the pardon and the peace I can find nowhere else. He loves me with an everlasting love, and I shall not apply in vain to him for mercy. Beneath the shadow of his cross I am secure, and his precious blood removes my fear and sin.

There are times when the fear of death overtakes me, and I dread the approach of the solemn hour which shall call me away from life, and all I love on earth. I am not exactly all my lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death, but I often look to it with a certain timidity and misgiving. At such times Saltzmann comes to my aid, and tells me of One who conquered death for me, of One who came and died to deliver me, and all who trust in him, from the fear of death. "Thy Saviour," he says,

"Thy Saviour hath passed through the portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom."

You may exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And you may give thanks unto God, who giveth you the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

So, then, this venerable saint, in all the cares and troubles of life, tells me of Christ crucified; in all the pangs and sorrows of sin, he tells me of Christ crucified; and in the apprehension of death and the judgment, he tells me of Christ crucified.

After this, I hope no one will complain that my picture talks with me. I am often thankful for the silent lessons of that venerable hand, lessons of trust and love, of duty, constancy, and hope.

But there is more to be said, and I am, in no small degree, indebted to my other picture, where Reuchlin stands with uplifted finger pointing to the skies.

Now let me tell you a little that I learn from him.

There have been times in my life when I have been too much like Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not. I have seen the desire of mine eyes taken away with a stroke. I have had to part with parent, child, brother, sister, friend. It is very sad and desolate, the void their absence causes in one's heart. They are gone, and the vacant place, the pledges of affection, the thousand mementoes which remain, only revive bitter memories, and tell me they will greet me no more below. I must journey on without them. Sometimes I find myself asking why and where they are gone. Then it is that the calm figure of Reuchlin comes to comfort me. He points to the better land, and seems to say, "They have left you to go there.

"They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see."

They are not lost, but gone before. Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

"Amen!" I exclaim. My loved ones have outrun me in the race, and have received the prize. The weary pilgrims have reached their destination, and are blessed. Christ has called the wanderers home, and they are safe and happy in heaven.

So far well, but my heart wants more.

I have a hope in Christ, which I trust is not wholly vain. I know where to find a remedy for the sorrows and sins of life, and the fears of death, but I want to realise more of Christ's presence and love—I want to escape from the neighbourhood of temptation and mere earthly care. Danger and deliverance, deliverance and danger, alternately succeed each other, and like the poet I say—

"My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end."

Probably others have the same experience; but it will happen at such times that my eye lights upon my picture of Reuchlin pointing upwards, and seeming to say, "The scene will end in heaven.

"There is thy house and portion fair,
Thy treasure and thy heart are there,
And thy abiding home:
For thee thy elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon thee away,
And Jesus bids thee come."

There you will meet with your absent friends; there you will join in the everlasting song; there you will assemble with the angels of light; and there, more joyous and glorious sight than all, you will see Jesus! No more sin, no more sorrow, no more weakness, no more separation, no more death! In prospect of this, you may cry out—

"O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And sense and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul!"

Surely, it is something to have a picture like this, and one which tells me that there is a heaven where all departed saints are, that there is a heaven where my faith shall be turned to sight, and that there is a heaven where the Saviour whom I love will manifest himself to me, and receive me to dwell with him for ever!

Thank you, Saltzmann! Thank you, Reuchlin! for you both teach me necessary lessons. It would not be well for me to forget a Christ glorified, any more than a Christ crucified. It would not be well to lose sight of the eternal, happy, holy home, any more than of the pardon and consolations which I find at the cross. That cross itself stands on the confines of two worlds, and procures blessings in them both. Saltzmann does well to point me to it, for it is the foundation of my hope. Reuchlin does well to point me to heaven, for there is the consummation of my hope. The one reminds me that the Saviour bore the cross for me, and that I must be ready to bear my cross for him. The other reminds me that He who bore the cross now wears the crown of heaven, and that I, too, if I bear my little cross, may hope to wear a crown above. Both tell me of love, everlasting love, the love of God, who gave his Son; the love of Christ, who died for me; the love of the Spirit, who makes salvation mine; the love divine, which has prepared for me the mansions of the blessed.

Thus I find, in these two pictures, wisdom and consolation. They lead me to turn over the sacred page, and search for precious truths and promises. They lead me to a throne of grace. To me they have an eloquence as powerful as it is simple, and I am not ashamed to confess that I value the pictures for what they say: "From

Egypt to Canaan! From earth to heaven! From Christ on the cross to Christ on the throne!"

I hope no one will now blame me; and, for the benefit of such as have not the pictures, I have said how much good I find in thoughts of Christ and heaven.

SABBATH EVENING.

How mildly, calmly beam
The Sabbath sunset rays! how softly bright
Is the fair landscape, steeped in mellow light!
Peace broodeth o'er the scene.
Lord, at this solemn hour,
When Nature seems with folded hands to pray,
Ere Twilight close the golden gates of day,
And shut the flower,
I would commune with Thee!
In thy disciples' eyes what gladness shone,
When Thy pierced hands Thy risen form made known:
Disclose Thyself to me.
Enter my longing heart,
Dear promised guest, Thyself the living bread;
The evening meal is waiting for Thee spread:
Thence never more depart.
In Thy fair courts to-day,
The preached word, adoring hymn, and prayer
Gave sweet refreshment to Thy people there:
My soul rejoiced to stay.
But now alone with Thee
At eventide, the hour my Saviour loved
On earth, the time when Isaac musing roved,
With grateful joy I see
That He whom I adore,
Within His temple dwelleth not alone;
But deigns to make the human heart His throne,
When open to Him its door.
The sunset hues grow gray,
The moonbeams softly steal o'er tree and flower:
Let not the light of the departing hour
Fade from my life away!
But let me ever be
More humble, watchful, prayerful, strive to tread
More closely in Thy path where'er it lead,
Casting all care on Thee.
So when Life's sun declines,
With joyful speed my winged soul shall soar
To thy blest presence, where for evermore
Thy holy Sabbath shines.

Correspondence.

[We beg to inform our readers that we only undertake to answer religious questions, and only such as appear likely to be useful to others.

We solicit all who favour us with their questions to write them legibly, and as concisely as the subject will admit, with or without names, as the writers please. Questions to be addressed (marked "QUIVER") to John Cassell, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.]

No. 1.—J. M. T.—WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION?

Natural religion supposes a God, an over-ruling Providence, and a state hereafter of rewards and punishments. Revealed religion goes beyond this: it supposes not only a God, a Providence, and a future state, but also a direct communication from God himself, to teach men the way of approach, and all things needful to man's salvation, and this mission to be attested by miracles and other undeniable evidences.

No. 2.—R. T.—FAITH AND WORKS.—"Can faith save him?"—James ii. 14.

The Greek article is omitted in the English version, or the passage would run thus:—"Can such faith save

him?" meaning such faith as had been described as unproductive of good works. Such inoperative faith is dead; and, as it leads to no results, it confers no benefit on the man who holds it. Read the verses that follow.

No. 3.—S. M. D.—THE POWER OF KINDNESS.—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.—Rom. xii. 20.

"Heaping coals of fire on his head" is an allusion to the mode employed in the melting of metals. Some metals are so hard that it is not sufficient to place them on the fire, nor to place fire around them, they must have the fire heaped upon them. This process no metal, however hard, is able to withstand; it yields to the fire, and is softened. So, in like manner, kindness to an enemy—if that kindness be well timed, prudently rendered, and perseveringly continued—must and will prevail. Kindness tends to dispel anger, and "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

No. 4.—S. WILLIAMS.—THE PERIOD OF THE SAVIOUR'S INTERMENT.—"How can it be said that Christ was three days and three nights buried?"

The Jews were accustomed to reckon a part of time as the whole; and a part of three days would be called three days. In the present day, by a well-known figure of speech, we may say of a man, "Seventy winters have passed o'er his head"—meaning years.

No. 5.—J. T. D. B.—THE APOCRYPHA is rarely published in our Bibles for wise and good reasons. The books of the Apocrypha, though useful as throwing light upon the customs of the East, and on the phraseology of Scripture, form no portion of the inspired writings. They are books which are destitute of proper testimony, the originals being obscure, their authors unknown, and their teaching unsound. They possess no authority either internal or external; they contain no prophecy—no mark of inspiration. They were never included in the Jewish catalogue of Scriptures, and are never quoted in the New Testament. They are read "for example of life and instruction of manners," but are not authority for any doctrine.

No. 6.—R. G.—WHAT IS MEANT BY THE LORD OF SABAOOTH?—Rom. ix. 29.

Sabaoth is a Hebrew word denoting armies or hosts, as the hosts of heaven; and when used in relation to Jehovah, it is designed to express his irresistible power, and his unutterable dignity. In other words, it is one of the strongest words that feeble man can utter to denote the majesty of God.

No. 7.—W. G. E.—WHAT IS MEANT BY IMPLIED TRUTH?

We answer the question by an example. Our Lord says, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Two or three persons may meet together in family prayer in a million of different places, and all at the same moment of time; this would require omnipresence. But this ubiquity is one of the properties of the Godhead; therefore, as none but a Divine Being can be present at them all, and as Christ, whose word is truth, declared he would be present, he must therefore be Divine. Here the Divinity of Christ is clearly implied, although not a word is expressed upon the subject.

No. 8.—S. P.—HOW MANY PERSONS ARE MENTIONED IN THE NEW TESTAMENT NAMED MARY?

To the best of our knowledge, there are six:—

1. Mary, the mother of the Saviour.
2. Mary, the friend of Christ and sister of Lazarus.
3. Mary Magdalene, a worthy, pious, but afflicted woman.
4. Mary, the wife of Cleopas, and sister to the Virgin Mary.
5. Mary, the mother of Mark.
6. Mary of Rome, mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans.

No. 9.—M. T. (London).—IS CONSCIENCE A SUFFICIENT GUIDE?

Man's conscience has been perverted by the fall; and until it be influenced by the renewing power of God's Holy Spirit, it is not a safe guide; for it teaches one thing to one man, and an opposite thing to another man, and different things to the same man at different periods of his life. Although a light, it is a light in a dark lantern. The will of God is the only right rule of action, and conscience is a safe adviser in proportion to the degree in which its dictates coincide with the Divine mind.

No. 10.—S. T. R. (Chester).—THE ROD OF THE UNGODLY.—"The rod of the ungodly cometh not into the lot of the righteous."—The Prayer Book version.

This is not correct as a matter of divinity, and it is not true as a matter of fact, for the rod of the ungodly does enter the house of the good man, and often enters, but, happily, it does not abide there; therefore read, "The rod of the ungodly abideth not in the lot of the righteous."

No. 11.—R. S.—THE DISCIPLES ASLEEP.—"Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going."—Matt. xxvi. 45, 46.

The apparent contradiction will be removed by changing the punctuation, and after the word *rest* placing a note of interrogation. "Do you sleep on now and take your rest?"—the Son of man is betrayed! Arise, let us be going."

No. 12.—J. B. W.—CHRIST PREACHING TO THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.—1 Peter iii. 19.

In attempting to explain this difficult passage of Scripture, it becomes us to speak with deference to the opinions of others whose sentiments on this point may not be in unison with our own.

Bishop Hall, Secker, Pearson, Henry, Guise, Doddridge, Macknight, Gill, Scott, Boothroyd, and Benson, regard the passage as referring to the admonitions given to the antediluvians, through the Holy Spirit and by the mouth of Noah, "the preacher of righteousness." A large body of pious and erudite divines adopt other opinions. The best reply we can offer is as follows:—

In bringing punishment upon these antediluvian offenders, God, in his mercy, tarried for one hundred and twenty years; and when this period had also terminated, he granted a respite of seven days; and when these days had expired, in place of destroying these millions upon millions (for learned men have estimated the inhabitants of the world at that period at 3,000 millions), instead of destroying these offenders by fire from heaven, or by an earthquake, or by any mode causing instant death, God was pleased to destroy the human race by a process which left men the use of their faculties and afforded them still a period of some days before life was extinct. Who shall say, during these appalling hours of approaching death, that many, very many of

these millions of beings may not have turned unto God in sorrow of heart and found mercy? and, although their lives were forfeited, their souls might be preserved through the merits of Him who, in the fulness of time, dwelt amongst us.

"We read," says Bishop Horsley, "that the souls in custody, or safe keeping, were those which *'sometime were disobedient,'* an expression which implies that they were recovered from that disobedience, and before their death had been brought to repentance and faith in the Redeemer to come. To such souls Christ went and preached, but certainly neither repentance nor faith: for the preaching of either comes too late for the departed soul. These souls we must suppose had believed and repented, or they had not been in that part of the nether regions which the soul of the Redeemer visited. If Christ went to proclaim to these departed spirits the glad tidings that he had actually offered the sacrifice of their redemption, and was about to appear before the Father as their intercessor, in the merit of his own blood—this was a preaching suitable to these departed souls, and would impart new animation and assurance to their hope of the consummation of their bliss in due season."

No. 13.—ALFRED.—Question not suitable.

No. 14.—W. P. M. (Aberdeen).—An answer in our next.

No. 15.—E. M. B. (Kingston).—WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY A TRINITY IN THE TRINITY?

We presume it is designed to express a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, and a Trinity of Offices in the Persons. Thus—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are the Trinity of Persons.

Then the Trinity of Offices are to be understood thus—
God the Father is

The God of Creation,
The God of Providence, and
The God of Redemption.

God the Son is

The Prophet to teach,
The Priest to intercede, and
The King to rule over us.

God the Holy Ghost is

The Teacher of His People,
The Sanctifier of His People, and

The Comforter of His People; and the order of His blessings is first to teach, then to sanctify, and then to comfort.

To the objection that the word *Trinity* is not to be found in the Bible, we answer, Nor is the word *gratitude*. The absence of the word itself by no means proves the absence of that which the word is designed to express.

No. 16.—WHAT IS MEANT BY CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO HELL?

Hell, or hades, is a place of departed spirits, both good and bad. It therefore denotes a place of happiness, and also a place of affliction; but the word has been so long used in a sense to denote pain and sorrow, that men forget that it equally applies to a place of joy and felicity. Christ, we believe, descended into that joyful portion which he himself, in his promise to the penitent on the cross, designated Paradise. The hades we imagine to be the place of departed souls while the soul is separated from the body; when they are again united, it will be to enter upon other scenes of joy or other scenes of sorrow; and then, we presume, the joy or the sorrow will attain its highest point.

"GOD GAVE THE INCREASE."

A VENERABLE minister lately remarked that this text had been his greatest encouragement through all his forty years' ministry. He then related an incident which impressed it deeply on his mind when a young pastor.

He was preparing for his duty one Sunday morning, when he observed two young gentlemen from the City drive up to church. At once his heart failed him. He was young in the ministry, and felt that he could not preach acceptably before his City acquaintances, accustomed as they were to hear distinguished preachers. He was much depressed all through the service, and felt at the close that the day's effort had been a failure.

A few weeks after, a lady called with a message for him. She came from one of the young men whose presence at church had so disturbed him. Her two friends had intended to take a drive along the river to view the beautiful scenery, but the lady had prevailed upon them to attend church. "And now A—— wishes me to tell you that your sermon, under God, was the means of his conversion." Tears of gratitude were shed over that despised sermon.

Not long after, another grateful message came from the same young man. "I am rapidly sinking, but I trust in Christ. You, dear friend, have been God's instrument of bringing me to this frame of mind." "Oh, how often," said the gray-haired minister, "has this little circumstance cheered me. Here was the word sown in so much weakness; yet God raised it in power."

Let this thought cheer you, Christian, in all your labours. Speak for Jesus whenever you have the opportunity; and though you are the humblest of his flock, the increase, as you shall see it in eternity, will fill your soul with wonder and angelic joy.

Mothers, talk much about the Bible and its teachings among your little ones. It will not hinder your working hands a moment, but will lighten their heaviest labours. It seems a little thing at the time. You think it will soon pass away from the mind; yet the memory may be "a shield and buckler" to your sons in the hours of temptation. Of all seed-sowing, what has God more graciously prospered than that by the hand of pious mothers?

Youths' Department.

THE PAST CONTRASTED WITH THE PRESENT.

THE balmy air, the clear bright sky, and the rays of a smiling sun falling upon a garden enriched with every variety of flowers, and upon a lawn preserved with daily care, combined to produce that feeling of pleasure which is the charm of country life. But had any visitor arrived about seven o'clock in the morning, he would have found the old manor house, notwithstanding all the charms of its garden and surrounding scenery, forsaken by its inhabitants. A message had been sent to the master of the house the evening before, to inform him that a collection of animals—many very fine and several very rare—was to pass through the hamlet on the way to the county town; and as it would halt in the village for the night, the exhibition might be seen for an hour or two early in the morning, and during the feeding time. It was therefore proposed by Willie, seconded by his sister, and carried unanimously, that a pilgrimage should be formed of family, visitors, and domestics, to visit this said menagerie. The house was consigned to the charge of the porter from the lodge, and the migration took place. The party found that it was a choice collection, and the father and the uncle being well versed in natural history, were enabled to point out many things that tended to exhibit the wisdom and the goodness of God in adapting the animals to their respective localities, in enabling them to supply their wants, and in investing each with some

mode of defence against their assailants. They, according to Minnie's view of the morning's enjoyment, each saw the exhibition for a shilling, and heard a lecture worth half-a-crown for nothing. On their return to the house, the variety of animals seen and their diversified habits formed an abundant source of conversation, and rendered the usual family discussions at the breakfast-table unnecessary.

"As our morning conversations have been amusing and profitable, I do not," said the father, "wish them to be discontinued; but as we all love variety, I would suggest a slight change in the topics to be selected."

The young folks cheerfully acquiesced, and requested the uncle to select a subject for discussion for the next day.

The uncle said, "Let us contrast the *past with the present*; and to limit our range, take for instance the life of Baxter, who lived in troublous times. Let us all contribute our quota towards the worthy man's biography, and then bring forth the circumstances that occurred in his day, to contrast with our own times. If this be done with care, it is possible we may discover that we are not sufficiently sensible of the blessings that mark the nineteenth century."

On the morrow, all assembled at the prescribed hour, and the uncle was again solicited to be their president.

"If I am to be president," said the uncle, "pray, good people, what am I to term your association? What is it to be, Master Willie?"

"Aspiring minds seeking after wisdom," said the modest young gentleman; "or, perhaps, you could call us a company of 'Young Philosophers.'"

"Dare not grant it, my friend, so let us proceed. Walter, pray give us some information respecting this celebrated Nonconformist."

Richard Baxter was a native of Shropshire, and lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., during the Commonwealth under Cromwell, and in the times of Charles II., James II., and also William and Mary. It was an eventful period, and he may truly be regarded as a good man flourishing in bad times. He became vicar of Kidderminster, and found the people ignorant, irreligious, and vicious; and by his labours he rendered them pious, moral, and well conducted. He retained the living about sixteen years, and was ejected for non-compliance with the Act of Conformity. This good man enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent men of his times, and among them may be enumerated Barrow, Boyle, Sir Matthew Hale, Bishops Wilkins, Patrick, and Burnett, and Archbishop Tillotson; and these illustrious men delighted in doing honour to one who "feared no man's displeasure, and desired no man's patronage," and of whom it was affirmed by the learned Dr. Barrow, that "his practical writings were never mended, and his controversial seldom refuted." "If," said Bishop Wilkins, "Mr. Baxter had lived in the primitive times, he would have been one of the fathers of the Church." One of his contemporaries observes of this worthy divine, that he disputed with ease and rebuked with fidelity; he equally censured Cromwell, and expostulated with Charles; that he was a man distinguished by an exemplary life, pacific principles, and moderate views. His writings extended to four folio, seventy-three quarto, and forty-nine octavo volumes, besides smaller publications. Among these may be mentioned "A Call to the Unconverted," of which 20,000 copies were sold in one year. It was translated into various languages; and by this pious work six brothers became men of piety, and an Indian prince, it is said, read it with tears, and died with it in his hand.

"When we hear of these eminently good men," said the mother, "we naturally desire to know how they passed through the closing scene of life."

"That," said Maude, "I can answer: for when Baxter's last sickness came on, he was led by pain to desire a release; but checking what appeared to be a want of submission to the Divine will, he piously observed, 'It is not for me to prescribe to God, and therefore I say, Where Thou wilt—when Thou wilt—and how Thou wilt; and when asked just before his death how he was, he exclaimed, 'Almost well.' He died in perfect tranquillity, and full of hope, and was buried in Christ Church, Newgate Street. His death occurred in 1691. Piety towards God, and zeal towards his fellow-creatures, marked the man."

"And a commendation was given to him," said the

father, "which it would comfort all our hearts to be able to confer upon all our own teachers. 'He spoke *properly*, he spoke *plainly*, he spoke *pointedly*, and he spoke *feelingly*. His speech was adapted to the persons who were his hearers, and to the subjects upon which he conversed.'"

"And like a wise man," said the mother, "he gave the most thought to the most important things."

"And we must not omit to add," said Walter, "that although impoverished by fines and losses, and committed unjustly to a dungeon, yet his tranquillity remained undisturbed; so that it was said of him, 'he was the same man before he went to prison, while he was in prison, and when he came out of prison.'"

"This praise is very high," said the uncle, "yet we must bear in mind that 'men of his size are not to be drawn in miniature.' Now, let us see how far our own age will suffer by a comparison with the times of Baxter; in other words, let us compare the seventeenth century with the nineteenth."

"Let us, sir," said Arthur, "take that important matter,

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION,

as shown in Baxter's sufferings."

This pious, holy, and upright man was thrown into prison, released, and again seized; and the enormity laid to his charge was, I believe, that he came within five miles of a corporation town. Although his fortune had been grievously impaired by shutting up the King's exchequer; and although he had been driven from his living a few weeks before the tithes for the year were receivable; and although he had passed the best portion of his life in works of charity and benevolence; and although he was suffering from illness, and needed additional comforts—he was consigned to a prison, and also fined 500 marks, and was sentenced to remain incarcerated until this heavy fine was paid, and then to be bound under heavy penalties for seven years, that he would not again offend.

"We who live in the present day ought to render our thanks to God 'that we are hurt by no persecution,' and that we are permitted to worship in peace and safety, no man making us afraid."

"What exemplification do you bring forth, Walter?"

"I quote my case under the head of

"PERVERSION OF JUSTICE."

When Baxter's time of trial drew on, he was brought before Judge Jeffries, who refused to allow the usual means of defence; and when time was asked, that Baxter, who was suffering from sickness, might prepare his defence, the ferocious reply was, "Not a moment to spare his life." As the trial proceeded, the judge exclaimed, "I can deal with saints as well as sinners;" and turning to one of the counsel, who was assisting Baxter in his defence, he added, "I know you well, sir; I will set a mark upon you—you are the patron of the faction." After a short interval he cried, "There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together." At intervals during the trial, the judge continued to pour forth his vituperations upon the persecuted man as he stood at the bar: "Baxter is an old rogue, a knave, a hypocritical villain." Then the judge shut his eyes, and began to sing through his nose: "Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Upon Baxter making a remark, the judge called him a dog, and swore that he ought to be whipped through the whole city. When the counsel submitted some point to the consideration of the court, the answer was, "Gentlemen of the long robe ought to be ashamed to assist such knaves." Then turning to the accused, he cried, "Richard, thou art an old knave;" impudently adding, "By the grace of God I'll look after thee, and by the grace of God Almighty I'll crush you all."

As the counsel commenced reading an extract in favour of Baxter, the judge stopped him, shouting out, "You sha'n't! you sha'n't!" This flagrant act of injustice, and the unceasing cruelty inflicted upon the good old man, so affected some persons in the court, as to cause them to weep. This act of sympathy the judge denounced bitterly, calling the sympathisers "a set of snivelling curs." Towards the close of the proceedings, several witnesses presented themselves to bear testimony to the integrity and uprightness of Baxter's whole life, but the judge would not permit one of them to be heard.

"Does your lordship," said Baxter, "think that any jury will convict on such a trial as this?" "I warrant you," said Jeffries; and accordingly the jury, terrified, probably, by the savage conduct of the judge, returned a verdict against this man of God. Jeffries urged that Baxter should be whipped through London at the cart's tail, but his fellow-judges refused their sanction upon the plea that a divine of more than seventy years of age, and one to whom His Majesty had offered a mitre, ought not to be subject to so fearful an indignity. Imprisonment and fine was deemed sufficient.

"I ask, sir, is there throughout this favoured isle a judge at this day who would pervert justice, insult the prisoner, and threaten the counsel, and seek to inflict an unrighteous sentence upon an unrighteous verdict? Are not the judges of our land men of patience—strictly administering justice—impartially explaining the law—courteous to counsel, and a protector of the accused?"

"To your questions I answer, The purity of the bench is the honour of our land."

"Papa, I heard you once say," was Willie's remark, "that in punishing an offence, men should carefully weigh and measure the penalty, lest they commit an offence while professing to punish an offence. In Baxter's day, this principle was repeatedly violated, by

"UNJUST SENTENCES."

A member of Parliament was sent a prisoner to the Tower for saying, "I hope that we are all Englishmen, and that we shall not be frightened from our duty for a few high words."

A man was fined £500 for breaking a church window.

A barrister of the Temple was executed, and his body cut into quarters, for writing something which was said to be a libel on the king.

On another occasion, a gentleman uttered some words which gave offence to the Duke of York, who commenced an action against the offender. A jury actually gave the duke £100,000 as damages—a sum equal to a quarter of a million of money in the present day.

"I can," said Maude, "produce even a still more unrighteous sentence."

Dr. Leighton wrote an appeal to Parliament, which appeal gave offence; and for the offence he was sentenced to be twice publicly whipped, to stand for two hours in the pillory, both his ears to be cut off, his nostrils to be slit up, the letters S S, as implying a sower of sedition, were to be burnt into his cheeks with red hot irons; and after these atrocities were perpetrated, the sufferer was to be cast into prison. This frightful sentence was inflicted in Christian England, and in the seventeenth century; and after an imprisonment of ten years, he was released, when he had lost his sight, lost his hearing, and lost the use of his limbs. Surely it might be said of this afflicted man, "he was more sinned against than sinning."

"Foul were the assaults against both equity and humanity in this sad case; yet," said the father, "there were other cases still more fearful in their results."

During one sitting of Parliament—not five hundred years ago, but in the days of Baxter—between three and four thousand persons were put to death, for what?—for witchcraft!!

"When we plead for our own century, I think," said Maude, "we may adduce

"THE IMPROVEMENT IN OUR PENAL CODE."

In the time of Baxter, there were above two hundred offences, all to be punished with death. The sacrifice of life was therefore frightful, and we know at a somewhat earlier period 72,000 persons were executed in one king's reign, when the population of England did not reach four millions; and now that the population of Great Britain is nearly thirty millions, there has been, I am told, during twenty-five years, no execution but for murder.

When men seek to condemn the age in which they live, and talk of the good old times, this at least is certain, that they must not quote the days of Baxter, and the state of things in the seventeenth century.

"What say you to this view of the case, Maude?"

"I think we might make the case still stronger in favour of our own times. At the time to which you refer, one in five of the whole nation were paupers; now it is only one in thirteen."

"Yes," said Arthur, "and the average duration of life

throughout the kingdom was only twenty-three years: it is now forty years—in other words, the life of the nation, so to speak, is almost doubled. Again, the population from the Norman Conquest up to the year 1650 only doubled itself; the nation was six hundred years in obtaining an increase of its population which now takes place in less than fifty years, notwithstanding the millions that depart to our colonies, or other portions of the globe."

"Then," said Walter, "look at the national afflictions from which in mercy we are preserved: the plague in one year destroying 35,000 persons, in another year 68,596, and at another time—all within the life of one man—100,000 perished. We have had recently our great fire, but through the goodness of Providence it did not destroy 13,200 houses, 88 churches, and a cathedral, and desolate 400 streets, and turn scores of thousands of homeless men, women, and children to live under tents in the fields, and to mourn over property that had perished to the extent of millions. Nor are we exposed to the indignity of having a foreign foe bearding us and defying us on our own shores, sailing up the Thames, and, in defiance of the nation, seizing upon Sheerness. This dishonour was an event for the seventeenth century, and not for the nineteenth."

"Then, again, we are not so infatuated as to pronounce nationally, the Book of Common Prayer, the Creed, and the Lord's prayer, as useless; nor are we so influenced by the spirit of persecution as to drive 2,000 able and pious pastors from their churches, and then in return for this cruel and impolitic act, to bestow upon the people the blessings of a national debt and the luxury of the window-tax. These were the privileges of Baxter's times."

"In the conduct of our learned and upright judges, in the freedom of speech, in the security of our personal liberty and the safe enjoyment of our property, in the rights of conscience and freedom of religious worship, in the education of the people, in the morals of the court, in the improvements of science, in the extent of our dominions and in the expansion of our commerce, in our religious societies for the amelioration of want at home and abroad and for the diffusion of Christian knowledge, and in the increase of our wealth and influence as a nation—surely every right-minded man must be grateful to God that he was not born in the good old times of a James, a Cromwell, or a Charles; but that his lot has fallen in this honoured land during the wise, the pious, and the paternal government of Queen Victoria, whom may the Sovereign of the universe daily comfort and long preserve to reign over an improving nation and a grateful and a loving people."

A TALK IN THE NIGHT.

A LITTLE girl woke in the night, and put her arms close around her mother's neck. After caressing her a while she spoke out—

"I thank God every day for such a dear, kind mother."

"But if I should be taken away, what would you do then?" the mother asked.

"I should keep on thanking him, and hope that Jesus would take me to see you in the beautiful mansions."

"And do you think little children will know their mothers in heaven?"

"Mother," said Minnie, "does a soul have eyes to see with in heaven?"

"The Bible says we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known," was the mother's reply.

"My eyes won't ache there, will they, mother?"

"No, dear, there will be no sort of pain in heaven."

"And my eyes won't cry too, will they?"

"No, God shall wipe away all tears."

"But if I should fall down and hurt myself?"

"There will be nothing to hurt in all God's holy mountain."

"Is heaven a mountain, mother?"

"Heaven is likened to every beautiful place and every glorious thing. But does my little daughter think she is fit to enter the holy heaven where God is?"

"I shall be ready," she replied, "when Jesus puts on me the beautiful garment you told me about. How glad I shall be not to have aching eyes any more!"

"Yes, darling, but there is a better thing to be glad of: there will be no sin in heaven."

"I shall not want to disobey you, then; shall I, mother?"

"No; and the beauty of heaven is, that we shall not want to do any wrong thing. Go to sleep, now, child, to wake up bright in the morning."

"Shall I have to go to sleep in heaven, mother?"

"There will be no night there: but we can trust God for what we shall have to do; can we not, my child? We know all will be pleasant, for we shall be satisfied 'when we awake in his likeness.'"

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"WHAT happy people Mr. and Mrs. Haven seem to be," said Alice Cole to her mother as she came home from a brief call at Mrs. Haven's on an errand for her mother.

"They are very happy," said Mrs. Cole.

"They have not much to make them happy," said Harvey Cole, a young man who had resided for a year or more in the City, and was now home on a visit. "Their house seems almost ready to tumble down, and they certainly do not fare sumptuously every day."

"They had been dining on roast potatoes and milk," said Alice.

"I'm glad they did not invite me to dinner," said Harvey.

"What are you talking about?" said Rufus Cole, a lad about ten years of age.

The question was a little more abrupt than was becoming.

"Your sister has just come from Mrs. Haven's, and we were talking about their being so happy."

"I wish I had known sister was going; I would have gone with her. I like to go there. They always seem so pleased to see one. Next time you are going there, Alice, let me know, and I will go with you."

"I shall want one or both of you to go there for me this evening," said Mrs. Cole.

"Well, we will both go, if you like."

Alice signified her assent, and Rufus went to attend to various matters, such as usually claim the attention of persons of his age.

In the evening they went to Mrs. Haven's, and stayed for an hour or more. It was a very pleasant hour. Happiness is somewhat contagious. Rufus and Alice were happier in the company of those poor people in a very humble habitation, than they had been at large gatherings in richly-furnished houses.

Why were Mr. and Mrs. Haven, though poor, and, in the language of the world, in a great measure friendless, so happy?

I will give some of the reasons. They were very loving persons. They loved one another very much, and they loved other people. Now love is happiness. To love is to be happy. A person who loves no one cannot be happy, no matter how great may be his professions. The absence of love is the absence of happiness.

They loved God. There is more happiness in loving God than in loving our fellow-men. It is a higher, purer, more enduring love, and hence a higher happiness.

They were free from all care. They cast their care on the Lord. They were sure he would provide for them. If they had only roasted potatoes and milk, they were thankful. It was what their heavenly Father gave them.

They looked forward to a happy home in heaven. It was not true that they had not much to make them happy. They had a great deal to make them happy; they had God for their portion.

Happiness is the result of the condition of the soul, not of external profession. Do you wish to be happy? Make God the portion of your soul.

A HABIT WHICH ALL OUGHT TO FORM.

"DID the clergyman give notice of a meeting this week?" said Mr. Cooper, who was detained from church by lameness.

"No, sir," said Hiram; "at least, I did not hear him."

"Not hear him? I am surprised!" said his sister Lydia. "He said there would be a missionary meeting on Wednesday night."

"Were you asleep, Hiram?"

"No, sir; I never sleep in church."

"What was the sermon about?"

"The text was the first verse of the ninety-seventh Psalm: 'The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.' He showed that the Lord governed the world, and all the individuals in it, and that we ought to rejoice because it was a just and perfect government, and would bring all things out right."

"Very well. You paid attention to the sermon, if you did not to the notices."

This was an excellent habit which Hiram had formed. Many young persons go to church, and let their thoughts wander at will. While the minister is labouring to instruct them, they are thinking about something else. Some part of the sermon, a striking illustration, or the statement of some interesting facts, may catch their attention, and hold it for a time; but they do not attend to the scope of the discourse. They have no idea of fixing in their minds the plan of the discourse, so as to be able to give an account of it. But every hearer ought thus to give his attention. It is his duty to hear the word, that is, so to hear it as to understand it. It will cost effort thus to fix the attention; but the result will more than repay the effort. The intellectual improvement which may thus be secured is worth all the labour it will cost. The hour spent in church may be made most conducive to mental as well as moral improvement.

It is an excellent plan for young persons to repeat to their parents the analysis of the sermon they have heard. It will aid in forming habits of attention, of thought, and of expression.

Short Arrows.

"WHAT are you doing?" said a minister as he one day visited a feeble old man who lived in a hovel, and was sitting with a Bible open on his knee. "Oh, sir, I am sitting under His shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to my taste."

GOD'S WORD is in one sense God's temple. From its foundation to its dome it is the work of the Holy Ghost. In it burn the seven-branched candlesticks of heavenly wisdom; here the thoughts, the counsels, and the ways are unveiled; here the infinite love discloses itself; here the comforts of earth are distributed.

A CHILD once said, "I like very well to be told what to do, by those who are fond of me; but never to be told what *not* to do; and the more fond they are of me, the less I like it; because, when they tell me what to do, they give me an opportunity of pleasing them; but when they tell me what *not* to do, it is a sign I have displeased, or am likely to displease them."

PROFANITY.—“*Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him.*” The use of profane oaths is a national sin. Murder is a great sin, but it is not properly a national sin, which involves both frequency of perpetration and connivance on the part of those who witness it. But this transgression of the third commandment is practised by millions, and that, too, a hundred times a day; and it is tolerated and winked at by moral men when they ought to rebuke and frown upon it. They who would shudder to employ such impious language themselves, do yet suffer others to use oaths in their presence without a word or even a look of disapprobation. But more. It is allowed by the members of our churches, without an effort to check or restrain the transgressor. *This sin* is committed within whispering distance; the facts are plain, and the sinners are known; they dare not justify it, but will confess their guilt when reproved: and shall not God be “*avenged on such a nation as this?*”

CHRISTIAN PARENTS' CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.—As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow to our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons, and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter, which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is, *yielding to the ways of good society.* By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves, like the Eddystone lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence, than to rise even a little, but decidedly above the *par* of the religious world around us. Surely, the way in which we commonly go on is not that way of self-denial, and sacrifice, and cross-bearing, which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the Cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us.

FAMILY RELIGION.—A want of familiarity between parents and children upon religious matters, and a constrained intercourse between them, is a key to the failure of many parents in their efforts to train up their children in the way they should go, as well as a fruitful source of infidelity in the child. A want of freedom begets a want of confidence, mutually, the natural result of which is, a loss of religious influence on the one part, and want of filial trust on the other. The godly mother holds in her hands the spiritual destiny of her child, and may wield a power to save it of inconceivable greatness. Beginning with the mind in its most impressible state, she may write upon “the fleshy tables of the heart” lessons which can never be forgotten. For the religious influences of a Christian home, and the godly instructions of pious parents, there is no substitute. The want of these is a religious bereavement for life. The Sunday-school is a powerful auxiliary, and as such deserves the patronage and support of every parent; but the instruction of the Sunday-school can never be relied upon as a substitute for that instruction which God commands the parent to give his child in his own house.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.—An old writer has very justly and forcibly remarked, “As it will raise our endeavour high to look on the highest pattern, so it will lay our thoughts low concerning ourselves. Men compare themselves with men, and readily with the worst, and flatter themselves with that comparative betterness. This is not the way to see our spots, to look into the muddy streams of profane men's lives; but look into the clear fountain of the Word, and then we may both discern and wash them.” “Looking unto Jesus” should be indeed the Christian's motto. In him he sees the only authoritative standard of devotion; in his life, the only full practical interpretation of the rule of duty. To look at him abashes spiritual pride, and induces the humblest estimate of self. In looking at him, we feel the majesty of goodness, and the lustre of his excellence quenches our rush-light of earth as the sun

puts out the stars, so that we cannot even discern how one star differeth from another star in glory. The true Christian aim is not to outshine others, to eclipse their brightness, but to shine in the light of Jesus. Only as in the light of Jesus we see how deficient we are, shall we be impelled to seek larger measures of grace, and make higher attainments in holiness.

A TERRIBLE SURPRISE.—A young girl was dying. She had been taken from the midst of her companions, stricken with a mortal disease, and had just been told that all human help was vain, and that she must soon leave the world. In this sad and terrible hour, when she was asked what message she wished to send to her companions, she replied, “Tell them this—Be Christians; you do not know what it is to be surprised as I have been.” In a few hours she passed into the world of spirits, and none who looked upon her knew certainly whether her faith was fixed upon Him who had suddenly called her, or not. There are many sad surprises which meet men as they pass through life—many which find us utterly unprepared to receive them, and which therefore overwhelm us; but we may rally from them all, and recovering our spirits may adjust ourselves to the new circumstances, and so become masters of ourselves, and settle down into tranquillity and contentment. But to be surprised by Death—to find him near, when we thought him afar off—to be assured that in the coming night our soul will be required of us, when we dreamed of rest or gaiety—to see the eternal world disclosing itself before us, when our eyes are full of this world's sights, and our ears full of this world's sounds—this is a terror whose sudden coming may well make the heart tremble, and prompt a most earnest cry for deliverance.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE CHANNINGS.”

CHAPTER III.

“FELL DOWN IN A FIT.”

A HOT afternoon in July. Jane Halliburton was in the drawing-room with her mother, both of them sewing busily. It was a large airy room with three windows, pleasanter than the dining-room underneath, and they were fond of sitting in it in the summer weather. Jane had been married some three or four months now, but she looked the same young, simple, placid girl that she ever did; and, but for the wedding-ring upon her finger, no stranger would have supposed her to be a wife.

An excellent arrangement had been come to—that she and her husband should remain inmates of Mr. Tait's house: at any rate, for the present. When plans were being discussed, previous to making the necessary arrangements for the marriage, and Mr. Halliburton was spending all his superfluous minutes hunting for a house that might suit him, near to the old home and not too dear, Francis Tait had given utterance to a remark—“I wonder who we shall get here in Mr. Halliburton's place, if papa takes anybody else?” and Margaret, looking up from her drawing, had added, “Why can't Mr. Halliburton and Jane stay on with us? It would be so much pleasanter.” It was the first time that the idea had been presented in any shape to the rector. It seemed to go straight to his wishes; to lay hold of him. He put down a book he was reading, and spoke impulsively: “It would be the best thing; the very best thing! Would you like it, Mr. Halliburton?”

“I should, sir; very much. But it is Jane who must be consulted, not me.”

Jane, her pretty cheeks covered with blushes, looked up, and said that she should like it also: that she *had* thought of it, but had not liked to mention it either to her mamma or to Edgar. “I have been quite troubled to think what mamma and the house will do without me,” she added, ingenuously.

“Let Jane alone for thinking and planning, when there's difficulty in the way,” laughed Margaret. “My opinion is, that we shall never get another pudding, or papa have his black silk Sunday hose darned, if Jane goes.”

Mrs. Tait burst into tears. Like Margaret, she was a bad manager in a house, and had mourned over Jane's departure, privately believing that she should be half worried to death. "Oh! Jane, dear, say you'll stop!" she cried. "It will be such a relief to me! Margaret's of no earthly use, and everything will fall on my shoulders. Mr. Halliburton, I hope you will stop! It will be pleasant for us all. You know the house is large enough."

And stop they did. The wedding took place at Easter, and Mr. Halliburton took Jane all the way to Dover to see the sea—a long way in those days—and kept her there for a week. And then they came back again, Jane to her old home duties, just as though she was Jane Tait still, and Mr. Halliburton to his teaching.

It was July now, and hot weather; and Mrs. Tait and Jane were sewing in the drawing-room. They were doing work for Margaret. Mr. Halliburton, through some of his teaching connections, had obtained an eligible situation for Margaret in a superior school. Margaret was to enter as a resident pupil, and receive every advantage towards the completion of her own education; in return for which, she was to teach the younger pupils music, and pay £10 per annum. Such an arrangement was almost unknown then, though it has become common enough since, and Mr. and Mrs. Tait thought of it very highly. Margaret Tait was only sixteen; but, unlike Jane, who looked younger than her actual years, Margaret looked older. In appearance, in manners, and also in advancement, Margaret might have been judged to be full eighteen.

She was to enter the school, which was situated near Harrow, in another week, at the termination of the holidays, and Mrs. Tait and Jane had their hands full, getting her clothes ready.

"Was this slip measured, mamma?" Jane suddenly asked, after attentively regarding the work she had on her knee.

"I think it was, Jane," replied Mrs. Tait. "Why?"

"It looks too short for Margaret. At least, it will be too short when I shall have finished this fourth tuck. It must have been measured, though, because here are the pins in it. Perhaps Margaret measured it herself."

"Then of course it must be measured again. There's no trusting to anything Margaret does in the shape of work. And yet, how clever she is at her music and her drawing—in fact at all her studies!" added Mrs. Tait. "It is well, Jane, that we are not all gifted alike."

"I think it is, mamma," acquiesced Jane. "I will go up to Margaret's room and get one of her slips, and measure this."

"You need not go," said Mrs. Tait. "There's an old slip of hers amongst the work; there, on the sofa."

Jane found the slip, and measured the one in her hand by it. "Yes, mamma! It is just the length without the tuck. Then I must take out what I have done of it. It is only a little piece."

"Come hither, Jane. Your eyes are younger than mine. Is not that your papa coming towards us from the far end of the square?"

Jane approached the window nearest to her, not the one at which Mrs. Tait was sitting. "Oh, yes, that's papa. You might tell him by his dress, if by nothing else, mamma."

"I could tell him by himself, if I could see," said Mrs. Tait, quaintly. "I don't know how it is, Jane, but my sight does get very imperfect for a distance."

"Never mind that, mamma, so that you continue to see well for work and reading," said Jane, cheerily. "How fast papa is walking!"

Very fast for the Rev. Mr. Tait, who was not in general a quick walker. He entered his house, and came up to the drawing-room. He had not been well for the last few days, and threw himself into a chair, wearily.

"Jane, is there any of that beef-tea left, that was made for me yesterday?"

"Yes, papa," she said, springing up with alacrity, that she might get it for him. "I will bring it to you immediately."

"Stay, stay, child, not so fast," he interrupted. "It is

not for myself. I can do without it. I have been pained by a sad sight," he added, looking at his wife. "There's that daughter of the widow Booth's come home again. I called in now, and there she is, lying on the mattress, dying from famine, as I verily believe. She came home last night, the mother says, in a dreadful state of exhaustion, and has had nothing within her lips since, but cold water. They tried her with solid food, but she could not swallow it. That beef-tea will just do for her. Get it warmed, Jane."

"She is a sinful, ill-doing girl, Francis," remarked Mrs. Tait. "She does not really deserve compassion."

"All the more reason, wife, that she should be rescued from death," said the rector, almost sternly. "The good may dare to die; the evil may not. Don't waste time, Jane. Put it into a bottle warm, and I'll carry it round."

"Is there nothing else that we can send her, papa, that may do for her equally well?" asked Jane. "A little wine, perhaps? There is but a small portion of the beef-tea left, and it ought to be kept for you."

"Never mind; I wish to take it to her," said the rector. "A drop of wine afterwards may do her good."

Jane hastened to the kitchen, disturbing a servant who was doing something over the fire. "Susan, papa wants that drop of beef-tea warmed. Will you make haste and do it, while I look for a bottle to put it in? It is to be taken round to Charity Booth."

"What! is she back again?" exclaimed the servant, in a slighting tone, which told that her estimation of Charity Booth was no higher than was that of her mistress. "It's just like the master," she continued, proceeding to do what was required of her. "It's not often that anything's made for himself, but if it is, he never gets the benefit of it; he's sure to drop across somebody that he fancies wants it worse nor he do. It's not right, Miss Jane."

Jane was searching in a cupboard. She brought forth a clean green bottle, which held half a pint. "This will be quite large enough, I think."

"I should think it would!" grumbled Susan, who could not be brought to look upon the giving away of her master's own peculiar property as anything but a personal grievance. "There's barely a gill of it left, and he ought to have had it himself, Miss Jane."

"Susan," said she, turning her bright, laughing face towards the woman, "it is a good thing you went to church and saw me married, or I might think you meant to reflect upon me. How can I be 'Miss Jane,' with this ring on?"

"It's of no good my trying to remember it, miss. All the parish knows you are Mrs. Halliburton, fast enough; but it don't come ready to my tongue's end."

Jane laughed pleasantly. "Where is Mary?" she asked.

"In the back room, going on with some of Miss Margaret's things. It's cooler, sitting there, nor in this hot kitchen."

Jane carried the little bottle of beef-tea to her father, and gave it into his hand. He was looking very pale, and rose from his chair slowly.

"Oh, papa, you do seem so poorly!" she involuntarily exclaimed. "Let me run and beat you up an egg. I will not be a minute."

"I can't wait, child. And I question if I could eat it, were it ready before me. I do feel poorly."

"You ought to have taken this drop of beef-tea yourself, papa. It was made for you."

Jane could not help laying a stress upon the word. The Rev. Mr. Tait placed his hand gently upon her smoothly-parted hair. "Jane, child, had I thought of myself before others throughout life, how should I have been following my Master's precepts?"

She ran down the stairs before him, opening the front door for him to pass through, that even that little exertion should be spared him. A loving, dutiful daughter was Jane; and it is probable that the thought of her worth crossed especially the mind of the rector at that moment. "God bless you, my child!" he aspirated, as he passed her.

Jane watched him across the square. Their house, though not actually in the square, commanded a view of it. Then

she returned up-stairs to her mother. "Papa thinks he will not lose time," she observed. "He is walking so fast."

"I should call it running," responded Mrs. Tait, who had seen the speed from the window. "But, my dear, he'll work no good with that ill-doing Charity Booth."

About an hour passed away, and it was drawing towards dinner time. Jane and Mrs. Tait were busy as ever, when Mr. Halliburton's well-known knock was heard.

"Edgar is home early this morning!" Jane exclaimed.

He came springing up the stairs, four or five at a time, in great haste, opened the drawing-room door, and just put in his head. Mrs. Tait, sitting with her back to the door and her face to the window, did not turn round, and consequently did not see him. Jane did; and was startled. Every vestige of colour had forsaken his face.

"Oh, Edgar! You are ill!"

"Ill! Not I," affecting to speak gaily. "I want you for a minute, Jane."

Mrs. Tait had looked round at Jane's exclamation, but Mr. Halliburton's face was then withdrawn. He was standing outside the door when Jane went out. He did not speak; but took her hand in silence and drew her into the back room, which was their own bed-room, and closed the door. Jane's face had grown as white as his.

"My darling, I did not mean to alarm you," he said, holding her to him. "I thought you had a brave heart, Jane. I thought that, if I had a little bit of unpleasant news to impart, it would be best to tell you, that you may help me soothe it to the rest."

Jane's heart was not feeling very brave. "What is it?" she asked, scarcely able to speak the words from her ghastly lips.

"Jane," he said, tenderly and gravely, "before I say any more, you must strive for calmness."

"It is not about yourself! You are not ill?"

The question seemed superfluous. Mr. Halliburton was evidently not ill; but he was agitated. Jane was frightened and perplexed: not a glimpse of the real truth crossed her. "Tell me what it is at once, Edgar," she said, in a calmer tone. "I can bear certainty better than suspense."

"Why, yes, I think you are becoming brave already," he answered, looking straight into her eyes and smiling—which was intended to reassure her. "I must have my wife be a woman to-day; not a child. See what a bungler I am! I thought to tell you all quietly and smoothly, not alarming you for a single minute; and look at what I have done!—startled you to terror."

Jane faintly smiled. She knew all this was but the precursor to some tidings that must be very ill and grievous. By a great effort she schooled herself to calmness. Mr. Halliburton continued:—

"One whom you and I love very much has—has—met with an accident, Jane."

Her fears went straight to the right quarter then. With that one exception by her side, there was no one she loved as she loved her father.

"Papa?"

"Yes. You and I must break it to Mrs. Tait."

Her heart beat wildly against his hand, and the livid hue was once more overspreading her face. But she strove urgently for calmness: he was whispering to her of its necessity for her own sake.

"Edgar! it is death!"

Death it was; but he would not tell her so yet. He plunged into the attendant details.

"He was hastening along with a small bottle in his hand, Jane. It contained something good for one of the sick poor, I am sure, for he was in their neighbourhood. Suddenly he was observed to fall; and the spectators raised him and took him to a doctor's. That doctor, unfortunately, was not at home, and they took him to another, so that time was lost. He was quite unconscious."

"But you do not tell me!" she wailed. "Is he dead?"

Mr. Halliburton asked himself a question—What good would be done by putting off the truth? He thought he had performed his task very badly. "Jane, Jane!" he

whispered, "I can only hope to help you bear it, better than I have broken it to you."

She could not shed tears in that first awful moment: physically and mentally, she leaned on him for support. "How can we tell my mother?"

It was necessary that Mrs. Tait should be told, and without delay. Even then, the body was being conveyed to the house on a shutter. By a curious coincidence, Mr. Halliburton had been passing the last surgeon's shop at the very moment the crowd was round its doors. Accidental business had called him there; or else it was a street he did not enter once in a year. "The parson have fell down in a fit," said some of them, recognising and arresting him.

"The parson!" he repeated. "What! Mr. Tait?"

"Sure enough," said they. And Mr. Halliburton pressed into the surgeon's house, just as the examination was over.

"The heart, no doubt, sir," said the doctor to him.

"He surely is not dead?"

"Quite dead. He must have died instantaneously."

The news had been wafted to the mob outside, and they were already taking a shutter from its hinges. "I will go on first and prepare the family," said Mr. Halliburton to them. "Give me a quarter of an hour's start, and then come on."

So that he had but a quarter of an hour for it all. His thoughts naturally turned to his wife: not only the sparing alarm and pain to her, so far as he might, but he believed her, young as she was, to possess more calm self-control than did Mrs. Tait. As he sped to the house he rehearsed his task; and he might have accomplished it better than he did, but for his tell-tale face. "Jane," he whispered, "let this be your consolation ever: he was fit to go."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, bursting into a storm of most distressing tears. "If any one ever was here fit for heaven, it was my dear father."

"Hark!" exclaimed Mr. Halliburton.

Some noise had arisen down-stairs—a sound of voices speaking in an undertone. There could be no doubt that people had come to the house with the news, and were imparting it to the two trembling servants.

"There's not a moment to be lost, Jane."

How Jane dried her eyes, and suppressed all temporary sign of grief and emotion, she could not tell. The sense of duty was strong within her, and she knew that the most imperative duty of the present moment was the supporting and solacing of her mother. She and her husband entered the drawing-room together, and Mrs. Tait turned with a smile to Mr. Halliburton.

"What secrets have you and Jane been talking together?" Then, catching sight of Jane's white and quivering lips, she burst forth in a cry of agony—"Jane! what has happened?—what have you both come to tell me?"

The tears poured from Jane's fair young face as she clasped her mother fondly to her, tenderly whispering, "Dearest mamma, you must lean upon us now! We will all love you and take care of you as we have never done."

CHAPTER IV.

MARGARET.

THE *post mortem* examination established beyond doubt the fact, that the Rev. Francis Tait's death was caused by heart disease. In the earlier period of his life it had been suspected that he was subject to it, but of late years the unfavourable symptoms had not shown themselves.

With him, died of course nearly all his means; and his family, if not left entirely destitute, had little to boast in the way of wealth. Mrs. Tait enjoyed, and had for some time enjoyed, an annuity of fifty pounds per annum; but it would cease with her death, whenever that event should take place. What was she to do with her children? Many a bereft widow, far worse off than Mrs. Tait, has to ask the same perplexing question every day. Mrs. Tait's children were partially off her hands. Jane had her good husband; Francis was earning his own living as an under-usurer in a

school; with Margaret ten pounds a year must be paid; and there was Robert.

The death had occurred in July. By October they must be away from the house. "You will be at no loss for a home, Mrs. Tait," Mr. Halliburton took an opportunity of kindly saying to her. "You must allow me and Jane to welcome you to ours."

"Yes, Edgar," was Mrs. Tait's unhesitating reply, "it will be the best plan. The furniture in this house will stock yours, and you shall have it, and you must take me and my bit of means into it—an incumbrance to you. I have been pondering it all over, and I cannot see anything else that can be done."

"I have no right whatever to your furniture, Mrs. Tait," he replied, "and Jane has no more right to it than have your other children. The furniture shall be put in my house, if you please; but you must either allow me to pay you for it, or else it shall remain your own, to be removed again at any time that you may think fit."

Mr. Halliburton in this was firm. And he was right. Had Mrs. Tait made him a deed of gift of it, her younger children might have risen up later and reproached Mr. Halliburton with taking their property.

A suitable house was looked for, and taken. The furniture was valued, and Mr. Halliburton bought it—a fourth part of the sum named Mrs. Tait positively refusing to take, for she declared that much belonged to Jane. Then they quitted the old house of many years, and moved into the new one: Mr. and Mrs. Halliburton, Mrs. Tait, Robert, and the two servants.

"Will it be prudent for you, my dear, to retain both the servants?" Mrs. Tait asked of her daughter.

Jane blushed vividly. "We could do with one at present, mamma; but the time will be coming that I shall require two. And Susan and Mary are both so good that I do not care to part with them. You are used to them, too."

"Ah, child! I know that in all your plans and schemes you and Edgar study my comfort first. Do you know what I was thinking of last night as I lay in bed?"

"What, mamma?"

"When Mr. Halliburton first spoke of wanting you, I and your poor papa felt inclined to hesitate, thinking you might have made a more prosperous match. But, my dear, I was wondering last night what we should have done in this crisis, but for him."

"Yes," said Jane, gently. "Things that appear untoward at the time frequently turn out afterwards to have been the very best that could have happened. God directs all things, you know, mamma."

A contention arose respecting Robert, some weeks after they had been in their new house—or, it may be better to call it, a discussion. Robert had never taken very kindly to what he called book-learning. Mr. Tait's wish had been that both his sons should enter the Church. Robert had never openly opposed this wish, and for the calling itself he had a liking; but what he particularly disliked was, the study and application necessary to fit him for it. Silent while his father lived, he was so no longer; but took every opportunity of urging the point upon his mother. He was still attending Dr. Percy's school daily.

"You know, mother," said he, dropping down one day in a chair, in the vicinity of his mother and Jane, and catching up one leg to nurse—rather a favourite action of his—"I shall never get salt at it."

"Salt at what, Robert?" asked Mrs. Tait.

"Why, at these rubbishish classics. I shall never make a tutor, like Mr. Halliburton and Francis do; and what on earth's to become of me? As to any chance of my being a parson, of course that's over: where's the money to come from?"

"What is to become of you, then?" cried Mrs. Tait. "I'm sure I don't know."

"Besides," went on Robert, lowering his voice, and calling up the most effectual argument he could think of, "I ought to be doing something for myself. I am living here upon Mr. Halliburton."

"He is delighted to have you, Robert," interrupted Jane, quickly. "Mamma pays——"

"You be quiet, Mrs. Jane! What sort of a wife do you call yourself, pray, to go against your husband's interests in that manner? I heard you preaching up to the charity children the other day, young lady, about it's being sinful to waste time."

"Well?" said Jane.

"Well! what's waste of time for other people is not waste of time for me, I suppose?" went on Robert.

"You are not wasting your time, Robert."

"I am. And if you had the good sense that people give you credit for, Madam Jane, you'd see it. I shall never, I say, earn my salt at teaching; and—— just tell me yourself whether there seems any chance now that I shall enter the Church?"

"At present I do not see that there is," confessed Jane.

"There! Then is it waste of time, or not, my continuing to study for a career which I can never enter upon?"

"But what else can you do, Robert?" interposed Mrs. Tait. "You cannot idle your time out at home, or be running about the streets all day."

"No," said Robert, "better stop at school for ever than do that. I want to see the world, mother."

"You—want—to—see—the—world!" echoed Mrs. Tait, bringing out her words slowly in her astonishment, while Jane looked up from her work, and fixed her eyes upon her brother.

"It's only natural that I should," said Robert, with equanimity. "I have got an invitation to go down into Yorkshire."

"What to do?" cried Mrs. Tait.

"Oh, lots of things. They keep hunters, and——"

"Why, you never were on horseback in your life, Robert," laughed Jane. "You would come back with your neck broken."

"I do wish you'd be quiet, Jane!" returned Robert, reddening. "I am talking to mamma, not to you. Winchcombe has invited me to spend the Christmas holidays with him down at his father's seat in Yorkshire. And, mother, I want to go; and I want you to promise that I shall not return to school when the holidays are over. I will do anything else that you choose to put me to. I'll learn to be a man of business, or I'll go into an office, or I'd go apprentice to a doctor—anything you like, except stop at these everlasting school-books. I am sick of them."

"Robert, you take my breath away!" uttered Mrs. Tait. "I have no interest. I could not get you into any of these places."

"I dare say Mr. Halliburton could. He knows lots of people. Jane, you talk to him: he'll do anything for you."

There ensued, I say, much discussion, touching Robert. But it is not with Robert Tait that our story has to do; and only a few passing words need be given to him here and there. It appeared to them all that it would be inexpedient to continue him at school; both with regard to his own wishes, and to his prospects. He was allowed to pay the visit with his school-fellow, and (as he came back with his neck whole) Mr. Halliburton succeeded in placing him in a large wholesale warehouse. Robert appeared to like it very much at first, and always came home to spend the Sunday with them.

"He may rise in time to be one of the first mercantile men in London," observed Mr. Halliburton to his wife; "one of our merchant princes, as my uncle used to say by me, if only——"

"If what? Why do you hesitate?" she asked.

"If he will only persevere, I was going to say. But, Jane, I fear perseverance is a quality that Robert lacks."

Of course all that had to be proved. It lay in the future.

From two to three years passed away, and the Midsummer holidays were approaching. Margaret was expected as usual to spend them, and Jane, delighted to receive her, went about her glad preparations. Margaret would not return to the school, in which she had been a paid teacher for the last year; but was to go into a family as governess.

For one efficient, well-educated, accomplished governess—to be met with in those days, scores may be counted now—or that profess to be so: and Margaret Tait, though barely nineteen, anticipated to receive her seventy or eighty guineas a year.

A warm, bright day in June, that on which Mr. Halliburton went to receive Margaret. The coach brought her to its resting-place, the "Bull and Mouth" in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and Mr. Halliburton reached the inn as St. Paul's clock was striking mid-day. One minute more, and the coach drove in.

There she was, inside; a tall fine girl with a handsome face: a face full of resolution and energy. Margaret Tait had her good qualities, and she had also her faults: a very chief one, speaking of the latter, was self-will. She opened the door herself, and leaped out, before any one could help her, all joy and delight.

"And what about your boxes, Margaret?" questioned Mr. Halliburton, after a few words of greeting. "Have they come this time, or not?"

Margaret laughed. "Yes, they really have. I have not lost them on the road, as I did at Christmas. You will never forget to tell me of that, I am sure! It was more the guard's fault than mine."

A few minutes, and Mr. Halliburton, Margaret, and the boxes were lumbering along in one of the old glass coaches.

"And now tell me about everybody," said Margaret. "How is dear mamma?"

"She is quite well. We are all well. Jane's famous."

"And my precious little Willy?"

"Oh," said Mr. Halliburton, quaintly, "he is a great deal too troublesome for anything to be the matter with him. I tell Jane she will have to begin the whipping system soon."

"And much Jane will attend to you! Is it a pretty baby?"

Mr. Halliburton raised his eyebrows. "Jane thinks so. I wonder she has not had his picture taken."

"Is it christened?" continued Margaret.

"It is baptised. Jane would not have the christening until you were at home."

"And its name?"

"Jane."

"What a shame! Jane promised me it should be Margaret. Why did she fix upon her own name?"

"I fixed upon it," said Mr. Halliburton. "You can wait until the next, Margaret."

Margaret laughed. "And how are you getting on?"

"Very well. I have every hour occupied."

"I don't think you are looking well," rejoined Margaret. "You look thin and fagged."

"I am always thin, and mine is a fagging profession. Sometimes I feel terribly weary. But I am pretty well upon the whole, Margaret."

"Will Francis be at home these holidays?"

"No. He passes them in a gentleman's house in Norfolk—tutor to his sons. Francis is thoroughly industrious and persevering."

"A contrast to poor Robert, I suppose?"

"Well—yes; in that sense."

"There has been some trouble about Robert, has there not?" asked Margaret, her tone becoming grave. "Did he not get discharged?"

"He got notice of discharge. But I saw the principals, and begged him on again. I would not talk about it to him, were I you, Margaret. He is sensitive upon the point. Robert's intentions are good, but his disposition is fickle. He has grown tired of his place, and idles his hours away; no house of business will put up with that."

The coach arrived at Mr. Halliburton's. Margaret burst out of it, giving nobody time to assist her, like she had done out of the other coach at the "Bull and Mouth." There was a vast deal of impetuosity in Margaret Tait's character. She was quite a contrast to Jane—like, as she had just remarked, there was between Francis and Robert upon other points—to sensible, lady-like, self-possessed Jane, who came for-

ward so calm to greet her, a glad depth of affection shining in her quiet eye.

A boisterous embrace to her mamma, a boisterous embrace to Jane, all in haste, and then Margaret caught up a little gentleman of some two years, or more, old, who was standing holding by Jane's dress, his finger in his mouth, and his great grey eyes, honest, loving, intelligent, as were his mother's, cast up in a broad stare at Margaret.

"You naughty Willy! Have you forgotten Aunt Margaret? Oh, you darling child! Who's this?"

She carried the boy up to the end of the room, where stood their old servant Mary, nursing a baby, some two or three months old. The baby had great grey eyes, too, and they likewise were bent on noisy Margaret. "Oh, Willy, she is prettier than you! I won't nurse you any more. Mary, I'll shake hands with you presently. I must take that enchanting baby first."

Dropping discarded Willy upon the ground, snatching the baby from Mary's arms, Margaret kissed its pretty face until she made it cry. Jane came to the rescue.

"You don't understand babies, Margaret. Let Mary have her again. Come up-stairs to your room, and make yourself ready for dinner. I think you must be hungry."

"So hungry that I shall frighten you, and tire Mr. Halliburton's arm carving. Of course, with the thought of coming home, I could not touch a bit of breakfast. I hope you have got something nice!"

"It is your favourite dinner," said Jane, smiling. "Loin of veal and broccoli."

"How thoughtful you are, Jane!" Margaret could not help exclaiming.

"Margaret, my dear," called out her mother, as she was leaving the room with Jane.

Margaret looked back. "What, mamma?"

"I hope you will not continue to go on with these children as you have begun; otherwise we shall have a quiet house turned into a noisy one."

"Is it a quiet house, mamma?" said Margaret, laughing.

"As if any house would not be a quiet one, regulated by Jane?" replied Mrs. Tait. And Margaret, laughing still, followed her sister.

It is curious to remark how differently things sometimes turn out from what we design. Had any one asked Mrs. Tait, that day that Margaret came home, what Margaret's future career was to be, she had wondered at the question. "A governess, certainly," would have been her answer; and she would have thought that no power, speaking humanly, could prevent it. And yet, Margaret Tait, as it proved, never did become a governess.

The holidays were drawing to an end, and a very desirable situation, as was believed, had been found for Margaret by Mr. Halliburton, the negotiations for which were nearly complete. Mr. Halliburton gave private lessons in sundry families of high connections, and he was thus enabled to hear where ladies were required as governesses. Thus he had recommended Margaret. The recommendation was favourably received, and a day was fixed for Margaret to make a personal visit at the family's town house, when she would most probably be engaged.

On the previous evening, at dusk, Mr. Halliburton came home from one of his numerous engagements. Jane was alone. Mrs. Tait, not very well, had retired to rest early, and Margaret was out with Robert. In this, a slack season of the year, Robert had most of his evenings for himself, after eight o'clock. He generally came home, and he and Margaret went out together. Mr. Halliburton sat down at one of the windows in silence.

Jane went up to him, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder. "You are very tired, Edgar?"

He gave no answer in words. He only drew her hand between his, and kept it there.

"You shall have supper at once," said Jane, glancing at the tray which stood ready on the table. "I am sure you must want it. And it is not right to indulge Margaret every night by waiting for her."

"Scarcely, when she does not come in until ten or half-

past," said Mr. Halliburton. "Jane," he added, in a kind, confidential tone, "do you think it well that Margaret should be out so frequently in an evening?"

"She is with Robert."

"She may not always be with Robert alone."

Jane felt her face grow rather hot. She knew her husband; knew that he was not one to speak, unless he had some cause. "Edgar! why do you say this? Do you know anything? Have you seen Margaret?"

"I saw her a quarter of an hour ago—"

"With Robert?" interrupted Jane, more impulsively than she was accustomed to speak.

"Robert was by her side. But she was walking arm-in-arm with Mr. Murray."

Jane did not much like the information. This Mr. Murray was in the same house that Robert was, holding a better position in it. Robert had occasionally brought him home, and he had taken tea with them. Mrs. Halliburton felt surprised at Margaret: it appeared, to her well-regulated mind, very like a clandestine proceeding. What would she have said, or thought, had she known that Margaret and Mr. Murray were in the habit of thus walking together? Robert's being with them afforded no sufficient plea of excuse.

Later, they saw Margaret coming home, with Robert alone. He left her at the door as usual, and then hastened away to his own home. Jane said nothing then, but she went to Margaret's room that evening.

"Oh, Edgar has been bringing home tales, has he?" was Margaret's answer, when the ice was broken; and her defiant tone brought Jane hardly knew what of dismay to her ear. "I saw him staring at us."

"Margaret!" gasped Jane, "what can have come to you? You are completely changed; you—you seem to speak no longer as a lady."

"Why do you provoke me then, Jane? Is it high treason to take a gentleman's arm, my brother being with me?"

"It is not right to do it in secret, Margaret. If you go out ostensibly to walk with Robert—"

"Jane, I will not listen," flashed Margaret. "Because you are Mrs. Halliburton, you assume a right to lecture me. I have committed no grievous wrong. When I do commit it, you may take your turn then."

"Oh, Margaret, why will you misjudge me?" asked Jane, her voice full of pain. "I speak to you in love, not in anger; I would not speak at all, but for your good. If the family you are about to enter, the Chevasneys, were to hear of this, they might deem you an unsuitable mistress for their children."

"Compose yourself," said Margaret, scoffingly. "Never had she shown such temper, so undesirable a disposition, as on this night; and Jane might well look at her in amazement, and hint that she was 'changed.' 'I shall be found sufficiently suitable by the Chevasney family—when I consent to enter it.'"

Her tone was strangely significant, and Jane Halliburton's heart beat. "What do you mean, Margaret?" she inquired. "You appear to have some peculiar meaning."

Margaret, who had been standing before the glass all this while, twisting her hair round her fingers, turned round, and looked her sister full in the face. "Jane, I'll tell you, if you will undertake to make things straight for me with mamma. I am not going to the Chevasneys—or to any where else—as governess."

"Yes?" said Jane faintly, for she had a presentiment of what was coming.

"I am going to be married instead."

"Oh, Margaret!"

"There is nothing to groan about," retorted Margaret. "Mr. Murray is coming to speak to mamma to-morrow, and if any of you have aught to say against him, you can say it to his face. He is a very respectable man; he has a good income; where's the objection to him?"

Jane could not say. Personally, she did not very much like Mr. Murray; and certain fond visions had pictured a higher destiny for handsome, accomplished Margaret. "I

hope and trust you will be happy, if you do marry him, Margaret!" was all she said.

"I hope I shall. I must take my chance of that, as others do. Jane, I beg your pardon for my crossness, but you put me out of temper."

As others do. Ay! it was all a lottery. And Margaret Tait entered upon her hastily-chosen married life, knowing that it was so.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Deeper Wrong; or, Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl. Written by Herself. Edited by L. MARIA CHILD. London: W. Tweedie.

AN American book, written by Linda Brent, who was born and reared in slavery, and remained in a slave state twenty-seven years. The author's aim is to arouse the women of the North to a realising sense of the condition of two millions of women at the South still in bondage, suffering what she suffered, and most of them far worse. She says, "I want to add my testimony to that of abler pens, to convince the people of the free states what slavery really is. Only by experience can any one realise how deep, and dark, and foul is that pit of abominations." The editor testifies to the character of the author, whose manuscript she has revised. It will partly explain the character of the book if we quote a sentence or two from the editor's introduction. "I am well aware that many will accuse me of indecorum for presenting these pages to the public; for the experiences of this intelligent and much injured woman belong to a class some call delicate subjects, and others indelicate. This peculiar phase of slavery has generally been kept veiled; but the public ought to be made acquainted with its monstrous features, and I willingly take the responsibility of presenting them with the veil withdrawn. I do this for the sake of my sisters in bondage, who are suffering wrongs so foul that our ears are too delicate to listen to them." We admire the spirit and the courage with which these words are spoken, and we can assure our readers that there is nothing in the artless narrative which need offend those who seriously read it. Persons who wish to become acquainted with the "peculiar institution" of slavery, are reluctantly compelled frequently to witness greater abominations than are recorded here. The most sacred ties are rent asunder, the most solemn obligations trifled with, and all the instincts of humanity are made subservient to evil. Respect, consideration, and decency are too often as much lost sight of as mercy and kindness in the treatment of the poor slave.

The author records her history and experience as a slave and as a fugitive until her freedom was purchased. She tells her story in a simple and graphic manner, and everywhere writes like a woman of good, strong sense. Much light is thrown upon various features of slave life, and upon the dangers and difficulties which beset the fugitive in the so-called free states. In this case the slave's owner died, and the freedom was not purchased till afterwards, and then only to escape the fangs of those who hunted her up and down in hope of carrying her back. The account of Linda's escape from her master has all the thrilling interest of a romance, and yet has every appearance of truth. We earnestly hope the volume will be read by all who wish to know what slavery is, and how intensely the desire of freedom may prevail over every consideration of ease and safety. Linda Brent, after running away, was secreted in a mere hole between the ceiling and the roof of the cottage. This place was about nine feet long, seven wide, and at its highest part three feet high. She declares that she remained in that den nearly seven years, almost deprived of light and air, and unable to stand or sit upright. Her presence was unknown to her own children and dearest friends, except one or two who were in the secret. But we refer to the book for the details of this extraordinary narrative.

The Strength of Judah and the Vengeance of Asshur. A Tale of the Times of Isaiah. By CHARLES STOKES CAREY. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Mr. Carey has undertaken a task of no small difficulty, and one which required peculiarly delicate handling. It demanded a considerable acquaintance with the state of Asiatic nations, their customs, and their opinions; and, besides this, an ability to adapt the knowledge possessed to the tastes and requirements of modern readers. The writer confessedly draws upon his imagination for many of his materials, and has followed popular opinions in respect to topography and criticism; but he has endeavoured not to misrepresent Scriptural teachings. His aim has been to induce "a fuller sympathy with the faith and courage of the saints and heroes of the Old Testament, and a higher estimation of that better revelation which is at once our greatest blessing and our most awful responsibility." The book opens with a sketch of the triumphal procession of Hezekiah at Jerusalem after the defeat of the Philistines. The description is graphic, but rather too minute, and would have been better without the word "blare," which is a provincialism. The second chapter presents us with a bird's-eye view of the world as it was in 720 B.C., and it is very well done. The story then fairly opens: Azriel, a young prince, persuades Hezekiah to break with Assyria, by refusing to pay tribute. Hereupon a plot is formed by the malcontents for the destruction of those who favoured the national independence. Azriel is among the doomed; but Shobab seeks to save him by bringing him over to the conspirators, and tempting him to idolatry. He refuses, and is imprisoned; but is delivered, and Shobab is compelled to fly. Azriel is married; but the accession of Sennacherib fills all hearts with terror, and Azriel is sent on a secret embassy to Nineveh. Various incidents occur by the way till Nineveh is reached. The description of the city, and of the events which occurred there, including a narrow escape from Shobab, are very skillfully written. Azriel then travels towards Babylon, meets with romantic adventures on the road; his course is diverted, and he reaches home by way of Moab. At one point a speaker is made to say, "I had as leave be in Nineveh." This is wrong. The expression is antiquated, and should be, "I'd as lief," i.e., "I would as willingly be in Nineveh," or, "I would as soon be in Nineveh."

Azriel returns, and reports the result of his inquiries to Hezekiah. Azriel loses his child, goes on a mission to Israel; news arrives of the intended invasion of Sennacherib; warlike preparations are made; Isaiah is introduced; Hezekiah is sick, and miraculously recovers. The Assyrians reach Lachish, which is plundered; Azriel, who is there, has a hairbreadth escape. The army of Sennacherib approaches Jerusalem, and after sundry occurrences, which we cannot enumerate, the mighty host is overthrown by Divine intervention. Hezekiah dies; the dark reign of Manasseh succeeds; Azriel and others rebel unsuccessfully; his wife dies; he is himself taken prisoner, and is put to death.

Such are some of the scenes which rapidly pass before us in this volume; and we must not omit to say that the author displays considerable acquaintance with what it behoved him to know; that he weaves together the incidents with real ability, and invests a somewhat novel subject with romantic interest. The spirit of the book is consistent and praiseworthy, and we congratulate Mr. Carey on his success. A few blemishes of style are all the faults we can discover.

Life Truths; being Discourses on Christian Doctrine and Duty. By the Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE have here seventeen discourses upon a variety of topics connected, as the title says, with Christian doctrine and duty, but also entering into some of the phases of Christian experience. In his first sermon, Mr. Taylor treats of the atonement, and shows that salvation is consistent with the regal and judicial character of God. The second sermon is

a beautiful exhibition of the doctrine of forgiveness; the third, on the necessity for holiness; and the fourth, on the testimony of experience. The last-named brings before us one of the most excellent testimonies we can have of the truth and grace of God. The almost Christian, the servant of two masters, and the partially repentant, are described and exhorted in the next four sermons, with fidelity and earnestness. The Saviour, who was tempted like as we are, comes before us in the ninth discourse. Herod next suggests some useful cautions. The eleventh sermon is on peace by prayer. In it the preacher reverts to that evidence from experience of which we have already spoken. Mr. Taylor truly says, "There is no argument against experience; experimental evidence is the most effectual antidote to infidelity." The battle, the victory, and the reward; forms the subject of the twelfth sermon. "The Dangers of Young Men" deserves to be read by all young men; and so does the sermon which follows it, "Young Men—the Nation and the Church of the Future." There are many points in these two discourses which merit particular attention. We would say the same of the sermon headed "The Awful Night," on the circumstances in which Belshazzar was summoned to the bar of judgment. The sixteenth sermon is upon the death of Prince Albert, a discourse as patriotic as it is appropriate and Christian. The series concludes with "The Message of the Closing Year."

We have been careful to indicate the subjects of these sermons, because they are not common-place. The sermons themselves display considerable power and freshness of thought and expression. They are deeply imbued with love to God, and truth, and souls; and are, in general, specimens of preaching which, from our hearts, we wish was universal. These are not the times for the pulpit to give an uncertain sound. We cheerfully recommend this volume to our readers.

The Great Birthday. A Story of Eighteen Hundred Years Ago. With Twenty Engravings. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

A beautifully got-up book, in eight chapters, for young readers, and one which will instruct and delight them. The writer ingeniously introduces into the narrative a number of our most popular evangelical hymns, and adopts a simple and inviting style. "The Dark World and the Great Light" shows what the old world was, and how Christ came to disperse its darkness. "The Wonderful Visitor" sets before us the Scripture narrative of the Incarnation. "The Shepherds" is the title of a chapter which records the story of the shepherds of Bethlehem, and points to the lessons arising out of that event. "The Two Good Old People" are Simeon and Anna, whose recognition of the Saviour is very well narrated. "The Wise Men and the Star" explains the visit of the magi. "The Land of Egypt and the Little Martyrs" records the massacre of the infants by Herod, and the flight of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph into Egypt. "The Kingdom of Grace" is a pleasant chapter about Christmas, and Christian privileges and duties. "The Kingdom of Glory" is a millenarian chapter, and the only one which any reader of the book can object to. Upon the subject of the millennium these pages must be silent, and it is for the author of "The Great Birthday" to decide whether such would not better have been the case there. So far, then, as this volume teaches the facts and doctrines of the Word, we strongly recommend it; so far as it expresses controverted or speculative opinions, we must hesitate.

Lines on the Death of the Prince Consort. London: Charles Westerton.

These lines exhibit poetic feeling.

Is it ill with thee in life? Imitate a wise and experienced traveller who, amid the discomforts of a bad inn, reflects that he has only to pass the night there, and looks onward to the end of his journey.

Progress of the Truth.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

At Somerset West a new chapel, both elegant and commodious, has been erected. A missionary of the Wesleyan society labours at the station, and has recently reported a gracious revival among the young people. In a letter to the superintendent, the missionary, Mr. Ridgill, writes: "You will rejoice to hear that the Lord has visited us at Somerset, and is working wonderfully on the hearts of our young people and children. The voice of supplication is heard on all sides, by night and by day. It is most affecting to hear little children of tender years calling upon God for mercy. We have no extravagance or noise, but earnest prayer and silent weeping. I have formed a juvenile class, which already numbers twenty-five members, and I suppose ten or fifteen have joined other classes. I trust some have found the blessing which they need. We request your prayers that this may not be a transient movement, but the beginning of a great and soul-converting work." The Rev. E. Edwards, of Stellenbosch, also in South Africa, and connected with the Wesleyan mission, reports an awakening in his sphere of labour, and adds: "It affords me much pleasure, as well as thankfulness to God, to be able to say that this reviving religious influence is already felt by many of the members of the Dutch Reformed Church. In connection with this section of the Church of Christ, prayer-meetings have been commenced for some time, and held in private dwellings in this town; and we pray that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon the churches in this land, and throughout the world."

AUSTRALASIA.

SAVAGE ISLAND.—The Rev. Mr. Lawes, who has lately entered upon his work here as the first European missionary, sends a most cheering account of the state of things. This island has been reclaimed from idolatry, it would appear, by the blessing of God upon faithful native teachers and evangelists. The people are very lively and energetic, and no doubt fully merited the name which Captain Cook gave them. "We could not help contrasting the two landings—the present and the past. Now, they are all clothed, joyfully welcoming their missionary; then, they were naked savages, rushing down like wild boars upon their visitors. We found a good house ready for us, which our female friends soon made a comfortable home. As soon as the excitement of our landing had subsided a little, a joyful sound broke upon our ears in the stillness of the evening hour. It was the voice of praise and prayer ascending from around the family altars of a people but fifteen years ago degraded savages. Although there was not much poetry in their hymns, or music in their song, it was a joyful sound to us; no Christian heart could hear it and remain unmoved. As soon as our good ship had gone, and I was able to look round upon my field of labour, I was amazed at the extent of the work already done. So far as I have been able to ascertain, there is not a vestige (outwardly) of heathenism remaining; all has crumbled away beneath the power of God's Word. There are five good chapels on the island; one of them will hold 1,100 people, but it is too small. They are fine specimens of native ingenuity; they have been built, of course, without European oversight. Except in the doors, there is not a nail in the building; all is firmly tied together with cinnet. The teachers seem worthy men, and God has manifestly been with them in their work. Of course their knowledge is very limited, and the work to be done great and arduous. I am appalled when I think of the work before me; may I not hope for help? The word of God has to be translated, and all this land cultivated for Christ. I can do but little until I get a thorough knowledge of the language. If anything will make a man learn a language, it is to be surrounded by a loving people thirsting for the Word of God, and to be unable to speak to them. You will be glad to know that I have made a commencement in the native

tongue; I conducted the missionary prayer meeting a fortnight ago, and gave an address in the native language. A missionary prayer meeting in Savage Island is very different from a missionary prayer meeting in England. *All the people attend here*; there could not have been less than 800 on either of the occasions we have witnessed. I have a class of fifteen young men, which I meet every week. They are remarkably quick and intelligent; I hope that at no distant day they will be usefully employed as assistant teachers on their own island. I hope in my next letter to be able to give you some interesting information respecting the laws, customs, &c., which my limited knowledge of the language prevents my doing now."

INDIA.

MADRAS.—The Rev. Edward Chester, of the Madura mission, but now at Madras, writes respecting a communion season there:—"At our last communion, the first Sabbath in October, we had a peculiarly interesting season, the memory of which will ever be to me a pleasant one. Two families, the heads of which had been Roman Catholics, presented themselves, parents and children, to leave for ever all other forms of faith and worship, and to be hereafter of us and with us. Five adults, in addition to a young man, one of the village school-teachers, united with the church on profession, and at their own request were re-baptised. These kneeling in a row—and, side by side, nine of their children, with two others, too young to kneel, but held in their mothers' arms, kneeling to receive the sacred rite of baptism—presented a scene which would have rejoiced the hearts of God's people, even if witnessed in a Christian land. But here, in a heathen land, with a dark background of heathenism, Mohammedanism, and the Romish Church, the simple yet sublime rites which the followers of the Redeemer in every land observe, in obedience to and in memory of their Lord and Master, stand forth in beautiful and effulgent prominence. Jesus is in the midst of this little group of his disciples; the beams of the Sun of Righteousness illumine the place, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

AHMEDNUGGER.—The Rev. Mr. Hardy thus writes of some recent meetings at Ahmednuggur:—"We all went there expecting a blessing, yet the heavenly gift was greater than we had dared to hope for. There was much genuine Christian feeling manifested, and it brought before us those precious revival scenes in America, more vividly than anything we had before witnessed in India. It was a season which none will forget; and on the part of some, at least, it was the beginning of a more earnest consecration to the work of the Lord. I saw many indications of progress since the annual meeting that I attended two years before. This was manifest not only in the increased number of churches and church members, but in the more correct views of Christian duty, as brought out in the anniversary exercises. Some of the speeches from the native brethren evinced as high a tone of Christian sentiment, as much genuine devotion to Christ and his cause, as we often witness in any assembly in England."

H O M E.

THE occasional paper of the Open Air Mission says:—"During the last year fifty-two races and fairs were visited by the mission, and tracts supplied to nine others. Upwards of 250 addresses were delivered on these occasions, and 138,850 tracts distributed. Those who represented the mission were aided by more than 100 Christian friends at the several places where such gatherings were held. The clergy and ministers also cordially aided in many places." And again, with reference to the work of street preaching:—"Most of the stations (about 130) will be again occupied during the coming summer, and new ones taken up as new helpers come forward. Some of these stations have been supplied all through the winter. At some places, as at King's Cross, there is violent opposition from infidels of various kinds; but most of the services are conducted without interruption. The results have been of a very encouraging character, notwithstanding the opposition experienced."

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED WITH
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

APRIL 20.

HOLY MAID OF KENT.—This is the anniversary of the execution, in 1534, of Elizabeth Barton, sometimes styled the "Holy Maid of Kent." She was undoubtedly a weak, hysterical impostor, ostensibly a Roman Catholic, and assuming to be favoured with "spiritual manifestations" when in a state of trance. Her visions and revelations were carefully collected by a monk, named Deering. Some political and religious uses were fraudulently made of these by the priesthood, so as to identify these declarations with the denunciations of Heaven against the intended divorce of Henry from Katherine of Arragon. Her "revelations" were forwarded to the Pope; the affair became politically serious, and ultimately the "maid" and her far more guilty accomplices confessed, in the Star Chamber, the particulars of the self-deluded tale which she had so artfully been induced first to cherish and believe as a truth, and then, like another weak woman—Joan of Arc—compelled, for political and priestly purposes, to sustain. The deluded woman was executed at Tyburn, some of the priests far more justly sharing the same fate.

OTHER EVENTS.—In 1314 died Pope Clement V. He was of French extraction, and after being Bishop of Bordeaux, was elected Pope in 1305. His personal history is that he was licentious and extravagant. He remained in France, as the king, Philip, who had nominated him, wished; and the chief historical incident connected with his popedom is, that he transferred the Pontifical Court from Rome to Avignon, where it continued, under the *soubriquet* of the "*Babylonish Captivity*," for seventy years. As the French pontiffs could derive but little revenue from Italy, which by their absence was rent into factions and seditions, new modes of raising money were devised, and now, long before the contemplated building of St. Peter's in Luther's day, indulgences to the people were made purchasable by payments to the priesthood. In this thing John XXII. showed himself particularly adroit and shrewd, for though he did not invent the regulations and fees of what was termed the "Apostolic Chancery," the Romish writers admit that he reduced them into form. By these and other artifices for filling their treasury, these indiscreet pontiffs increased the odium of the apostolic see, and paved the way for the outburst which culminated in the plan for the erection of the great Roman cathedral, the sale of indulgences by Tetzel, and the Reformation. During fifty years the "infallible" Church had two or three heads, the contemporary pontiffs assailing each other with mutual excommunications and maledictions. The sinews of priestly influence were cut by these dissensions. Kings and princes, and the people, who had been in a sense the servants or slaves of the Popedom, now became partially relieved from their weakness and fear in being compelled to become its judges. Clement VII. removed to Avignon, while Urban VI. remained at Rome; and thus was founded, on the death of Gregory XI., in 1378, the great schism of the West. While pontiffs, nominated by kings or by cardinals, fought for dominion, some conscientious people, who believed that no one could be saved without living in subjection to Christ's vicegerent upon earth, were left in great perplexity. They had no access to the Bible; and while infidelity laughed, vice and immorality were triumphant, and mere ceremonial and superstitious observances became substituted for the faith of Christ.

APRIL 21.

ANSELM.—Beyond the fact that on this day, in 1073, died Pope Alexander II.—a man of whom it is said that he certainly possessed one Christian virtue, namely, that of charity for the Jews, whom in that dark age he protected from murder and rapine; and also that it forms the date of

the foundation of Rome, 753 years before Christ—there is little that is worthy as matter of ecclesiastical record, if we except an allusion to the life and time of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died on this day in the year 1109. By birth Anselm was an Italian, who came over to England in 1092. Soon after his arrival, William Rufus, falling sick at Gloucester, was strongly importuned to fill up the vacant see of Canterbury. The king, influenced by a clergyman of Roman and mean extraction, who had risen to the post of prime minister, and who had so far misled his Majesty as to induce him to sequester or appropriate Church revenues upon the death of a bishop or abbot, was now touched by remorse of conscience, and ultimately Anselm was nominated and appointed to the vacant primacy. Before his consecration he obtained a promise from the king of all the lands which had belonged to that see in the time of Lanfranc. Having secured the temporalities of the archbishopric, he was consecrated in 1093. Soon afterwards, the king, intending to rescue the Duchy of Normandy from his brother Robert, and anxious to raise what money he could for that purpose, Anselm made him an offer of five hundred pounds, which his Majesty, thinking too little, refused to accept, the archbishop thereby falling under his displeasure. When the king was ready the next year to embark upon this expedition, Anselm waited upon him, desiring permission to convene a national synod, in which alleged disorders of the Church and State, and the general dissoluteness of manners, might be rectified; but the monarch treated the primate so roughly that he withdrew after the utterance of a severe protest against the profligacy and licentiousness of the court. Another cause of discontent was Anselm's expressed wish to go to Rome, that there he might receive the pall from Pope Urban II., whom the king did not acknowledge as head of the Church, being more inclined to favour the party of his competitor Guibert. These things are interesting, if only for the sake of the reflection that such squabbles and struggles, the rival competition to the chair of infallibility, and the partisanship of kings, are now impossible in this reformed Protestant age and country. However, it was to put an end to this unseemly controversy, this contention between king and archbishop, that a council or convention was called at Rockingham Castle, March 11, 1095. There Anselm opened his cause, told the assembly with what reluctance he had accepted the primacy; that he had made an express reserve of his obedience to Pope Urban; and desired the advice of his ecclesiastical friends as to how he should act, so as neither to fail in his allegiance to the king, nor in his duty to the holy see. The bishops thought he ought to resign himself wholly to the king's pleasure. The result was, that the majority of the bishops, under the influence of the court, withdrew their canonical obedience, renouncing the authority of Anselm. The king would have had them try to depose him; but this, as a step too far, they refused. Anselm persisted in his refusal to receive the pall from the king's hands, and the matter was accommodated thus—that the Pope's nuncio, who had brought the pall into England, should lay it on the altar at Canterbury, where the archbishop might receive it as though it came directly from St. Peter himself. This was not the only incident in connection with the bad feeling between the archbishop and the king. Anselm wished to go and visit his Holiness, chiefly, as he alleged, because he found his authority too weak to repress the general corruption of the times. The king denied permission to leave the kingdom; but upon repetition of the request, complied in the form of a sentence of banishment, commanding the archbishop to depart within eleven days. In the end the Pope wrote to the king in an authoritative strain, condemning the seizure of the archiepiscopal revenues, and enjoining the reinstatement of Anselm. The primate, in the meantime, was winning golden opinions, being very serviceable at the Council of Bari, which was convened to oppose certain errors of the Greek Church. He interposed to prevent the Pope from excommunicating the king of England. It would appear that bribery found its way to the sacred chair of St. Peter, for through the influence of a large sum of money the Papal

Court was brought over to desert Anselm, who, amid all this insincerity, was yet invited, and as Archbishop of Canterbury took his seat at a Roman synod. Upon the accession of Henry I., he returned to England; but it being required that he should be re-invested by the king, and do the customary homage of his predecessors, Anselm refused to comply. The dispute about "investitures" raged fiercely for some time. It is important to notice that it was at a national synod, held in this reign under Anselm, at St. Peter's, Westminster, the king and many of the nobility being present, that two important decrees were promulgated. By one of these the married clergy were commanded to put away their wives, thus enforcing the celibacy of priests. By another it was declared that the sons of priests should not succeed to the benefices of their fathers. He held the primacy seventeen years, dying in 1109. Anselm was a voluminous writer, a man of extensive learning, inflexible principle, and, like Thomas à Becket—who drew down upon himself assassination a few years afterwards—carried this feeling to a most obstinate, unseemly, and unwise extent, in the maintenance of the supposed privileges of the priestly order. Whether pride and selfishness, or a conscientious sense of duty, were the ruling motives, is questionable. Never, until the Reformation, was the vexed question settled as to the precise amount of authority or precedence which the Papal see ought legitimately to claim or exercise in England. The Gordian knot was effectively cut by absolutely ignoring such authority altogether.

APRIL 22.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.—In 1509 died Henry VII. of England. The victory of Bosworth Field, and the death of Richard III., which put him in peaceable possession of the English throne, are matters that relate not exclusively to the political history of England. His marriage with the heiress of the house of York, in 1486, settled the long pending contest between the two great families. He was the first monarch of the Tudor family, the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, and the father of a king whose resolute will, whatever were his faults, was overruled, even in the prosecution of his vices, for the ultimate good of the Church. His Chapel at Westminster will connect his name to the latest posterity with all that is superb in the ecclesiastical architecture of our country; and if on no other ground, his name is deserving of record by the historian of the Church.

APRIL 23.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.—The anniversary of the patron saint of England. The "Chronicle of Rastel," speaking of the third Edward, has the following passage:—"About the nineteenth year of the king, 1345, he made a solemn feast at Windsor, whereat he instituted the order of the Knights of the Garter. Howbeit, some affirm that it was instituted in 1191 by Richard Cœur de Lion, at the siege of Acre." There was in Addison's time a fine painting of St. George the Martyr within the Church at Verona. Under his name and ensign the above order of knighthood was doubtlessly consolidated. Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," says, "The reason why St. George is regarded as the patron of military men is partly upon the score of his profession, and partly because of a relation of his having appeared to the Christian army in the holy war before the battle of Antioch, and subsequently to Richard I. St. George is usually painted as on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet; but this representation is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting that by his faith and Christian fortitude he conquered the devil, called the dragon, in the Apocalypse." So far the Roman Catholic biographer of the "saints." The authentic history of "Saint" George is, that he was a soldier under Diocletian, and that ultimately, during that reign of persecution, because he was a Christian, he was put to death. The 23rd of April is supposed to be the day of his martyrdom, in the year 303.

APRIL 24.

BISHOP WREN.—In 1667 died Matthew Wren, Bishop of Hereford. During the civil wars his property was confiscated, and himself confined in the Tower for eighteen years, without being brought to trial.

APRIL 25.

WILLIAM COWPER.—It would constitute an injustice to the history of English Protestantism if, in the list of men whose lives have been the best existing comment on their literary efforts to subserve the cause of religion, we were entirely to exclude the best of our poets—the writers who have consecrated the higher and most imperishable productions of the Muse to the promotion of vital holiness. Among these we may select William Cowper, who died on this day in 1800, and who holds in this relation the most estimable and distinguished place among all classes of professing Christians. The general details of his literary life, the circumstances which led to the production of his translation of Homer, and his various original poems, are so well known that it is needless to recapitulate the list. We may usefully occupy a brief space in defence of the personal history of the most amiable of our English poets. It has been the practice with many half-informed superficial observers, and with professed infidels, to ascribe the malady of the shy, nervous, timid, and sensitive Cowper to causes dependent on the supposed erroneous and gloomy views he was understood to entertain upon religious subjects—a gloom which was thought to have been increased by the adoption of principles inculcated by those whose company in later years he kept. Those who fell into this error ought to read his biography, as written by Hayley, which proves that his religious system was no more the cause of his malady than were his very sedentary literary and secular pursuits. Cowper lived and died among men and women exquisitely tender, kind, wise, and disinterested, who were animated by the purest benevolence towards the helpless and interesting sufferer. Nothing but a spirit of the grossest malignity can possibly identify the peculiar religious convictions of Cowper with his melancholic aberrations. The critic, the genius, even the man of the world, as well as the man of sound piety, have ever found in Cowper something not to excite their wonder, but to attract their love and veneration for his memory; something which appeals equally to the taste, the judgment, the conscience, and the purest, highest, and holiest of human affections. His language is everywhere the language of the heart; and whether in description or in reasoning, he administers equally to the rational pleasures both of sense and of intellect. The highest favourite among our poets, Cowper was one of the best among Christians, a man who never wrote a line which bigotry or sectarianism could endorse as its own, an ornament to the Church catholic in his own age, and a model as a man and a poet for the ages that are yet to come.

OTHER EVENTS.—This, St. Mark's day, is distinguished in old calendars by a second appellation, *Litania Major*, which had reference to the prayers and solemn processions of covered crosses observable on that anniversary. St. Mark's day was a day once prolific in superstitious usages, some of which still remain. The vigil of St. Mark's eve was once believed to be the time when—

"The ghosts of all whom death shall doom
Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom,
Amid the silence drear."

Many ridiculous customs and legends are yet associated with this day in various rural districts of England, the Scottish Highlands, and Wales. The "Rogation" days occur about this period.

APRIL 25.

JEREMY COLLIER.—In 1736 died Jeremy Collier, an English divine, whose name will be remembered in connection with his efforts to reform the stage, in which, to some extent, he succeeded.

TEACHING RELIGION TO POOR CHILDREN.

"TEACHING religion" to poor children! It seems at first a thing easy enough, and a problem solved without much trouble. But the more you look into it, and the more you make practical test of it, the more difficulty do you find in the solution.

Here you have before you an audience of shrewd, sharp, prematurely-matured boys and girls of the street; all are ignorant of religious truth, some are already beset by the temptations of manhood; some are simply forlorn and unbefriended; some have scarcely ever seen an example of purity or truth; and the most are living in the midst of temptation and vice. You have them perhaps but once or twice before you, and then they pass swiftly away to mingle in the great streams of life, and to go on toward eternity. There they are for a short hour or two, and perhaps it is their last chance to hear of God, or Christ, or the great truths of religion.

You look at their hard and worn faces, stamped with sufferings, and you desire to teach them something which shall be a consolation in their miserable lives, which shall strengthen and shield them against temptation. They are ready to be taught; they are attentive; their faculties all sharpened. The field is there; what seed shall you throw in?

You might amuse them; you could relate stories of foreign travel, of the manners and habits of distant nations; you could sketch the dangers of the sea, or tell the tales of fancy which interest and absorb all children, whether rich or poor—and they would listen with breathless attention. But that is not what you have brought them together for. Your purpose is to tell them something which should reform them, or should tend hereafter to a change and inspiration of life.

You might instruct them. You could teach them of the history of their country; of the history of other countries; of the facts which the Old Testament relates in the Jewish chronicles of the Flood and the Creation. All this would be useful. You could tell them of Esau and of Noah, of Goliath and of Samson; you could describe the country and the scenery where the mighty events of the religious history of man had passed. Such teachings would be deeply interesting—to children of another class they would be indispensable to a thorough Biblical training; but they are not what you want to give them. Many of the children before you are not to see your face again. To-morrow, one of them is to be sorely prompted to be a thief; another will be houseless; another will be shamefully abused and tyrannised over;—temptations to lie and gamble, to fight and steal, will beset them; hunger, and loneliness, and despair will meet some of them. To-morrow may make a burglar of one, an abandoned woman of another, a murderer of another. All the temptations of the flesh and the devil are about their souls, and

this may be your last opportunity of influencing them. What shall you say?

Shall you teach them doctrine or abstract truth? You begin, and you find at once that the sharp little eyes which were before so intently fixed upon you, are wandering: you cannot hold them. You discover that their minds do not grasp anything abstract. They learn it mechanically, it is true. If they possess good memories, they can soon repeat every statement of the catechism or the creed. You are glad at first to think that they have such stores of Christian knowledge so heaped up in their heads, but you soon discover that these glibly-learned lessons have no necessary connection with their daily lives. The boy who most distinguished himself in your class in the catechism, you find the next day in a terrific street-fight, or arrested as the leader of a gang of thieves, or a fomentor of trouble and quarrels among the lads, or guilty of some outrageous deception and lie. You soon come to the conclusion that their minds are peculiarly the practical and matter-of-fact minds, and that any truth in abstract form makes scarcely any tangible impression upon them. You hope with faith that the knowledge of the "plan of salvation" and of the "philosophy of Christianity," may work upon their life hereafter, but you see that it has exceedingly small influence now. And in their rapid life, now is the time in which you want to affect them; "*now* is the day of salvation."

Again, as a last resort, you pray with them. So far as the boys are conscious, it is with them a nullity. In most cases they evidently do not join in it; they do not feel it; they do not care for it. God indeed may answer it, but the prayer is not theirs; it is yours. Though here, it should be remarked, there is an indirect influence of prayer on the children's minds, which is very important.

How, then, shall we "teach religion?" How can we, with the aid of the Divine Spirit, influence and help to change the hearts and lives of these poor children? There is the problem. And we can see that it is not so easily solved.

We answer the questions by saying, first, that we must adopt, in all our teaching to children, Christ's method of teaching through parables and illustrations. Scarcely any child's mind—least of all a poor child's—can grasp an abstraction. Truth must be embodied—personified—made living and real, so that the imagination and the feeling may touch it. Whatever the soul touches through its fancy and its heart, it cannot easily forget; least of all can a child forget. Almost every one now will admit this, yet there are two great mistakes made in regard to it. One is that already referred to—the undue importance attached to supplying mere food for the understanding of children, as if that were religion; and the other, of forgetting the truth to be taught in the illustration. Many persons, in their efforts to teach children religion by parables, are drawn out into such enter-

taining histories, that both they and the audience lose sight of the lesson to be given, and their parables become somewhat like modern religious novels, where in our childhood, most of us can remember, we revelled in the adventures and secularities of the middle story, and skipped the moral in the beginning and the end. No; our illustrations to children should be like Christ's parables, true to life; but every touch, every incident, should either be full of the truth taught, or should lead to it. It should be remembered, in this connection, that an incident in the life of some inspired man of the Old Testament history, does not necessarily give a religious impulse to a modern child. With our knowledge of the great streams of Providence in history, each occurrence of patriarchal times may be a religious event, but it is not necessarily so to a child. Where the time is short, and we have lessons for life and immortality to give, we must select carefully out of these ancient records. There are some, it is true, which seem the blessed Gospel for children through all time; and the stories of Joseph and Moses, and Samuel and David, even if all others should forget them, children alone would not suffer to die.

What, then, is "teaching religion" to poor children? It is especially *teaching* CHRIST. Even as God was manifest in the flesh, that he might draw us up to him, so we must make Christ real to these little creatures, that he may help them, console them, strengthen and purify them, and inspire them. To prepare them for his influence, we must teach them of accountability, of judgment to come—both here and hereafter—of death, and of immortality. Indeed, it seems to me, that whatever illustration or story shall touch a generous emotion—whatever action on your part gives them, consciously or unconsciously, a conception of disinterested love—whatever in the least elevates them out of their low and sensual lives, does in so far prepare them for the knowledge and the indwelling presence of Christ.

Blessed be God that the whole system of Christianity seems intended for just such minds as those of the ignorant and sin-hunted children of poverty! It is not an abstraction—a doctrine. It is the presentation of a life. Its fruit is to be in the heart and life.

That old story of the Divine life among men—the manger birth, the poor estate, the deeds of mercy, the feeling for the sorrow and sins of mankind, the supper, the garden, the cross, the crown of thorns, and the uprising from the dead—these never grow weary to men to hear or to tell. The redemption in that death of agony—of suffering and love; the death of Christ for us, for all—it is these which can always move even the lowest children of vice and poverty, and inspire a new life. And nothing but these mighty principles and facts is strong enough to guard the heart even of a little child of the streets from overpowering temptations.

We must make these orphan and deserted creatures feel the love of God in Christ as beyond any that they ever thought of, as for ever surrounding them, as wounded at their transgressions, as pitying, as ever ready to forgive. We must present Christ, and his life and death, so that the souls of these children may be cleansed by them, and so that the Spirit of God may work freely upon their hearts.

Life and death must be held up solemnly before them; the day of judgment; heaven and hell; and

then, when their feelings are touched, we must show them how the presence of Christ may be with them everywhere; how he can keep them from stealing, from lying, from swearing, from getting angry; how he will be a friend when they have no other; how he may watch over them in sleep and in sickness; and how in this life they may love God, and please, and afterwards be blessed by Him for ever.

This, we believe, with earnest prayer for the Spirit of God, is "teaching religion to poor children."

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PHILÆ TO THEBES.

PHILÆ is an island formed by a vast mass of granite in the bed of the Nile. It is about a thousand feet long, and four hundred wide at its widest part. The scenery in the neighbourhood is remarkably picturesque, and the place is one of special interest as the frontier of ancient Egypt. There are numerous ruins in the island, but the principal is the Temple of Isis, commenced by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and containing sculptures of the Roman period. This building abounds in objects to delight the antiquarian. The rocks in the mainland also exhibit their venerable inscriptions, and curiosities exist in the little island of Biggeh, beyond Philæ. Returning from Philæ towards the north, we re-pass the cataract, and arrive at Sehayl, a small island containing many hieroglyphic tablets sculptured upon the rocks. Further on is Elephantine, where there are some, but not many, ruins of any magnitude, although it once possessed important edifices. Its present inhabitants are Nubians. Passing Assouan or Syene, where Juvenal the poet died in exile, and rapidly sailing through the pass of Hagar Silsilla, we arrive at Edfou, where we must pause.

The town of Edfou is miserably dirty, and its inhabitants poor and wretched; but there is there a magnificent temple. The external wall is complete, and the interior, which was formerly occupied very much by modern houses, has been cleared out by the Viceroy, and is now said to show the only perfect plan of an Egyptian temple. This fine structure seems to have been founded by Ptolemy Philometor. All who inspect this extraordinary relic are amazed at the preservation of walls and towers, corridors and pillars, with their capitals. Besides this large temple there is also another, a smaller one.

From Edfou we descend the stream past the grottoes of Elkab, to the beautiful temple of Esneh. This is a fine specimen of the Ptolemaic style. Its imposing architecture cannot fail to call forth the admiration of the most indifferent spectator, and many of its columns are remarkable for their elegance and massive grandeur. Upon the portico are the names of some of the early Cæsars—Tiberius, Vespasian, &c., outside, and Trojan, Adrian, and Antoninus inside. There is a zodiac upon the ceiling, and hieroglyphics adorn the columns. When the portico is seen by moonlight, or by torchlight, as in the case of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, it has a striking effect.

Leaving Esneh, we pass various places of interest till we reach Hermonthis, where we should secure a look at the once elegant little temple, or what barbarism has left of it, and the ruins of an ancient Christian church. But we are naturally anxious to spend a few days at Thebes, and before we reach it we have to examine more closely the remains of

Luxor and Karnak. Luxor occupies part of the site of ancient Diospolis, and is still a market town. Its name means palaces, and is derived from the fact that a splendid temple once stood there. This temple originally consisted of a sanctuary with chambers round it, a colonnade, and a gateway; but it was afterwards much enlarged by the addition of a great court, pyramidal towers, obelisks, and statues. One of the two beautiful red granite obelisks has been removed by the French, and set up at Paris. Behind the obelisks, or rather obelisk, there are two colossal statues of Rameses II., one on each side the gateway, and another colossus remains at some distance. The area of the temple within was about 190 feet by 170, but its surrounding double row of columns has been half hidden by hovels and the village mosque. These ruins spread over a large surface, and were connected anciently with the still more famous ones of Karnak, where the temple was approached by long avenues of sphinxes. The buildings of Karnak belong to different periods. The principal entrance lies on the north-west side facing the river. Two rows of sphinxes led to a gateway with towers and gigantic statues. Through the gateway you pass into a large court 275 feet by 329, with a covered corridor on each side, and two lines of columns down the centre. Then come other gateways and a vestibule, after which is another gateway whose lintel was formed of stones 40 feet 10 inches long. Then comes a grand hall, 170 feet by 329, supported by a central avenue of twelve massive columns, 66 feet high and 12 feet in circumference; besides which there were 122 other columns in seven rows, each column being 41 feet high and 27 in circumference. After this hall, we have other courts, through which we pass to the sanctuary. The sanctuary is divided into two compartments, and is surrounded by chambers. In the grand hall of this temple, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit, Professor Stanley read the service of the Church of England. Little did its ancient builders and idolatrous frequenters dream that it would ever resound with the voice of prayer and praise to the true God!

Behind the sanctuary there are still other ruins, which we cannot particularly describe, but it may help us to form some conception of the original vastness of the structure, if we observe that the total length from the front entrances to the extremity of the outer wall is 1,180 feet. The complete circuit of this venerable pile is said to have been about a mile and a half! It was probably founded before Joseph entered Egypt, or more than 3,600 years ago. Additions were made by successive kings, and among the sculptures are some of profound interest. There is, for example, a list of places which Shishak boasted of having taken in his expedition to Jerusalem, about 971 B.C. Among them is one which reads "The kingdom of Judah,"—a wonderful confirmation of Holy Writ, as the reader may see by turning to 1 Kings xiv. 25—27; 2 Chron. xii. 2—9.

The charm of the place is endless. "Numbers of other ruins of great interest lie scattered around this great temple," says Miss Beaufort, "in strange but picturesque variety, among palm groves and verdant fields; and it is pleasant to wander from one to the other, and rest one's mind, oppressed with the stupendous ideas generated by these ruins, so sublimely expressed in the stone and pictured in the sculptures, while listening to the evening breeze among the

palms, and to the melancholy chaunt of the fellah, and watching the flocks of exquisite tiny parroquets, with shining green feathers and crimson bills, flitting about in the sweet air. And it is right to linger, for this is truly one of the grandest scenes that earth can show. . . . Karnak, with no natural beauty save the ever cloudless sky, and the delicious air over the fresh green palm groves and the yellow sand, closes down upon the mind with a grand and almost awful solemnity."

But even Karnak must be left behind, with all its wondrous architecture and its countless legends in stone. "Let us," again to use the words of the author just quoted, "now go slowly down over the fields, through the groups of trees to the river bank, and, crossing the wide grey stream, land on the western side, threading the green paths between the rich fields of waving dhourra (Indian corn), till we reach the low mountain range at the back of the plain; here, turning a little to the right, we enter a narrow defile, which the Arabs call the Biban el Molook, or valley of the kings; it ought rather to be called the valley of the shadow of death, for the reality of death is further on." After an hour's ride the valley expands, and every rock and hill side is honeycombed with excavations of great depth. These excavations were the tombs of kings, princes, and nobles. The tombs are full of sculptures of the most varied and interesting characters, which it would require a volume to describe; suffice it to say, then, that they supply us with a vast amount of instruction respecting the opinions and worship of the ancient Egyptians. Less than one whole day cannot be given to these tombs.

A second day must be devoted to sundry temples and other remains, including the two colossal statues on the plain, and the palace of Rameses the Great. Thebes was doubtless a city of great size and magnificence, extending along both sides of the Nile. The remains of statues, walls, temples, and palaces which still exist, are such as to excite the admiration of all beholders. Those who wish to know more of them will do well to consult what Sir Gardner Wilkinson and others have written about them. Some objects of great interest from this locality are exhibited in the British Museum, and other similar institutions. A sarcophagus of extraordinary beauty and value, from the tombs of the kings, may be seen at the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The celebrated traveller, Belzoni, says of Thebes, "Very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes from the accounts of even the most skilful and accurate travellers. The most sublime conceptions that can be derived from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture would fall very far short of these ruins. . . . It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, had all been destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their existence." Denon says, "The situation of this city is as fine as can well be imagined, and the immense extent of its ruins convinces the spectator that he has not magnified its size; for, the diameter of Egypt not being sufficient to contain it, its monuments rest upon the two chains of mountains which are contiguous, while its tombs occupy the valleys towards the west, far off into the desert." "Incomparably beautiful and attractive is the boundless prospect over the Thebaic plain," says Lepsius; and

he adds, "I cannot compare this ever-existing prospect with any other in the world."

"And endless ruins in sublime decay,
Of palace-temples rich in sculptured strife,
And tombs where, closed in everlasting rock,
Death now outliveth human life."

Eminent Christians.

ANDREW REED.

THE character and power of Christian philanthropy were admirably exemplified in Dr. Reed. During half a century he laboured indefatigably in finding out the most helpless and forlorn classes of the population, in devising noble schemes for their relief and consolation, and in enlisting the sympathies of men in their favour. In this great and good work his skill, perseverance, and devotedness were abundantly favoured with the Divine blessing. He leaves behind him, in the noble institutions which he succeeded in rearing, monuments which will hand down his name to posterity more effectually and honourably than the grandest mausoleum which could be erected. In him the philanthropy of the Gospel realised its lofty mission of love to the bodies and souls of men more completely, perhaps, than in any other of this generation. The life of such a one cannot but furnish many lessons for our encouragement and instruction.

Andrew Reed was born in London on the 27th of November, 1787, and was educated at a school in the metropolis. He was designed for business, but after his conversion he exhibited so much zeal and aptitude for Christian service, that he was admitted to the Independent College at Hackney, as a student for the ministry. At the close of his academical course he was chosen pastor of the church to which he ministered the remainder of his days. His popularity as a preacher was great, and his usefulness among his flock remarkable. After seventeen years, Wycliffe Chapel, a large and handsome building, was erected for him in place of the former one, which had become too small. In this place his church grew till it numbered a thousand communicants.

Dr. Reed's first literary production was entitled "No Fiction," and was popular both in this country and in America. In 1834 he was deputed, with Dr. Matheson, to visit the American Churches. Of this journey an interesting memoir was published. He afterwards published "Martha," "A Narrative of the Revival of Religion at Wycliffe Chapel," and other works, principally sermons, of great beauty and eloquence, and a popular hymn book.

His literary labours are second in importance to his direct personal efforts for the advancement of religion, which found in him an able and untiring advocate. He was earnest in the cause of religious liberty, Christian union, the evangelisation of the heathen and the colonies, and other good works.

But it is especially upon his career as a philanthropist that his fame with posterity will rest. In other fields he had equals, and, perhaps, some superiors, but in this he stood pre-eminent. He fully realised that great aim of the Christian life, "to do good and to communicate," and strove to imitate the example of his Lord and Master, who came "to bind up the broken-hearted," and "to comfort all that mourn." He founded a grammar school at Hackney, which was for many years in active and useful operation, and the

East London Savings' Bank, one of the most efficient in the metropolis, owed its origin to his untiring efforts. Local institutions, however, did not satisfy the yearnings of his generous spirit; he laid the foundation of establishments which rest upon the broadest basis of Christian charity.

He had not been long in the ministry when an orphan family was thrown upon his sympathy. This led first to the hiring of a small house, and very soon to the formation of the London Orphan Asylum, "for the maintenance of fatherless children, who are respectably descended, but destitute of the means of support." This was instituted in 1813, and incorporated in 1845. The system adopted so won upon public confidence, that a noble building was erected at Clapton, where nearly 3,000 children have been admitted, and have completed their course of education. There are in this establishment 431 infant orphans of both sexes. The governors have accumulated funded property to the amount of £70,000, and the annual income is upwards of £10,000. Last year it was £11,423. Orphans are eligible between the ages of seven and eleven, and are usually retained till they are fifteen. Last year eighty-one orphans were admitted, and thirty-two were elected on January 27, 1862.

It was soon felt by Dr. Reed that a supplementary institution was required, for infants under seven years of age, and he therefore originated the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead. This was founded in 1827, and incorporated in 1843. Six hundred fatherless little ones are here maintained and educated year by year. For some years past fifty have been annually admitted—some of them within six weeks of their birth, and both fatherless and motherless. Many are the children of clergymen, officers, and other professional persons. All the children are retained—the boys till they are fourteen, and the girls to fifteen years of age. Since its establishment about 2,000 infants have been received into this asylum. The average income is about £14,000 per annum, nine-tenths of which is from voluntary contributions. The education imparted is sound and useful, and the religious teaching is a subject of constant and anxious attention. Some years since a resolution was adopted that in both the London and the Infant Orphan Asylums the Church Catechism should be taught to all the children, and this led Dr. Reed to resign his official connection with them, after twenty-five years' service to one, and twelve years' service to the other; but he never ceased to feel the deepest interest in their operations. Both these institutions admit children from all parts of the British dominions.

On retiring from the establishments just described, Dr. Reed set himself to the foundation of a new one, which should combine the advantages of the two former, and should embrace a wider circle, by being perfectly unsectarian and catholic. This effort originated, in 1844, "The New Asylum for Infant Orphans," now known as the "Asylum for Fatherless Children." It is situate at Reedham, near Croydon, and boards, clothes, and educates fatherless children from their earliest infancy till fourteen or fifteen years of age. The building, which is at all times open to inspection, will accommodate about 200 children, and actually contains 188. The fundamental law of this asylum is so remarkable for the breadth and energy of its catholicity, that it deserves to be transcribed. It runs thus:—"That it being the design of this charity

to receive and bless the fatherless infant, without distinction of sex, place, or religious connection, it shall be a rule absolute, beyond the control of any future general meeting, or any act of incorporation, that while the education of the infant family shall be strictly religious and Scriptural, no denominational catechism whatever shall be introduced, and that no particular forms whatever shall be imposed on the child, contrary to the religious convictions of the surviving parent or guardians of such child." The great object of the founder, as is apparent from this, was to provide an institution which should extend its aid to the fatherless child, simply as such, at any age, and to secure for it a careful training based on Scriptural principles, but in no way opposed to the religious convictions of surviving friends. The annual income is about £4,000.

About 1847 the attention of Dr. Reed was called to the child of a member of his flock suffering from idiocy. Nearly at the same time he visited Switzerland, where he gave his attention to the unhappy class known as "Cretins," and to the asylum established on their behalf. He returned full of anxiety that his own country should possess a similar institution, and the "Asylum for Idiots," at Earlswood, Redhill, was the result. The objects sought are, the care and education of the idiot and the imbecile, and, by the gradual, extended application of all the combined resources of an infirmary, a school, and a sanatorium, to prepare the patient as far as possible for the duties and enjoyments of life. The number now in the establishment is 326, and the applications are far more numerous than can be entertained. The Board report most favourably of the physical and mental progress of the past year. There is very little disease. 78 children are taught in the girls' school, and 119 in the boys' school. The boys learn shoemaking, tailoring, carpentering, brush and basket-making, &c. Some of them are very apt, and many will probably be able to support themselves. Besides various kinds of work, and the elements of knowledge in general, there are Sunday services and Bible classes. Some of the inmates will remain for life. This most valuable institution was originally located at Highgate and Colchester, but afterwards removed to Earlswood. The inhabitants of the Eastern Counties have continued to sustain Essex Hall, Colchester, as a separate establishment, and it contains somewhere about 200 inmates. Last year the Earlswood Asylum received the noble income of £16,708. In promoting the cause of the poor idiot, Dr. Reed visited France, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden in 1851. In all these countries, and in America, Christian zeal has been awakened in favour of similar great and good works.

We have still to record the exertions of Dr. Reed in the foundation of the "Royal Hospital for Incurables" at Putney, for the reception of such as had been discharged from the medical hospitals as incurable. The inmates have a home for life, and relief is granted to such as can remain with their friends. It is intended to erect a permanent building near Croydon, where twenty acres of land have been purchased for the purpose. Every case accepted as incurable will yet be treated hopefully, and all means used to restore the patient to health. No applicant must be under sixteen years of age. The income last year was about £5,000.

For all these generous designs Dr. Reed exerted

himself without fee or reward, and he was besides a liberal contributor. Not long before his death his congregation celebrated his jubilee, and presented him with a purse of 500 guineas, which he at once gave to the Asylum for Fatherless Children. More than this, by his will he has left several valuable legacies to the institutions he had founded.

Of his closing days we cannot speak, but he died on the morning of February 25, 1862. His remains were interred with great honour at Abney Park Cemetery. "Having served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." "He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him." We may repeat the eloquent language which has already been applied to him:—"He had visited foreign countries, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples, nor to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art, but to survey the mansions of sorrow; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare the distresses of men." These things he did, not only abroad but at home. His public institutions have been truly called "a noble series of works, testifying as much to the comprehensive character of his philanthropy by the different conditions of life for whom it was exerted, as to the energy and liberality of his mind, by the time and money he bestowed upon promoting them."

Let us remember that all this holy zeal and sanctified charity, all this elevated thought and honourable work, is to be traced to the grace of God. The sermon which led to his conversion was from the words, "And the door was shut." He heard the warning, and the Holy Spirit qualified him for the glorious career upon which he entered, and which he pursued to the last. The door had not been shut to him, and he would not that the door of human pity, or the door of divine mercy should be shut to any. Hence what he devised and accomplished for the bodies and souls of men. He laboured more abundantly than others; yet not he, but the grace of God which was in him.

In the words of one who has sought to embalm his memory—"Such is a glimpse of the career of one of the most remarkable men of the age. His labours bear the impress of Heaven; they were mighty, through God, to promote the good of man. For fifty years he was a power in the land, and for ages to come his name will be pronounced with affectionate reverence by the imbecile and the incurable, the widow and the orphan."

THE TRIUMPH OF PRINCIPLE.

A FRIEND came into the shop where Harvey Hastings was a clerk, with a smile of genuine pleasure lighting up his face.

"Well, Harvey," exclaimed he, "I have been highly favoured. Your fortune is made. Let me congratulate you as head English clerk of the great S. and L. house in Paris. And I tell you what, my boy, I've worked like a tiger to obtain the office; but I said you should have it if the thing were possible: your father and mine were old friends."

"How shall I thank you?" exclaimed the young man, with beaming eyes, and a face radiant with gratitude.

"Oh, never mind the thanks, only do credit to your country, my boy! Good morning;" and the man had gone, leaving Harvey Hastings quite overcome with the news. For the rest of the day he had much ado to keep his mind from dwelling, to the neglect of other duties, upon the bewildering prospects that opened up before him. He would see Paris, the great centre of wealth and splendour; he would occupy a position of immense responsibility; he would, perhaps, become a rich and influential man, and open up a thousand avenues of usefulness and pleasure. Weeks passed like days. He received the congratulations of all his friends, and some were found who said, sneeringly, "We'll see how well religion stands in Paris. Mark me, he'll find it mighty convenient to leave his new-fangled theories, and even his conscience, before long, in old England."

Others said—those of hopeful hearts, and large, holy benevolence—"The young man will do good wherever he goes; he will never turn his back on the cause he has espoused."

The eventful hour came when Harvey Hastings looked his last on the shores of his country. Many friends were there to see him off; good wishes and congratulations met him on all sides. The gentleman who had procured him the responsible position greeted him with a delight bordering on enthusiasm.

"In less than six months," he said, "I shall receive a letter of thanks from the house in which you are to be installed. You will be appreciated there, believe me."

With what eagerness did the young man step upon the soil of France! Paris was before him—bewildering Paris. Sweet sounds, novel sights—all that can regale the senses—painting, statuary, and architecture, the palaces and grounds of Emperors, the mighty marts where splendours were congregated from the four corners of the earth; the very air seemed enchanted to him as he breathed it in; the ground was elastic under his tread, as if springing flowers were bursting through.

Yet, in the midst of all the novel delights he met, that heart kept close under the wing of the Eternal, grew stronger even as it feasted upon the rarest things of sight and sound.

His first Sabbath in Paris opened clear and gloriously, but a strange, and to him unaccustomed, hum pervaded the atmosphere. He looked forth to see the populace gayer than ever, to hear bursts of wild music, to watch the brightly-attired people going forth to their favourite amusements. Somewhat prepared though he had been for this, the sight pained him deeply. He closed the windows, saying softly—

"I, at least, will honour God's command."

After breakfast he met a fellow-clerk, an Englishman, curled, kidded, and perfumed. His eye brightened; he thought he had found a companion.

"Where for to-day?" inquired the latter, delicately poisoning his cane.

"To church, of course; where else should I go? Chaperone me, I am newer than you."

His friend lifted shoulders and eyebrows with a French shrug.

"You are too verdant," he said, satirically.

"Why, do you not attend church on the Sabbath?" exclaimed Harvey.

"Why, no, to be sure not; never, my friend. What day should we have, pray, for a little innocent recreation, if not the Sabbath? Besides, nothing

whatever is thought of the Sabbath here; it won't do to be puritanical. To be sure, there are some pious individuals who keep up a show of worship, but I imagine it don't amount to much. Besides, our fellows—that is, we clerks—invariably spend two hours at the warehouse over the books—that is expected by the firm. As for me, I take life easy; 'tis what Paris was created for; so I stroll about to see the beauty and fashion of the city. Possibly, if you accompany me, we may be so fortunate as to get sight of the Empress. Come; I will show you the rounds."

But the young man drew coldly back.

"I shall find a church," he said, with quiet emphasis.

"Oh, as for that matter, if you're really so anxious, there's one on my way. I'll go with you as far as the door; there my feet stop with my inclination. The interior is dark, monastic—don't suit my taste. Don't like the interior of churches, decidedly. You, I doubt not, will share my prejudices three months from to-day."

"Never!" exclaimed Harvey, with some indignation. "And, furthermore, let me assure you I shall do no business for S. and L. on the Sabbath. I never could look for my mother's blessing if I did, much less for the blessing of God."

"You do not mean that you will absent yourself from the counting-house?"

"I certainly shall: I don't consider it one of my duties to break the Sabbath."

"Pshaw! let me tell you that you will get into trouble, then; S. and L. are very peculiar men. I am afraid they will hardly see this matter in your light," was the reply, accompanied with another shrug.

"That I cannot help. I did not leave my religion or my conscience in England, thank God," was the reply. The two walked on together, and parted at the church door. That day Harvey did not make his appearance with the rest of the clerks; the next he was interrogated, and firmly and modestly stated his objections. There was a smile on the lips of the senior partner, but his cheek flushed. "We like you," he said, after a few moments, "and are convinced that you will do your duty by us; but we have rules, and in no case have we ever known them to be violated, save in yours. Sir, we had rather part with the best clerk in our employ than allow him to trifle with our restrictions."

Harvey bowed respectfully.

"This being your first lapse from the duty we consider you owe to us, we are inclined to overlook it, though the precedent may be a bad one for us. I presume we shall have no further occasion for complaint. Good morning, sir."

"Pardon me, Mr. S.," said the young man; "am I to understand finally that I cannot hereafter enjoy the same privileges on the Sabbath that I have been accustomed to in my own country?"

"Every way as you please, sir, save the two hours near noon. Then I expect every man to be in his place in my warehouse, that we may prepare for the work of the coming day."

"Then, sir, I regret to say that I shall be under the necessity of leaving your employ. I cannot serve two masters."

The great head of the house looked at him for a moment aghast, as if he did not rightly comprehend.

"You had better think seriously upon the matter," he said, briefly, "before you decide."

"I have thought—I have decided," was the quick reply.

Yes, he had thought. Those solemn words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," had determined him as to his future course. He had counted the cost, and realised what consequences would be likely to follow. He felt keenly that it would be a mortification to the friend who had procured him the situation—that unkind surmises would meet him on every hand—that he should be exposed to the gibes and sneers of the thoughtless and profane—and that, finally, his reputation as a reliable business man might suffer; but, through all these clouds of darkness he could see, with the glance of faith, one Eye that looked a Divine commendation, could hear a voice whose echoes awoke the depths of his soul—a "thus saith the Lord."

Much to the astonishment of the firm, the young man adhered to his resolution. His conduct humiliated while it irritated the rich men whom he had bearded and rebuked. They were natives of God-fearing Scotland, and they had not wholly forgotten the good old paths their fathers trod before them. Still they regretted to lose so valuable a clerk, and all the more so that he had not flinched from his principles.

All that he looked forward to, not without some dread, Harvey Hastings met—reproach, laughter, and sneers, save from those who understood the spirit that was in him. And, better than all, his grey-haired mother greeted him with blessings on her trembling lips, and called him a son worthy of all the love and faith of a mother's heart. He had lost a splendid salary, beside the place he had before filled with so much credit; he had almost lost the friendship of his father's old friend—but he had gained what was better than all else beside, the approval of his conscience and his God! He accepted a subordinate position in his former place of business, and again placed his precious Bible next to his ledger, happy in the consciousness that now nothing need interfere to keep him from the service of his Redeemer; and he was honoured of heaven. It was not many years before he was a partner with the firm in whose employ he had been so many years.

Correspondence.

[We beg to inform our readers that we only undertake to answer religious questions, and only such as appear likely to be useful to others.]

We solicit all who favour us with their questions to write them legibly, and as concisely as the subject will admit, with or without names, as the writers please. Questions to be addressed (marked "QUIVER") to John Cassell, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.]

No. 17.—E. S.—AT WHAT TIME WAS THE WORD "TRINITY" BROUGHT INTO USE?

Tertullian, Theophilus, and Cyprian all use the term; but Tertullian was the first who used the word "Trinitas" in its modern theological sense.

We may observe that Tertullian, who wrote in the second century, is the earliest of the Latin fathers whose works have been handed down to us.

No. 18.—W. AUSTIN.—THE JAILOR AT PHILIPPI.—"Was it anxiety for his temporal or for his spiritual welfare that led to the momentous question, What must I do to be saved?"

We think that the inquiry was purely a religious question, and these are our reasons. Paul and Silas were committed to the prison for preaching certain doctrines, and when in prison testified their readiness to suffer in so good a cause by their prayers and thanksgivings. The earthquake and the miracles would, no doubt, be regarded as a Divine confirmation of their message, and lead the Keeper of the prison to conclude that these men were the favoured and the protected servants of Heaven. It was after he was assured of his own safety, by the safety of the prisoners for whom he was responsible, that he fell at the feet of Paul and Silas, and eagerly inquired, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" The reply given accords with this frame of mind, and the effects that follow are all evidences of the sincerity of his Christian profession.

No. 19.—C. W. (North Wales).—WHO ARE THE TWO WITNESSES?—Rev. xi. 3.

Bishop Lloyd and others consider them to be the Waldenses and the Albigenses. In the mournful history of these faithful but fearfully persecuted Christians—these witnesses for the truth in dark times, there are to be found a variety of incidents which correspond with the trials and the sufferings portrayed in the prophetic revelations. A certain amount of obscurity blended with clearness appears to be an essential component of the Apocalypse, and therefore, while the prophetic declarations are clear when time transforms them into historical events, they so abound in things hard to be understood, that the most erudite men find it becoming to express themselves with pious caution, remembering that prophecy has not been given to make us prophets as regards forthcoming events, nor has infallibility been conferred to protect us from incorrect views on mysterious subjects. Two were the number of witnesses appointed by the Law and sanctioned by the Gospel; therefore, we take it to mean a competent number; that is to say, witnesses enough to attest the truth. These two witnesses cannot mean any two particular persons, because their prophesying—that is, not the foretelling of events, but their testimony to the truth—was to continue for 1,260 years: and their being spoken of as two may be in allusion to Moses and Aaron, the revivers of the worship of God; and to Elijah and Elisha, the opposers of Baal's idolatry; and to Zerubbabel and Joshua, the rebuilders of the Temple. All these persons seem to be referred to in verses 4, 5, 6. These are the views adopted by Guyse, Bishop Newton, Gill, Scott, A. Fuller, and Dr. T. J. Hussey, &c. &c.

No. 20.—C.—WHO DID SIN?—John ix. 2.

It was an opinion cherished by the Grecian philosophers, and afterwards embraced by the Pharisees, that the souls of men migrate from one body to another after death; and the question, therefore, meant—Was the affliction in consequence of some sin of his own when his soul was in another body, or for some sin of his parents at the time of his birth? Our Lord's reply was, that this man's blindness was not intended as a punishment for any particular offence.

No. 21.—W. P. M. is requested to re-state his question.

No. 22.—B.—WHY WERE MEN PERMITTED TO FALL?

Secret things are known only unto God; but we are at a loss to conceive, if man had kept his first estate, how the love of God as displayed in the manifold wisdom of redemption could have been known, as it now is

known, to the joy of the redeemed. Angels may know something of the power and of the goodness of God as displayed in the works of creation, but it is only the believers in Christ who can understand the love of God as displayed in the gift of his Son to a lost world, and in the whole plan of man's redemption by the act of substitution.

If man had not suffered by virtue of his relationship to the first Adam, we see not how he could have been enriched by his relationship to Christ, the second Adam. We know not how he could have obtained the inestimable privilege of regarding Christ as his elder brother, and as such be permitted to share in the Redeemer's kingdom, to have a place on the Redeemer's throne, and throughout eternity to be with his risen Lord, to behold his unutterable glory.

No. 23.—E. A.—“MY FATHER IS GREATER THAN I.”—John xiv. 28.—As the Son is equal to the Father, how are we to reconcile this apparent contradiction?

By remembering that Christ speaks in a twofold capacity, and we have only to ask ourselves, Does this question relate to Christ's divinity, or to his humanity? If we class all the passages that assert the Saviour's equality with the Father under the head of his divinity, and all the passages that speak of his inferiority to the Father under the head of his humanity, the difficulties vanish. In Holy Scripture Christ is set before us as perfect God and perfect man; equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead; and inferior to the Father, as touching his manhood.

No. 24.—E. (Oldham).

It would afford us pleasure to enumerate the sources from which the Jews derive their information; but we cannot advise the employment of abilities, and the expenditure of time, in search of information which, when obtained, is useless.

No. 25.—J. S. (Silverdale).—“GOD'S WORD COMPARED TO RAIN.”—Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

As the rain which descends by God's providence never fails to accomplish the object designed, so also in the work of man's redemption the Word of God shall not fail to effect the end which Jehovah has in view. To quote the words of a pious author: “The truths and promises of the Gospel are compared to the rain that descends from heaven and fertilises the earth; the hearts of men by nature are what the earth would be without the rains of heaven, barren and sterile; but God says, that his truth shall certainly accomplish an effect similar to that produced by descending showers. The rain never descended in vain—it made the earth fertile, beautiful, and lovely: so would it be with his truth in the moral world.”

No. 26.—I. S.—“THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.”—Matt. xiii. 18, 19.

The remark of the learned Grotius is worthy of remembrance. “In these parables, the whole context or subject is to be considered together, and not every minute particular to be expected to tally.”

In the 19th verse, the seed represents the word of God, made known to men by reading, by preaching, by the visitations of Providence, by the admonitions of the Holy Spirit, or by the agency of pious friends.

The Gospel is preached to men hardened in sin; in some sad cases it makes no impression, it lies like seed on the hard road, it is easily taken away, and, therefore, never produces any beneficial result. The object of Satan is always to remove good impressions, and always to counteract every effort to make men wise in matters pertaining to God and their own souls.

No. 27.—WELL WISHER (Liverpool).—“THE INTERCESSION OF THE SPIRIT.”—Romans viii. 26.

Christ pleads for us, the Holy Spirit inclines us to plead for ourselves. The advocacy of Christ is external, a something done for us; the work of the Holy Spirit is internal, and is a frame of mind wrought within us. The original implies that the Spirit helps us as we would help another lift a burden, by aiding at the same moment; the Spirit teaches us how to pray and what to pray for, and oft creates, in the minds of the devout, thoughts and desires beyond the power of expression. The Holy Spirit is represented as doing that which he enables us to do. The word that denotes intercession is the same in the 26th and 34th verse.

No. 28.—W. W.—WHAT IS MEANT BY “HE SHALL BE CALLED THE LEAST IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN?”—Matt. v. 19.

Le Clerc understands the phrase as opposed to the idea that the disobedient shall be admitted into a lower rank in the kingdom of God; and Whitby regards the words as implying exclusion from heaven. It appears to be a Jewish mode of expression to denote that such offenders shall not be recognised in God's presence. The words imply more than is expressed, and we think that Christ meant to say that he would not own for his disciple the man who gave a relaxed view of the law, as did the scribes.

No. 29.—W.—WHERE WAS THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT?

The records of early times have been so often destroyed by fire, or have so often suffered destruction at the hands of the spoiler, that it is difficult to settle many questions that relate to the early Church. There is a tradition that in the year 60 a church was founded at Glastonbury, and was composed of basket-work. There is also an account of a church in the vicinity of Verulam, afterwards called St. Albans, and that the first martyr was interred there. The remains of a very ancient church have, in recent years, been discovered in Cornwall. Christianity existed in England at, or shortly after, the time of the Apostles, and three of the English bishops were present at a council held at Arles, in France, in the year 314, nine years after the death of the first British martyr. The people of Britain, for the most part, lapsed again into idolatry; and the landing of St. Augustine in the seventh century was not the establishment of Christianity in Britain, but the revival of it.

PASSING AWAY OF OLD RACES.

WHAT a lesson to human pride is suggested by the dim records of a vanished race; of their petty rivalries and their vain-glorious contests! Macaulay's New Zealander on London Bridge rises before us, and we wonder if, in time, we shall be swept away by some later and higher civilisation, and those things in which we now glory as illustrations of our power and our wealth shall only by their crumbling ruins attest that we have been, and that we are no more. If we do not yield our full assent to the able yet infidel reasoning which sees in those successions of races and empires but the incoming and receding waves of an ever-advancing tide of civilisation, which shall submerge all existing nations as it has submerged the past, it is because this civilisation, in which they see a soulless engine set in motion by an inexorable Power is to us a form, fashioned by God himself, into which Christianity has breathed the breath of life.

Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, have risen, worn for some brief centuries the diadem of sovereignty, then sunk back into nothingness, or into such remains as interest only the antiquarian and the scholar, while a little community of Alpine herdsmen, famous neither for arts nor arms, who had builded no great city like Babylon, given birth to no schools of philosophy like those of Athens, raised no mighty monument like the pyramids of Egypt, or the buried halls of Assyria, have lived and grown in their native fastnesses, though powerful nations have more than once combined for their destruction, giving proof that God is a refuge for his people, and that those that trust in him shall never be moved.

If these things be so—and who can gainsay them?—it follows that the stability of empire shall be in accordance, not with the strength of a nation's material defences, the power of her fleets, the hosts that compose her armies, but in the firmness of the faith which unites her with the Invisible, in the ardour with which she clings to Him who is the life as well as the light of the world, and the truth with which she gives expression to his sublime teachings.

CHOOSE A GREAT OBJECT.

THE amount of life's achievement depends very much on the work that a man undertakes. Wilberforce used to say of Sir Walter Scott's fine romances that they always put him in mind of a *giant cracking nut*. I saw at St. Omer's an illuminated manuscript which was the result of *thirty years' patient labour*. Alexander conquered the world and Paul evangelised it in less time than that. Many a man has taken as much time to fashion a curious toy as it would have taken him to build a house or a ship. Let us not work upon toys; for however long we labour, we shall have nothing but toys to show at last as the result of our life's work; for no man's work can be higher than his aim, or longer than his plan. The greatest object, incomparably, to which human wit and energy can be directed, and on which this frail and short life can be expended, is to serve God and to save men. Whether we look at the inherent dignity of the object, or the vastness and durability of its results, or the magnificence of its rewards, it surpasses any other human enterprise infinitely more than St. Peter's at Rome surpasses the house of clay constructed by a child.

And what is peculiarly encouraging here is, that this mightiest of human or created works is within the reach of the weakest and the meanest of labourers. Though you have not the skill or the strength to execute anything which shall bring you riches, position, or fame among your fellow-men, yet you may win a crown, a sceptre, a throne, a kingdom, among the lasting and imperishable things that are not seen, and are eternal; for "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are; that no flesh might glory in his presence." And Jesus says, "If any man will serve me, let him follow me," and for encouragement, he adds, "and where I am, there shall my servant be, and he shall behold my glory."

GOING HOME.

"Will you come with me, my pretty one?"
I asked a little child,
"Will you come with me and gather flowers?"
She looked at me and smiled.
Then, in a low, sweet, gentle voice,
She said, "I cannot come,
I must not leave this narrow path,
For I am going home."
"But will you not?" I asked again;
"The sun is shining bright,
And you might twine a lily-wreath,
To carry home at night;
And I could show you pleasant things
If you would only come."
But still she answered as before,
"No; I am going home."
"But look, my child: the fields are green,
And 'neath the leafy trees
Children are playing merrily,
Or resting at their ease.
Does it not hurt your tender feet
This stony path to tread?"
"Sometimes; but I am going home!"
Once more she sweetly said.
"My Father bade me keep this path,
Nor ever turn aside;
The road which leads away from him
Is very smooth and wide;
The fields are fresh, and cool, and green;
Pleasant the shady trees;
But those around my own dear home
Are lovelier far than these.
"I must not loiter on the road,
For I have far to go;
And I should like to reach the door
Before the sun is low.
I must not stay; but will you not—
O, will you not—come too?
My home is very beautiful,
And there is room for you."
I took her little hand in mine;
Together we went on;
Brighter and brighter o'er our path
The blessed sunbeams shone.
At length we saw the distant towers,
But ere we reached the gate,
The child outstretched my lingering feet,
Too overjoyed to wait.
And, as she turned her radiant face
Once more to bid me come,
I heard a chorus of glad songs,
A burst of "Welcome Home!"

SEEING JESUS.

THE Book of Acts gives an account of two men who beheld Jesus after he went back into heaven. Stephen and Saul both saw him; but the sight did not affect them both alike.

Stephen, though in a court-room, surrounded by people who were fierce almost like wild beasts, for they "gnashed on him with their teeth," was full of delight and peace at seeing Jesus. "Those who stood by saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

How did Saul feel? Before he had sight of Jesus, he was going proudly on his road to Damascus, surrounded by those who courted and feared him. No doubt he felt very zealous and important, with no thought of being hindered in his errand.

Suddenly Jesus appeared to him, in the way! Was his look calm and happy as it met the look of Jesus? In dismay, he fell to the earth, and when at length he raised himself, he stood there "trembling and astonished."

What should have made this difference in the feeling of the two men? Can you not tell? Do you not love to meet the eye of your best loved friend? And do you not dread to face the searching look of one whom you have injured? There will come a day when we must all see Jesus. At that day "every eye shall see him." What day? The day of judgment—when it will be too late to begin to love him—too late to go away and weep bitter tears as Peter did, for our denial of him.

Whatever thoughts of Jesus we have carried with us to our graves must then be laid bare before him. If we love him, we shall not fear to have him know it. But if we do not love him, surely we must stand as Saul did, "trembling and astonished."

Youths' Department.

LITTLE CHERI.

LOUISA was a little girl who lived in France. She was lying on a lounge before the window of a small, dark chamber. For a long time the poor girl had been unable to walk, and she was passing away her life either on a bed or on a sofa, where she was scarcely able to move. But it gave her much pleasure to look at the shop of a bird-seller, who lived on the opposite side of the street from her window.

"Mother," said she, "I am looking at the little canary of which I have so often spoken to you. It has a small green spot on the top of his head, but the rest of his body is a beautiful yellow. And the cage is lovely! I don't know how it is, but that bird can sing better than all the other birds in the shop. His throat is like a little flute."

"True enough, my child," said her mother, approaching the window. "The little canary is very charming; but he would cost a great deal of money, and you know we have no more than we need for our daily bread."

"Oh! yes, mother; I am sure we are not rich enough to buy it. But I hope nobody else will get it. I do love to see the little fellow hop about, and then go to singing."

Louisa's mother was the widow of a soldier who had been killed in Algiers. She had only a small pension for her support, and had to work night and day in making embroidered curtains for rich people's windows. Her daughter was her only treasure. The poor suffering girl constantly required the visits of a physician, and a great deal of medicine. Of course these things took money. But within a few days her mother had conceived the idea of hanging a bird-cage, with a canary in it, just beside Louisa's window. She knew well what happiness that would bring to her sick daughter. She had already deprived herself of several necessary things, and laid aside three francs for that purpose.

One morning she had a call from Madame Sablans, who wished immediately six richly-embroidered curtains; and when she left, she placed in her hands a beautiful piece of gold.

I will not tell you how thankful Madame Durvert was for this present. But it did not take her long to decide what to do with it. The same afternoon she went across to the bird-seller, and asked him what he would take for the canary that he always kept hanging out before his door.

"This canary? Ten francs, madame."

"With the cage, too?" inquired Madame Durvert.

"Oh! no. The cage is worth ten francs, too; but I will give it to you for five."

"Fifteen francs for a bird and the cage! Oh, I can't give so much money as that!" and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"Madame, if you wish a common bird and cage, I will give you that bird and his cage for eight francs."

"Oh, my poor daughter loves this one so much! She knows its voice so well. No other bird would please her like this one."

"Your daughter! Are you the mother of the sick little girl who lives on the third floor of the opposite house, and watches my birds every day? I thought I knew you."

"Yes, sir. It is the greatest enjoyment poor Louisa has to watch this bird and hear it sing."

"Well, then, madame, you may have the bird for ten francs, cage and all. I have children, and I know very well how they love to be pleased."

And the bird-seller took down the bird and gave it to her. He also filled a little bag with bird-seed, and handed it to her.

"I thank you, sir, with all my heart. How delighted Louisa will be!"

Louisa had retired, and as she heard her mother coming, she said:

"Mother, you have been out a long time."

"Yes, my child; but I have been attending to some little business."

"But you seem very happy, mother. Madame Sablans must have been very kind to you. Did she give you some work?"

"Yes; she gave me some curtains to embroider. It is an Algerine design. Perhaps you can help me a little."

"Oh! how glad I am! I will help you tomorrow, dear mother."

Madame Durvert was careful to have the bird-cage done up in a newspaper, so that it looked as much like a loaf of bread as it did like a cage. So when she went up to Louisa, she said—

"Close your eyes, Louisa."

"Why, mother? But I will do it if you wish."

"Now you may open them again."

And little Louisa burst into tears. She saw it was the same bird and cage she had watched so much from her window.

"Madame Sablans gave me more money than I expected, and my first thought was to buy your little friend across the way."

"Thank you, dear mother. I will always be grateful to you for your kindness. Oh! how good is God in making me so happy! I will call him Cheri; can't I, mother? In a little time he will know me. But you must have paid very high for him."

Then Madame Durvert related the circumstances about the bird-seller's generosity in taking ten francs less than his price.

"You see, mother, that it is sometimes a good thing to be sick. Then everybody pities me."

Little Cheri and his mistress soon grew very intimate. He would dance about on the bottom of his cage, then hop up on his perch, and sing with all his might. When he was hungry or thirsty, he would go to the side of the cage and poke his little claws through the wires, and scratch until he was satisfied. You see, he had a more quiet way of asking for what he wanted

than a great many boys and girls that I have met before now.

One day, when Madame Durvert was finishing a piece of embroidery, her door-bell rang. A young lady, very elegantly dressed, came in.

"What beautiful work! Madame Sablans told me about you, and that you could work the loveliest flowers and vines she ever saw. And this is your daughter! Poor girl! how pale you are! What a splendid canary you have! My little boy would be delighted with such a bird. What would you be willing to take for it? Twenty-five francs, or thirty francs; or don't you wish to sell your bird? But we will talk the matter over another time."

Then Madame Renneville looked over the designs which Louisa's mother had taken out of her drawer to show her. Already the sick girl had commenced to weep at the thought of separating from dear little Cheri. When the lady had chosen her designs, she arose to leave.

"Your mother knows my address," she said; "and you mustn't forget my proposition for the canary."

"How could I think of selling you, my little Cheri?" repeated Louisa to her bird. "I couldn't live without you."

"I would not like to ask you to part with your bird, dear Louisa," said her mother; "but we can make great sacrifices sometimes, if we want to please God."

One morning, while Louisa was playing with little Cheri, her mother came in. She looked very sad.

"What is the matter with you, mother?"

"I have just come from a poor woman's house. It was Marie Miot, whom you are acquainted with. She is in despair, and her landlord is going to turn her and her five children out of doors, because she can't pay her last month's rent. She will die, and her children too, if they have to sleep in the street."

"How much does she owe, mother? I think she has to pay a hundred and twenty francs every month, doesn't she?"

"She owes that much, but the landlord says he will take seventy-five," replied Madame Durvert.

"I think I can help her," answered Louisa.

"Why, my child, you have no money; and we have nothing to sell."

"Oh, yes, mother!" And Louisa cast her eyes upon her little Cheri.

"That would be too great a sacrifice. You would regret it," said the mother.

"No, mother, it would not be more than I ought to do. I will give my canary-bird, with all my heart."

"Well, then, think the matter over, and ask God to help you. You can let me know your decision when I am ready to take a walk."

Louisa was silent a long time. Then she said:

"I have made up my mind. Good-bye, dear little Cheri. I do not believe your new master will love you as well as I have done; but I think you will be well cared for. Mother, tell Madame Renneville's little boy that he must be very kind to my Cheri. He must teach him some new tricks."—But poor Louisa's eyes filled with tears, and she could say no more.

"I wish to speak to Madame Renneville," said Madame Durvert to the servant, who came to the door of the rich lady's house.

"She is just going out, but I will speak to her,"

said the girl. Just then Madame Renneville came down stairs.

"Oh, it is you? How glad I am to see you! So you have brought the bird with you? I am delighted that your daughter has made up her mind to part with it. Come here, Arthur; here is your bird. His name is Cheri."

Madame Renneville paid the thirty francs to Louisa's mother, and she was glad enough to get the bird at that price.

Madame Durvert added ten francs to this sum, and Marie Miot's landlord consented to take forty francs for her rent. The poor woman was also able to send four of her children to school. One day Louisa told her to bring the smallest of the five—little Catherine—to their room, and they would try and keep her until she was old enough to take care of herself.

Little Catherine proved to be a very good child. Louisa instructed her in spelling and reading, and by-and-bye she knew how to help Madame Durvert in her embroidery.

One day her four brothers and sisters were invited by Louisa to a little evening party. Marie Miot came leading the happy children in. It would have done your heart good to see how happy they all were. Louisa asked them questions about reading and writing, and geography and grammar. She was surprised to find out how rapidly they had learned. She thought to herself, "What good minds the poorest children may have!"

During the evening, while the children were all playing together, Louisa came up to her mother, and whispered—

"Mother, don't you think these children are worth a great deal more than little Cheri?"

THE UNTRAINED TREE.

"HERE is a hard piece of work these two men have to do this morning," said Mr. Bowers to his little son and daughter, James and Mary Bowers. "See what force they are obliged to use to straighten up this tree, and after all, I fear their pains and ingenuity will be exercised in vain."

"They ought to have straightened it while it was young, sir," remarked James. "It would have been quite easy to do it then. It would not have needed all those ropes, and there would have been no danger of injuring it."

"You think that would have been the better course, do you, James?"

"I do, indeed, sir; it would now have been a straight, good-looking tree, and all this trouble would have been saved."

"But what caused it to grow so crooked and unsightly?"

"Its nature, I suppose, father."

"Then you think, if we want to have handsome trees, it won't do to leave them to themselves, and trust altogether to nature to straighten and beautify them?"

"Oh, no, sir, it won't do to neglect them; they must be propped up, and pruned, and carefully attended to."

"Do you think so too, my little daughter?" said Mr. Bowers to Minnie.

Minnie nodded assent, though she did not fully understand the nature of the question.

"Well, I am glad you think so, my children,"

observed Mr. Bowers, "because I intend that this tree shall preach a sermon to you. It can't speak, to be sure, but I can fancy it talking to you in this manner:—

"Behold, children, the consequence of being allowed to have one's own way. Had I been looked after and trained in my youth, I should not have to undergo this torture with these ropes and pulleys at my time of life, when it is almost death to me to change my position. Now, children, listen to me for a few moments. Whenever your parents correct you for your faults, and you begin to fancy they are dealing harshly and unkindly with you, *think of me*—think of the old, crooked tree which you, behold this morning. Consider how much better it is to be trained in youth than to grow up without restraint, and finally to be numbered with a crooked and perverse generation. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Therefore, children, think of me whenever you find your wills opposed to your parents; think how unsightly I have grown in consequence of having my own way, and pray God to make you pliant and obedient to those who have a right to rule over you and govern you, so that when you grow up you may be fair to look upon—ornaments of society—trees of the Lord's right hand's planting."

James and Minnie looked alternately at the tree, at Mr. Bowers as he continued speaking, and at each other. James understood the full force of his father's remarks, a blush stole over his face, and for a long time he remained silent. The tree's sermon had the desired effect.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT TO THE PHYSICIAN.

SEVERAL years went on; and years rarely go on without bringing their changes with them. Jane had now four children. William, the eldest, was hard upon thirteen; Edgar, the youngest, going on for nine; Jane and Frank were between them. Mrs. Tait was dead. Francis Tait was the Reverend Francis Tait. By dint of hard work and perseverance, he had succeeded in becoming qualified for orders, and he was half starving upon a London curacy, as his father had done for so many years before him. In saying "half starving," I don't mean that he had not sufficient bread and cheese; but when a clergyman's stipend is under one hundred pounds per year, all told, the expression half starving is perfectly justifiable. He hungers after many things that he is unable to get, and he cannot maintain his position as a gentleman. Francis Tait hungered. Over one want, in especial, he hungered with an intensely ravenous hunger; and that was the gratification of his taste for literature. The books he coveted to read were high in price; impossibilities to him; he could not purchase them, and libraries were then scarce. Had Francis Tait not been gifted with very great conscientiousness, he would have joined some teaching with his ministry. But the wants of his parish required all his time; and he had inherited that large share of the monitor, conscience, from his father. "I suppose I shall get a living some time," he would think to himself: "when I am growing an old man, probably, as *he* was when he gained his." So the Reverend Francis Tait plodded on at his curacy, and was content to wait that far remote day when fortune should drop from the skies.

Where was Margaret? Margaret had bid adieu to old England for ever. Her husband, who had not got promotion in his business so rapidly as he judged he ought to have got it, had thrown up business, and home, and home ties, and had gone out to the woods of Canada to become a settler. Did Margaret repent her hasty marriage then? Did she find that her thorough education, her peculiar tastes and habits, so unfitted for domestic life, were all lost in those wild woods? Music! drawing! languages! literature! of what use were *they* to her now? She might educate her own children, indeed, as they grew up: the only chance of education it appeared likely they would have. That Margaret found herself in a peculiarly uncongenial sphere, there could be no doubt; but, like a brave woman as she proved herself, not a hint of it in writing home ever escaped her, not a shadow of complaint could be gathered. It was not often she wrote, and her letters grew more rare as the years went on. Robert had accompanied them, and he boasted that he liked the life much, a thousand times better than that of the musty old warehouse.

Mr. Halliburton's teaching practice was excellent—his income good. He was now one of the professors at King's College; but he had not yet succeeded in carrying out his dream—the getting to the University of Oxford, or of Cambridge. Mr. Halliburton had begun at the wrong end of the ladder: he should have gone to the university first, and married afterwards. He married first: and, to college he never got. A man of moderate means, with a home to keep in respectability, a wife, children, servants, to provide for, has enough to do with his money and time, without expending them at college. He had entirely given up the idea now; and, perhaps, he had grown not to regret it very keenly: his home was one of refinement, of comfort, of thorough happiness.

But about this period, or, indeed, some time prior to it, Mr. Halliburton had cause to believe that he was overtaxing his strength. For a long, long while, almost ever since he had been in London, he was aware that he had not felt thoroughly robust and strong. The hot weather affected him, and rendered him languid; the chills of winter gave him a cough; the keen winds of spring would strike to his chest. He would throw off his ailments bravely, and go on again, never heeding much about them, or thinking that they might ever become serious. Perhaps he did not give a glance to that, until one evening, when, upon coming in after a hard day's toil, he sat down in his chair and quietly fainted away.

Jane and one of the servants were standing over him when he recovered—Jane's face sadly pale and anxious.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, smiling at her. "I suppose I dropped asleep, or lost consciousness in some way."

"You fainted, Edgar."

"Fainted, did I! How silly I must have been! The room's warm, Jane: it must have overpowered me."

Jane was not deceived. She saw that he was making thus light of it to dispel her alarm. She brought him a glass of wine. He drank that, but he could not eat anything: he frequently could not now.

"Edgar," she said, "you are doing too much. I have seen it a long while."

"Seen what, Jane?"

"That your strength is not equal to your labour. You must give up a portion of your teaching."

"My dear, how can I?" he asked. "Does it not take all I get to meet our expenses? When accounts are settled at the end of the year, have we a superfluous shilling?"

It was so, and Jane knew it; but her husband's health was above every consideration in the world. "We must reduce our expenses," she said: "we must

cease to live as we are living now. We will move into a small house, and keep one small servant, and I will turn maid-of-all-work."

She laughed as she spoke, quite merrily; but Mr. Halliburton detected a serious meaning in her tone. He shook his head.

"No, Jane; that time, I hope, will never come."

He lay awake all that night, buried in reflection. Do you know what this night-reflection is, when it comes to us in all its racking intensity? Surging over his brain, like the wild waves that chase each other on the foaming ocean, came the thought, "What will become of my wife and children if I grow ill and die?" Thought after thought, they all revolved themselves into that one focus:—"I have made no provision for my wife and children: what will become of them if I am taken?"

Mr. Halliburton had one good habit—it was possible that he had learnt it from his wife, for it was hers in no common degree—the habit of *looking steadfastly into the face of trouble*. Not to groan and grumble at it—to sigh and lament that nobody else's trouble ever was so miserable before—but to see how it might best be met and contended with; how the best of it could be made.

The only feasible way he could see, was that of insuring his life. He possessed neither lands nor money to bequeath. Did he attempt to put by a portion of his income, it would take years and years to accumulate into a sum worth mentioning. Why, how long would it take him to amass only a thousand pounds? No. There was but one way—that of life insurance. It was a mode that would have occurred to most of us. He did not know how much it would take from his yearly income to effect it. A great deal, he was afraid; for he was approaching what is called middle life.

He had no secrets from his wife. He consulted her upon every point; she was his best friend, his confidant, his gentle counsellor, and he had no intention of concealing the step he was about to take. Why should he?

"Jane," he began, when they were at breakfast the next morning, "do you know what I have been thinking of all night?"

"Trouble, I am sure," she answered. "You have been sadly restless."

"Not exactly trouble, Jane"—for he did not choose to acknowledge, even to himself, that a strange sense of trouble did seem to rest on his heart, and to weigh it down. "I have been thinking more of precaution than trouble."

"Precaution?" echoed Jane, looking at him.

"Ay, love. And the astonishing part of the business to myself is, that I never thought of the necessity for this precaution before."

Jane divined now what he meant. Often and often had the idea occurred to her—"Should my husband's health or life fail, we are destitute." Not for herself did she care, but for her children.

"That sudden attack last night has brought reflection to me," she resumed. "Life is uncertain with the best of us. It may be no more uncertain with me than with others; but I feel that I must act as though it were. Jane, were I taken, there would be no provision for you."

"No," she quietly said.

"And therefore I must set about making one without delay, so far as I can. I shall insure my life."

Jane did not answer immediately. "It will take a good deal of money, Edgar," she presently said.

"I fear it will, but it must be done. What's the matter, Jane? You don't look hopeful over it."

"Because, were you to insure your life, the paying of the yearly premium, and our living, would necessitate your working as hard as you do now."

"Well?" said he. "Of course it would."

"In any case, our expenses shall be much reduced; of that I am determined," she went on, somewhat dreamily, more, it seemed, in self-soliloquy than to her husband. "But, with this premium to pay in addition—"

"Jane," he interrupted, "there's not the least necessity for my relaxing my labours. I shall not think of doing it. I may not be very strong, but I am not ill. As to reducing our expenses, I see no help for that, inasmuch as that I must draw from them for the premium."

"If you only can keep your health, Edgar, it is certainly what ought to be done—the insuring of your life. The thought has often crossed me."

"Why did you never suggest it?"

"I scarcely know. I believe I did not like to do so. And I really did not see how the premium was to be paid. How much shall you insure for?"

"I thought of two thousand pounds. Could we afford more?"

"I should think not. What would be the yearly premium for that sum?"

"I don't know. I will ascertain all particulars. What are you sighing about, Jane?"

Jane was sighing heavily. A weight seemed to have fallen upon her spirits. "To talk of life insurance puts me too much in mind of death," she murmured.

"Now, Jane, you are never going to turn goose!" he gaily said. "I have heard of persons who will not make a will, because it brings to them a fancy that they must be going to die. The insuring my life will not bring death any the quicker to me: I hope I shall be here many a year yet. Why, Jane, I may live to pay the insurance over and over again, in yearly premiums! Better that I had put by the money in a bank, I shall think then."

"The worst of putting by money in a bank, or in any other place of security, is, that you are not *compelled* to put it," observed Jane, looking up a little from her depression. "What ought to be put by, what is intended to be put by, too often goes in present wants, and the putting by ends but in name; whereas, in life insurance, the premium *must* be paid. Edgar," she added, going to a different subject, "I wonder what we shall make of our boys?"

Mr. Halliburton's cheek flushed. "They shall go to college, please God—though I have not been able to get there."

"Oh, I hope so! One or two of them, at any rate."

Little difficulty did there appear to be in the plan to Mr. Halliburton. His boys should enter the university, although he had not: the future of our children appears hopeful and easy to most of us. William and Frank were in the school attached to King's College: of which, you hear, Mr. Halliburton was now a professor. Edgar—never called anything but "Gar"—went to a private school, but he would soon be entered for King's College. Remarkably well educated boys, for their years, were the young Halliburtons: Mr. Halliburton and Jane had taken care of that. The home teaching was more efficient than the school: both combined had rendered them unusually intelligent and advanced. Naturally intellectual, gifted with good qualities of mind and heart, Mrs. Halliburton had not failed to do her duty by them. She spared no pains; she knew how children ought to be brought up, and she did her duty well. Ah my friends! mothers of families! only lay a good foundation in their earlier years, and your children will grow up to bless you.

"Jane, I wonder which office will be the best to insure in?"

Jane began recalling the names of some that sounded familiar to her. "The Phoenix?" suggested she.

Mr. Halliburton laughed. "I think that's only for fire, Jane. I am not sure." In truth, he knew little about insurance offices, himself.

"There's the Sun; and there's the Atlas, and the Argus—oh, and ever so many more," continued Jane.

"I'll inquire all about it to-day," said he.

"I wonder if the premium will take a hundred a year, Edgar?"

He could not tell. He feared it might. "I wish, Jane," he observed, "that I had insured my life when I first married. The early premium would have been small then, and we might have managed to spare it."

"Ay," she answered. "Sometimes I look back to things that I might have done in the past years: and I did not do them. Now the time has gone by!"

"Well, it has not gone by for the insurance," said Mr. Halliburton, rising from the breakfast table, and speaking in a gay tone. "Half-past eight!" he cried, looking at his watch. "Good bye, Jane," said he, bending to kiss her. "Wish me luck."

"A good weighty insurance and small premium," she laughed. "But you are not going about it now?"

"Of course not. I should not find the offices open. I shall take an opportunity of going in the course of the day."

Mr. Halliburton departed on his usual duties. His first attendance was King's College, and there he remained for the morning. Then he set himself to gain information about the various offices and their respective merits: finally he fixed upon the one he should apply to, and bent his steps to it.

It was situated in the heart of the City, in a very busy part of it. The office also appeared to be busy, for several people were in it when Mr. Halliburton entered. A young man came forward to know his business.

"I wish to insure my life," said Mr. Halliburton. "How must I proceed about it?"

"Oh yes, sir. Mr. Procter, will you confer with this gentleman?"

Mr. Halliburton was marshalled to an inner room, where a very gentlemanly man received him. He explained his business in detail, stated his age, and the sum he wished to insure for. Every necessary information was courteously afforded him; and a paper with certain printed questions on it was given him to fill up at his leisure, and then to be returned.

Mr. Halliburton glanced it casually over. "You require a certificate of my birth from the parish register where I was baptised, I perceive," he remarked. "Why so? In stating my age, I have stated it correctly."

The gentleman smiled. "Of that I make no doubt," he said, "for you look younger than the age you have given me. Our office makes it a rule in most cases to require the certificate from the register; all applicants are not scrupulous to tell the truth, and we have been obliged to adopt it in self-defence. We have had cases, we have indeed, sir, where we have insured a life, and then found—though perhaps not until the actual death has taken place—that the insurer was ten years older than he asserted. Therefore we demand the certificate. It does occasionally happen that applicants can bring men of known probity to testify to their age, and then we do not mind dispensing with it."

Mr. Halliburton sent his thoughts round in a circle. There was no person in London who knew his age of their own positive knowledge; so it was useless to think of that. "There will be no difficulty," he said aloud. "I can get the certificate up from Devonshire in the course of two or three days, by writing for it. My father was rector of the church where I was christened. This will be all, then? To fill up this paper, and bring you the certificate."

"All; with the exception of being examined by our physician."

"What! is it necessary for me to be examined by a physician!" exclaimed Mr. Halliburton. "The paper states that I must hand in a report from my ordinary medical attendant. He will not give you a bad report of me," he added, smiling, "for it is little enough I have troubled him. I believe the worst thing he has attended me for, has been a bad cold."

"So much the better," remarked the gentleman. "You do not look very strong."

"Over strong, I don't think I am. I am too hard-worked; get too little recreation and rest. It was the suspecting that I am not so strong as I might be, that set me thinking it might be well to insure my life for the sake of my wife and children," he ingenuously added, in his straightforward candour. "If I could count upon living and working on till I am an old man, I should not need to insure."

The gentleman smiled. "Looks are deceitful," he observed. "Nothing more so. Sometimes those who look the most delicate live the longest."

"You cannot say I look delicate," returned Mr. Halliburton.

"I did not say it. I consider that you do not look robust; but, that is not saying that you look delicate. You may be a completely healthy man, for all I can tell to the contrary."

He ran his eyes over Mr. Halliburton as he spoke, over his tall, fine form, his dark hair, amidst which not a streak of gray mingled, his clearly-out features, and his complexion, bright as a woman's. Was there suspicion in that complexion? "A handsome man, at any rate," thought the gazer, "if not a robust one."

"It will be necessary, then, that I see your appointed physician?" asked Mr. Halliburton.

"Yes. It cannot be dispensed with. We would not insure without it. He attends here twice a week. In the intervening days, he may be seen at his residence, Saville-row, from three to five. It is Dr. Carrington. His days for being here are Mondays and Thursdays."

"And this is Friday," remarked Mr. Halliburton. "I shall probably go up to him."

Mr. Halliburton said "good morning," and came away with his paper. "It's great nonsense, my seeing this doctor!" he cried to himself as he hastened home to dinner, which he knew he must have kept waiting. "But I suppose it is necessary as a general rule; and of course, they won't make me an exception."

Hurrying over his dinner, in a manner that prevented its doing him any good—as Jane assured him—he sat down to his desk when it was over, and wrote for the certificate of his birth. Folding and sealing the letter, he put on his hat to go out again.

"Shall you go to Saville-row this afternoon?" Jane inquired.

"If I can by any possibility get my teaching over in time," he answered. "Young Finchley's hour is four o'clock, but I can put him off till the evening. I dare say I shall get up there."

By dint of haste, Mr. Halliburton contrived to get to Saville-row, and arrived there in much heat at half-past four. There was no necessity for his hurrying there on this particular day, but he felt impatient in his own mind to get the business over; as if speed now could atone for past neglect. Dr. Carrington was engaged, and Mr. Halliburton was shown into a room to wait. Three or four others were waiting there; whether ordinary patients, or whether mere applicants of form like himself, he could not tell; and it was their turn to go in before it was his.

But his turn came at last, and he was ushered into the presence of the doctor—a little man, fair, and of reserved speech, with powder on his head.

Of reserved speech in ordinary intercourse, but certainly not of reserved questions. Mr. Halliburton had

never been so rigidly questioned before. What disorders had he had, and what had he not had? What were his habits, past and present? One question came at last: "Do you feel thoroughly strong?—healthy, elastic?"

"I feel languid in the hot weather," replied Mr. Halliburton.

"Um! Appetite sound and good?"

"Generally speaking. It has not been so good of late."

"Breathing right?"

"Yes, it is a little tight sometimes."

"Um! Subject to a cough?"

"I have no fixed cough. A sort of hacking, dry cough comes on at night occasionally. I attribute it to fatigue."

"Um! Will you open your shirt?" pointing to its bosom.

"Open my shirt!" exclaimed Mr. Halliburton.

"Just unbutton it here"—touching the front—"and your flannel waistcoat, if you wear one."

Mr. Halliburton bared his chest in obedience, and the doctor poked at it a good bit with his fingers. Then he sounded it, and then he put down his ear there. Apparently his ear did not serve him efficiently, for he reached some small instrument out of a drawer, placed it on the chest, and then put his ear to that, changing the position of the instrument three or four times.

"That will do," he said at length.

He turned to put up his instrument again, and Mr. Halliburton drew the edges of his shirt bosom together, and buttoned them.

"Why don't you wear flannel waistcoats?" asked the doctor, with quite a sharp accent, his head down in the drawer.

"I do wear them in the winter; but in the warm weather I leave them off. It was only last week that I discarded them."

"Was ever such folly known!" ejaculated Dr. Carrington. "One would think people were made without common sense. Half the patients who come to me say they leave off their flannels in summer! Why, it is in summer that they are most needed! You go straight home, sir, and put one on."

"Certainly I will, if you deem it right," said Mr. Halliburton, with a smile. "I thank you for telling me."

He took up his hat and waited. The doctor appeared to wait for him to go. "I understood at the office that you would give me a paper, testifying that you had examined me," explained Mr. Halliburton.

"Ah—but I can't give it," said the doctor.

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I am not satisfied with you. I cannot recommend you as a healthy life."

Mr. Halliburton's pulses quickened a little. "Sir!" he repeated. "Not a healthy life?"

"Not sufficiently healthy for insurance."

"Why! what is the matter with me?" he rejoined.

Dr. Carrington looked him full in the face for the space of a minute before replying. "I have had that question asked me before, by parties whom I have felt obliged to decline, as I am now declining you," he said, "and my answer has not always been palatable to them."

"It will be palatable to me, sir; in so far as that I do desire to be made acquainted with the truth. What do you find amiss with me?"

"The lungs are diseased."

A cold chill fell over Mr. Halliburton. "Not extensively, I trust! Not beyond hope of recovery?"

"Were I to say not extensively, I should be deceiving you; and you tell me that you wish for the truth. They are very extensively diseased—"

A mortal pallor overspread Mr. Halliburton's face, and he sank down upon a chair. "Not for myself," he gasped, as Dr. Carrington drew nearer to him. "I have a wife and children. If I die, they will want bread."

"But you did not hear me out," returned the physician, proceeding to continue his sentence with equanimity, as if he had not been disturbed in it. "They are extensively diseased, but not beyond a hope of recovery. I do not say it is a strong hope; but a hope there is, as I judge, provided you observe the right means, and take care of yourself."

"What am I to do? What are the means?"

"You live, I presume, in this stifling, foggy, smoky London."

"Entirely."

"Then get away from it. Go where you can have pure air and a clear atmosphere. That's the first and chief thing; and that's essential. Not for a few weeks or months, you understand me—going out for a change of air, as people call it—you must leave London entirely; go away altogether."

"But it will be impossible," urged Mr. Halliburton. "My business lies in London."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "too many have been with me with whom it was the same case. But, I assure you that you must leave it; or it will be London *versus* life. You appear to me to be one who never ought to have come to London.—You were not born in it?" he abruptly added.

"I never saw it until I was eighteen. I was born and reared in Devonshire."

"Just so. I knew it. Those born and reared in London get acclimatised to it, generally speaking, and it does not hurt them. It does not hurt numbers who are strangers: they find London as healthy a spot for them as any on the face of the globe. But there are a few who cannot and ought not to live in London; and I judge you to be one."

"Has this state of disease been coming on long?"

"Yes, for some years. Had you stayed in Devonshire, you might have been a sound man all your life. My only advice to you is—get away from London. You cannot live long if you remain in it."

Mr. Halliburton thanked the physician and went out. How things had changed for him! What had gone with the day's beauty?—with the blue sky, with the bright sun? The sky was blue still, and the sun shining; but some murky darkness seemed to intervene between his eyes and outward things. Dying? A shiver went through him as he thought of Jane and the children, and a sick feeling of despair settled on his spirit.

CHAPTER VI.

LATER IN THE DAY.

THE man was utterly prostrated. He felt that the fiat of death had gone forth; and, there settled an undercurrent of conviction in his mind, that, for him, there would be no recovery, take what precaution he would. He could not shake it off—nay, he did not try to shake it off—there lay the fact and the fear, like a leaden weight.

He bent his steps towards home, walking the distance; he moved along the streets mechanically—the crowds passed and repassed him, but he seemed far away. Once or twice he lifted his head to them with a yearning gesture. "Oh! that I were like you! bent on business, on pleasure, on social intercourse!" passed through his thoughts. "I am not as you; and for me you can do nothing. You cannot give me health; you cannot give me life."

He entered his own home, and there he was conscious of merry voices and fitting footsteps. A little scene of gaiety was going on: he knew of this, but had forgotten it until that instant. It was the birthday of his little girl, and half a score young friends had been invited to make merry. Jane, looking almost as young, quite as

pretty, as when she married him, sat at the far end of their largest room before a well-spread tea-table. She wore festival attire. Her dress was of pearl-grey watered silk, and a thin gold chain was round her neck. The little visitor girls were mostly in white, and the boys were on their best behaviour. Jane was telling them that tea was ready, and her two servants were helping to place the little people, and to wait upon them.

"Oh, and here's papa, too! just in time," she cried, lifting her eyes gladly at her husband. "That is delightful!"

Mr. Halliburton welcomed the children. He kissed some, he talked to others, just as if he had not that terrible vulture of care within him. They saw nothing amiss; neither did Jane. He took his seat, and drank his tea; all, as it were, mechanically—it did not seem to be himself; he thought it must be somebody else. In the last hour, his whole identity appeared to have changed. Bread and butter was handed to him. He took a slice, and left it. Jane put a piece of cake on his plate: he left that. Eat! with that awful veto racking his senses! No, it was not possible.

He looked round on his children: *his*. William, a gentle boy, with his mother's calm, good face, and her earnest eyes; Jane, a lovely child, with fair curls flowing, and a bright colour on her cheeks, consciously vain this evening in her white birthday robes and her white ribbons; Frank, a dark-eyed, slim boy, always in mischief, his features handsome and clearly cut as were his father's; Gar, a delicate little chap, with fair curls like his sister Jane's. Must he *leave* these children?—abandon them to the mercies of a cold and cruel world?—bequeath them no place in it; no means of support? "Oh, God! Oh, God!" broke from his bitter heart, "if it be Thy will to take me, may'st Thou shelter them!"

"Edgar!"

He started palpably, so far in thought was he away. Yet it was only his wife who spoke to him.

"Edgar, have you been up to Dr. Carrington's?" she whispered, bending towards him.

In his confusion he muttered some unintelligible words, which she took for a denial; there was a vast deal of buzzing just then from the young voices around. Two of the gentlemen, Frank being one, were in a hot contention touching a third gentleman's rabbits. Mrs. Halliburton called Frank to order, and said no more to her husband for the present.

"We are to dance after tea," said Jane. "I have been learning one quadrille to play. It is very easy, and mamma says I play it quite nicely."

"Oh, we don't want dancing," grumbled one of the boys. "We'd like blindman's-buff."

Opinions were divided again. The young ladies wanted dancing, the boys blindman's-buff. Mrs. Halliburton was appealed to.

"I think it must be dancing first, and blindman's-buff afterwards," said she.

Tea over, the furniture was pushed aside, to leave a clear space for the dancers. Mr. Halliburton, his back against the wall, stood looking at them. Looking at them, as was supposed; but, had they been keen observers, they would have known that his eyes in reality saw not: they, like his thoughts, were far away.

His wife did presently notice that he seemed particularly abstracted. She came up to him: he was standing with his arms folded, his head bent. "Edgar, are you well?"

"Well? Oh, yes, dear," he replied, making an effort to rouse himself.

"I hope you have no more teaching to go out to, to-night?"

"I ought to go to young Finchley. I put him off till seven o'clock."

"Then"—was her quick rejoinder—"if you put off young Finchley, how was it you could not get to Saville Row?"

"I have been occupied all the afternoon, Jane." Mr. Halliburton, wanting the courage to say how the matter really stood, evaded the question.

But, to go to young Finchley, or to any other pupil that night, Mr. Halliburton felt himself physically unequal to. Teach! Explain abstruse rules in Greek and Latin, with his mind in its present tune! It seemed to him that it little mattered—if he was to be taken from them so soon—whether he ever taught again. He was in the very depths of depression!

Suddenly, as he stood looking on, a thought came flashing over him like a ray of light. Like a ray of light? Nay, like a whole gushing flood of it. What if Dr. Carrington was wrong?—if it should prove that, in reality, nothing was the matter with him? Doctors—and very clever ones—were, he knew, sometimes mistaken in their opinions. Perhaps Dr. Carrington was!

It was scarcely likely, he went on to reason, that a mortal disease should have seized upon him, and he to have lived in ignorance of it! Why, he seemed to have had very little the matter with him; nothing to talk of, nothing to lie by for: comparatively speaking, he had been a healthy man—was in health then. Yes, the belief did present itself, that Dr. Carrington was deceived. He, in the interests of the insurance office, might be over-cautious.

Mr. Halliburton left the wall, and grew cheerful and gay, and talked freely to the children. One little lady asked if he would dance with her. He laughed, and felt half inclined to do so.

Which was the real mood—that sombre one, or this? Was there nothing *false* about this one—was there no secret consciousness that it did not accord with the actual belief of his mind; that he was but forcing it forth? Be it as it would, it did not last: in the very middle of a gay sentence to his own little Janey, the old agony, the fear, returned—returned with terrific violence, like a torrent that has burst its bounds.

"I can't bear this uncertainty!" he murmured to himself. And he went out of the room and took up his hat. Mrs. Halliburton, who at that moment happened to be crossing from another room, saw him open the hall door.

"Are you going to young Finchley, Edgar?"

"No. I shall give him holiday for to-night. I shall be in soon, Jane."

He went straight to their own family medical attendant, a Mr. Allen, who lived close by. They were personal friends.

To the inquiry of whether Mr. Allen was at home, the servant was about to usher him into the family sitting room, but Mr. Halliburton stepped into the dusky surgery. He was in no mood for ladies' company. "I'll wait here," he said. "Tell your master I wish to say just a word to him."

The surgeon came immediately, a lighted candle in his hand. He was a dark man with a thin face. "Why won't you come in?" he asked. "There's only Mrs. Allen and the girls. Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, Allen, there is something the matter," was the reply of Mr. Halliburton. "I want a friend this night; one who will deal with me candidly and openly: and I come to you. Sit down."

They both sat down; and Mr. Halliburton gave him the history of the past four-and-twenty hours: commencing with the fainting fit, and ending with his racking doubts as to whether Dr. Carrington's opinion was warranted by facts, or whether he might have been deceived. "Allen," he concluded, "you must see what

you can make out of my state; and you must report to me without disguise, as you would report to your own soul."

The surgeon looked grave. "Carrington is a clever man," he said. "One whom it would be difficult to deceive."

"I know what his reputation is. But these clever men are not infallible. Put his opinion out of your mind: examine me for yourself, and tell me what you think."

Mr. Allen proceeded to do so. He first of all asked Mr. Halliburton a few general questions as to his present state of health, as he would have done by any other patient, and then he tested his chest and lungs.

"Now then—the truth," said Mr. Halliburton.

"The truth is—so far as I can judge—that you are in no present danger whatever."

"Neither did Dr. Carrington say I was—in present danger," hastily replied Mr. Halliburton. "Are my lungs sound?"

"They are not sound; but neither do I think they are very extensively diseased. You may live for many years with care."

"Would any insurance office take me?"

"No. I do not think it would."

"It is just my death-knell, Allen."

"If you look at it in that dark light, I shall be very sorry to have given you my opinion," observed the surgeon. "I repeat that, by dint of taking care of yourself, you may stave off the disease, and live many years. I would not say this unless I thought it."

"And, would your opinion be the same as the doctor's—that I must quit London for the country?"

"I think you would have a far better chance of getting well in the country than you have here. You have told me over and over again, you know, that you were sure London air was bad for you."

"Ay, I have," replied Mr. Halliburton. "I never have felt downright well in it, and that's the truth. Well, I must see what can be done. Good evening."

If the edict did not appear to be so irrevocably dark as that of Dr. Carrington, it was yet dark enough; and Mr. Halliburton, striving to look it full in the face, as he was in the habit of doing by less grave troubles, endeavoured to set himself to think "what could be done." There was no possible chance of keeping it from his wife: if it was really necessary that their place of residence should be changed, she must be taken into the counsel; and the sooner she was told the better. He went home, resolved to tell her before he slept.

The little troop departed, the children in bed, they sat together over the fire; the weather had come in warm, but a bit of evening fire was pleasant still. He sat nervous and fidgety. Now the moment had come, he shrunk from his task.

"Edgar, I am sure you are not well!" she exclaimed.

"I have observed it all the evening."

"Yes, Jane, I am well. Pretty well, that is. The truth is, my darling, I have some bad news for you, and I don't like to tell it."

Her own family were safe and well under her roof, and her fears flew to Francis, to Margaret, to Robert. Mr. Halliburton stopped her.

"It does not concern any of them, Jane. It is about myself."

"But what can it be, about yourself?"

"They—will—not—Will you listen to the news with a brave heart?" he broke off to ask, with a smile and the most cheering look he could call up to his face.

"Oh yes." She smiled too. She thought it could be nothing very bad.

"They will not insure my life, Jane."

Her heart stood still. "But why?"

"They consider it too great a risk. They fancy I am not strong."

A sudden flush of heat to her face; a moment's stillness; and then Jane Halliburton clasped her hands with a faint cry of despair. She saw that more remained behind.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Charities of London in 1861; comprising an Account of the Operations, Resources, and General Condition of the Charitable, Educational, and Religious Institutions of London. By SAMPSON LOW, JUNIOR. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

No city in the world is the seat of so many public charities as London. It stands as proudly pre-eminent for its benevolent institutions as for its population, its commercial activity, and its wealth. The vast majority of these institutions are due to Protestant zeal and liberality. Only a small minority are sustained by Roman Catholics and Jews. We can therefore point to these organisations as a triumphant proof of the living power and practical activity of the Protestant public. The vast sum which is annually raised for these purposes must be viewed, as Mr. Low remarks, "as a product of faith and love, and an evidence of enlarged sympathy with the wants and sufferings of humanity." Even the brute creation comes in for a share of this generous compassion.

The aggregate yearly income of the institutions enumerated in this volume is put down by the author at two millions, four hundred and forty-one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-seven pounds. But this sum, vast as it is, does not represent the whole, for a number of more or less obscure and yet public charities are omitted, so that we may say at least two millions and a half are devoted to relieve the spiritual and temporal wants and woes of men. If to this we add the special gifts of private individuals, we shall have a total of not less than three millions. After this, let none say that charity does not exist among us, that we have no hope, and that our faith is dead. Nothing but the Gospel, freely and faithfully preached, could have produced such blessed fruits.

The variety of these institutions proves the variety of human wants and sufferings; but at the same time it proves the wakefulness of our benevolence, and the vastness of our resources. We may look a little closer at this matter, for Mr. Low has skillfully classified the contents of his work. First come the hospitals and dispensaries for all forms of disease and deformity, and accidents of every kind. Of these there are 119. Then come institutions for the preservation of life, health, and public morals. These include provisions for improving dwellings, for erecting public fountains, for preventing vice, for reclaiming and reforming the vicious, and for receiving the outcast. Of these there are 51. Next we have institutions for the relief of ordinary destitution and distress, and for aiding the resources of the industrious; funds for benevolent and provident objects, charitable funds and trusts, and special patriotic and relief funds. Of these there are 177. For the aged there are 124 colleges, hospitals, almshouses, and other asylums. If single almshouses were counted, the number would be far greater. Sixteen charities are promoting the welfare of the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and the poor cripple. Educational establishments occupy a very prominent position. There are societies and funds for promoting and aiding schools and adult instruction, asylums for maintaining and educating orphan children, asylums for educating and maintaining children generally, besides hospital and collegiate, grammar and parochial schools, libraries, lectures,

working men's institutes, &c. Taking in all these, it is impossible to say how many there are, all more or less dependent upon public liberality. To all these must be added our religious societies for spreading the Bible and Christian literature, for building churches and chapels, and for preaching the Gospel to every creature, at home and abroad. Of these, Mr. Low reckons 56 Bible and home missionary societies and funds, and 25 specially for foreign parts, besides four miscellaneous institutions: 85 in all. This noble array of Christian charities is put down by Mr. Low at 640, of which 423 are the creation of the present century.

This evangelic charity, for we owe it to the Gospel, is unwearied in its offices from the cradle of its recipients to their grave. It wraps him in swaddling clothes, nurses, educates, and apprentices him. He may be a foundling or an orphan, but it receives him, and is a father and a mother to him. If distorted or suffering from incurable disease, it ministers to him. If he wanders from the path of honesty and virtue, it pities and helps him. If he is dumb, or deaf, or blind, it opens its arms to him. If hungry, naked, and homeless, it finds him food, and clothes, and shelter. In the burning house or the gaping waves, it stretches out a hand to save him. In all the ills that flesh is heir to, it visits him. The maiden has her marriage portion, the mother her necessary aid. Cleanliness, industry, sobriety, and morality are encouraged and promoted. Worldly losses are mitigated; the stranger and foreigner are sheltered, and the aged finds a home. Wholesome amusements are blended with instruction; habits of providence are fostered, and devices for preserving health are available. Even the dying couch is not forsaken, and charity opens and closes the peaceful grave.

In a religious point of view the charities of London are equally wonderful and splendid. The Gospel is preached to the poor in churches, chapels, and streets; it is taught in schools, and carried to neglected homes. Societies exist for circulating the Bible and religious books, for educating and sustaining evangelists, ministers, and missionaries, to Catholics and Protestants, Jew and Gentile, at home and abroad, over all the world. For these sacred purposes, Mr. Low tells us, one million, ten thousand, four hundred and twenty-four pounds are given in a single year. This magnificent sum is raised by Protestants alone; not a single Roman Catholic institution is included in the list. Here is something to be proud of, or rather to be thankful for; something for which no parallel can be found in any other community.

There is much more in Mr. Low's excellent work upon which we might dilate, but our space is limited, and we must forbear. Generally speaking, the book appears to be remarkably accurate, and it has been compiled with great care and impartiality. We have noticed scarcely an omission, and scarcely an error; in fact, only two of each. The Baptist College is not at Stepney, but in Regent's Park, whither it was removed a few years since, and where it contains not twenty, but more than forty students. The new college at St. John's Wood was formed not out of Homerton College only, but out of Homerton, Coward, and Highbury Colleges. There is an Independent College at Hackney, and there is a society called the Evangelical Continental Society. As we have examined the book minutely, we are in a position to recommend it to the careful study of the Christian philanthropist, who will rejoice to see that London, with all its misery, vice, ignorance, and irreligion, is the home of a mighty array of diversified beneficence, sufficient to strike the most apathetic with astonishment, if not with delight. We have our church parties and our doctrinal differences, but here it can be seen that we have, too, our works of faith and our labours of love.

Progress of the Truth.

ALEXANDRIA.

THE Rev. G. W. York, of the Scottish Church, thus writes of the school-work at Alexandria:—"From the period of opening till that of the Rev. Mr. Christie's removal to Constantinople, the school, under his able guidance, made gradual progress. Jews, Mohammedans, Greeks, Latins, Syrians, and a few Protestants, gladly availed themselves of the advantages it offered. To free the committee as much as possible from expense, we charged fees varying from twelve to sixteen shillings a month from each pupil. Besides the boys' school, the one for girls, supported by the Glasgow Ladies' Association, may be reckoned amongst our agencies. This is under the energetic superintendence of Miss Ashley, and is day by day making progress. The number of pupils at present is twenty. We have been under very great disadvantages in the way of accommodation for this school, but we have the prospect of obtaining a better house next May, and then of receiving considerable additions to the number of scholars. Miss Ashley has received no small encouragement in her work, which gives her heart to go steadily on."

With regard to the "Harbour Chaplaincy," the same gentleman says:—"I am glad in being able to say that there is much here to encourage and cheer the heart. Our services of late have been exceedingly interesting, and, now that our stormy weather is almost gone, we expect them to become yet more so. We have now three regular services a-week in the Bethel ship—Sabbath morning and evening, and Tuesday evening. On last Sabbath morning we had 110 present, in the evening 90, and on Tuesday evening 55. Mr. Drew is every way fitted for his work as Scripture-reader, and is greatly beloved by the seamen. In the new charts lately published by the Admiralty, the Bethel is marked as one of the prominent objects in the harbour, so that captains are aware of its existence before they reach this, which is a great matter. Before referring to other matters, I would like to make a request for tracts, magazines, &c., for use in this department of the Mission. Some time ago a few ladies in Liverpool kindly sent me out a box of books, which have been of great service to us. Perhaps some other friends would imitate their example. We may remark that to missionaries generally there could be no more acceptable present than a parcel of good books or periodicals. Our tract distribution is about 200 a-week, so we require a good supply; at present our stock is nearly exhausted. If any friend would send us some copies of 'Family Prayers,' cheap edition, it would be a great boon. I have circulated nearly the whole of those sent by the committee, and I know that they are extensively used in conducting family worship on land, and for service on board ship. The service in the church on shore has been well attended for several months past. The English church was for some time closed, and many of the seriously disposed Episcopalians worshipped with us. Now, a new chaplain has arrived, and these have ceased their attendance at our service. The monthly prayer meeting at my own house still keeps up a good attendance. There were 27 at our last meeting."

AN Abyssinian reconciliation is done through a mediator. When the parties are prepared for reconciliation, one of them, usually the most culpable, places a stone upon his neck, and approaching the other, asks forgiveness of his offence. The other, saying to him, "May God forgive you," takes the stone and places it upon his own neck, in order, in his turn, to crave pardon of the former; who, in granting him his request, re-takes the stone, and restores it to its place.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

APRIL 27.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.—The chronology of the Church ought not to exclude the greatest of Oriental and sacred linguists, Sir William Jones, who died on this day, in 1794. Unlike the Jew, Gesenius, whose learning and authority, though reliable, are only that of a prodigious scholar, the subject of our present notice was a Christian and a Protestant. His singular merit is, that firmly believing in the authenticity of the Scriptures of both the Old and the New Testament, as an express and exclusive revelation from Heaven, he has added more to the amount and value of such proof than any other scholar of either ancient or modern times; and that, in doing this, he has been seemingly unconscious of the singularly high value of the contributions which his attainments as a linguist enabled him to lay on the altar of truth, as weapons for the use of others against the cause of infidelity. Every one can quote his deliberately expressed opinion as the result of his life of studious toil, "I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume (independently of its Divine origin) contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written." No one can rise from the perusal of even a sketch of the translations effected by Sir William, and which he successfully traced back to their dates, without feeling the irresistible conviction that, however ancient, they were only transcripts—mere compilations—and not originals; in fact, defaced and mutilated versions of traditions of a Triune God, and of a vicarious atonement for sin, handed down from the first families of the earth to the Hindoos, their descendants, and, in this respect, superseding and cutting away the ground from under the feet of Volney and the infidel school of France. The merit of Sir William Jones appears to be, that he does not insist on the value of what is obviously invaluable and conclusive. His conviction of the truth of Scripture was founded on an experimental knowledge of Christ as his Saviour. But that does not render his learned researches less priceless in the confutation of those who, affecting great learning, too often mislead the ignorant by pretended reference to the theology of the Hindoos as the origin of our own, as more ancient than the Christian, and equally fabulous. Another great merit of Sir William Jones, was, that while studying, according to a determinate plan, the history of the ancient world, and, with a critical knowledge of twelve languages, translating its sacred books, accumulating, at every step, the proofs and illustrations of the authenticity of our exclusive revelation, and collecting oral and written testimony as to the fact of the deluge, he was, notwithstanding his great attainments and vast powers of investigation, a *self-educated* scholar. No man has made great attainments but by severe toil. He was one of them; and such men never waste their time on trifles, nor do they miss their aim. Whether right or wrong, he was accustomed to maintain, as did also Dr. Johnson, that "what man has done man may do;" that "all were born with an equal capacity" for improvement. If it be questionable whether all capacities are equal, there can be no question as to the universal susceptibility of improvement, and the duty of individual effort, which, as in this instance, insures its own reward.

JOHN MILTON.—It was on this day, in 1667, that Milton executed the contract disposing of the copyright of his "Paradise Lost" to Simmons, a printer and stationer in London, "for the present sum of five pounds,

and five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies should have been sold in retail; the like sum at the end of the sale of the second and third editions, to be accounted as aforesaid; and that each of the said three first impressions should not exceed fifteen hundred copies." The second payment was made to the author, April 28, 1669, and in December, 1680, his widow disposed of her entire interest in the work for eight pounds. Though the Established Church cannot claim Milton as one of its ablest champions, the Protestantism of England must ever recognise the greatest of our epic poets as one of the most distinguished among the advocates of civil and religious liberty. As to the sale of the greatest religious poem of modern times, we must remember that the learning which could appreciate its allusions, and the love of literature, were then far from being so widely diffused as at present. And though the patronage of Sumers and the criticism of Addison ultimately brought it into greater notice, immediate approbation by no means could be expected in behalf of a production emanating from a man who lived and died under the heaviest frown of the restored dynasty, and who was recognized merely as the active associate and apologist of those who had overthrown the monarchy. Though there are weak and faulty conceptions in the "Paradise Lost," it is, nevertheless, quite true, that of all the poets who have introduced supernatural agency into their compositions, the great English lyrical is the most successful. The "Divina Commedia" of Dante is a narrative of a supposed personal witness. But the only other poem which it may aspire to equal, namely, the "Paradise Lost" of our own Protestant Milton, is a revelation of things beheld in vision beyond and before the bounds of time and space, in consonance with the spirit and details of the revealed Word, and free from any indorsement of the doctrine of purgatory, or any other of the mere inventions of priestcraft; a chastened yet glowing picture of mysterious events in the eternity of the past, upon which, as an apostle has assured us, the "angels desire to look," and where the imagination of the devout Christian may tire itself without leaping the bounds of Scriptural truth. Protestantism may be proud of the greatest of the three great poets of ancient and modern times, but prouder still of the man for whom it was reserved, that, looking farther and seeing deeper than the men of his time, he could not only discern, but ably denounce, the fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and point with unerring sagacity to the unnumbered blessings we now realise in the liberty of the press, the extension of education through its cheap agency, and from the unfettered exercise of private judgment, necessarily associated with the absence of any such restriction.

APRIL 28.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.—The history of our ecclesiastical architecture is closely identified with the history of the Church. On this day, in 1220, was laid the first stone of the cathedral of Salisbury, which, however, was not completed until 1258. Salisbury is one of the few cities or towns of ancient times whose origin is precisely defined by authentic records. Perhaps there is no city in Europe the early history of which is so free from uncertainty. The cathedral was the nucleus of the city. Pope Honorius issued a bull to Richard Poore, authorising him to remove the seat of his diocese from Old Sarum, where the former cathedral stood, and where, as a military post, the clergy had been frequently insulted. The bishop obtained from Henry III. a charter constituting the new establishment a free city, and conferring upon its inhabitants the same immunities and privileges as enjoyed by the people of Winchester. In the reign of James I., a new charter, subsequently amended by Queen Anne, confirmed all their former privileges, and more accurately regulated the duties and powers of the

local clergy. The erection of the cathedral having been thus commenced, under such favourable auspices, the building proceeded with such rapidity that, in less than five years, a portion of it was ready for sacred uses. Three altars were consecrated on the vigil of St. Michael in 1225, one to the honour of the Holy Trinity and all saints, a second to St. Peter and the apostles, and a third to St. Stephen and the rest of the martyrs. On this occasion, many very valuable offerings were deposited; among the rest, a manuscript of the Bible set with precious stones and the relics of many saints. These appear to have been preserved here till the period of the Reformation, since we find them included in the inventory made by the commissioner of Henry VIII. In 1226 the Earl of Sarum died, was here buried, and the bodies and tombs of three bishops were removed hither from Old Sarum. Bishop Poore was then translated to the see of Durham. The great work of the cathedral was brought to a close by Egidius or Giles de Bridport, as far at least as was first intended, for the spire, which was subsequently erected, is said to have been an after thought, and formed no part of the original design. The dedication took place in September, 1258, and the whole cost, as appeared from an account delivered to the king, was 40,000 marks, a large sum in the money of those days. In the time of Sir Christopher Wren, the spire was struck with lightning, and in consequence of its remarkable declension from the perpendicular, that architect was required to survey and draw up a report. The cathedral is admitted to be one of the most interesting ecclesiastical edifices in Europe, combining the qualities of simplicity and harmony of design with beauty of proportion and chasteness of decoration. The church consists of a nave, with two side aisles, a bold and lofty porch, a large transept with an eastern aisle, a choir with lateral aisles, a second or small transept with an aisle, a chapel at the east end with an immediate vestibule or double aisle terminating the choir, and a lofty tower and spire which rise from the intersection of the great transept. To the south side are appended the cloister, chapter-house, consistory court and vestry. The spire rises to an elevation of 404 feet; and that a structure so lofty, and so light and tapering, should have swerved during the course of five centuries twenty-two inches from the perpendicular is not surprising. The fact of its having stood so long securely upon its narrow base is a conclusive proof of the talent of the architect, the skill of the mason, and the excellence of the materials. The "leaning tower of Pisa," the apparently crooked and overhanging tall spire of Chesterfield, which, however, is constructed of wood, and many similar instances, go to prove that there is an amount of slow deflection, from lateral sinking and other causes, which is not only inevitable, but which is consistent with perfect safety in ecclesiastical as well as in other erections.

APRIL 29.

DEATH OF ADALBERT.—On this day, in 997, the Archbishop of Prague, one of the first founders of Christianity in Hungary, and who also extended his labours into Prussia, was murdered by Sego, a pagan priest. His death was avenged by Boleslas, King of Poland.

APRIL 30.

BRAZENNOSE COLLEGE.—Brazennose College, in Oxford, was founded in 1509 by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, in concert with his friend Sir Richard Sutton. Some writers give the date of the foundation as 1513, but this refers more correctly to its completion.

MAY 1.

MAY.—The name of this month is thus derivable:—The month among the Romans was sacred to Mercury, the offspring of Maia, another name for the brightest of the Pleiades. Upon this day, B.C. 129, the pretors of Perga-

mus issued a singular decree, in which it was attested that their ancestors were "friendly to the Jews, even in the time of Abraham, as is seen in the public records." This is important in reference to the question as to the confessed source of many mutilated traditions.—On this day, in the year 305, Diocletian, remembered chiefly as a bitter persecutor of the early Christians, abdicated the throne, and laid aside the imperial dignity in the presence of his soldiers and a multitude of people, upon a plain about three miles from Nicomedia; Maximian resigning his share of the imperial dignity at Milan upon the same day. It is related that when this ambitious old man afterwards solicited Diocletian to resume authority, the Emperor calmly replied, that if Maximian "could see the cabbages he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he would no longer urge him to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power."

OTHER EVENTS.—On this day, in 1619, the decrees of the synod of Dort were publicly read and the council dissolved. This famous Calvinistic convocation first assembled in November, 1618, composed of six members from each of the provinces, twelve from North and South Holland, with deputies from London, and ten other foreign cities and republics. The tenets embodied in these decrees, once as universally embraced in Holland as in Scotland, are still nominally the faith of the Dutch Reformed Church in the United States.—The union of England and Scotland was consummated on this day, in 1707—a circumstance by no means unimportant in the history of the Protestant Church, nor of slight importance to the political prosperity of the United Kingdom.—This is the period of harvest in the Holy Land. It was the birth-day, in 1672, of Joseph Addison, and the day of the death, in 1700, of John Dryden, two of our most eminent English poets, one of whom was an ornament to Protestantism, to the cause of purity and good taste—a man whose religion had in it nothing enthusiastic or superstitious, whose morality was neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid—a writer whose delicate genius has purified intellectual pleasure, separated wit from licentiousness, and brought elegance to the aid of goodness. The other, in his latter years, a professed Roman Catholic, whose efforts in direct defence of that Church are not only the worst, but the weakest effusions of his frequently licentious muse.

MAY 2.

ASSASSINATION OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP.—In 1679, the Presbyterian government in Scotland being overturned, and episcopacy restored, James Sharp was appointed Archbishop of St. Andrews. He became very odious, and was accused by his former friends of treachery and perfidy. Many wanton cruelties were imputed to him, and not entirely without foundation; since after the defeat of the Presbyterians at Pentland Hills, he received an order from the king to stop the executions, and yet kept it some time before he produced it in council. In the violent spirit of that age, he was waylaid on Magnus Moor, dragged from his coach by nine assassins, who dispatched him with their swords. That he was a renegade, and also a man of cruelty and blood, may be justly affirmed, however we may regret the spirit which dictated the crime which was involved in the enforcement of such a penalty.

MAY 3.

HOLY ROOD DAY.—The day of the "invention" or finding of the Cross, by the Empress Helena (so fabulous tradition relates it), in 326—the identical cross upon which the Redeemer suffered. It is notorious that there are now existing as many fragments of the "true cross" as from their number to render it impossible that one-tenth portion can be genuine, and to render it equally impossible to know which of them is entitled to claim distinction among its competitors.

THE PHYSICAL ASPECT OF CHRISTIANITY.

MAN has a body as well as a soul, and the law of the Gospel certainly lays claim to bodily service. If we carefully examine what bodily service Christ enjoins upon us, we shall, we think, discover an argument for the beneficent design as well as for the Divine origin of Christianity. Heaven is not promised as the reward of works, but still some works are enjoined, and others are forbidden to the candidates for life eternal. By comparing the Christian rule in this respect with other systems, with human nature, and with man's circumstances, we shall see at once how superior Christianity is to other religions, and how its requirements contemplate the happiness and welfare of the world.

Other religions recognise and claim to control the physical nature of man. It is so with Hinduism, which attaches a sacred character, and gives rules to almost all the actions of life. Let us give a few examples. When he rises from sleep, the devotee of Brahma must rub his teeth with a particular kind of wood. He must then take his bath, which is a very complicated ceremony. He must sip some water, and sprinkle some before him, must repeat certain prayers and formulas, and throw water upon his head eight times; besides which, he must cast water upon the ground. There are also other modes of performing the ablutions, equally tedious. When the bath is over, he must worship the rising sun. This he does by tying the lock of hair on the crown of his head, while he repeats a certain form of words, holding some grass in his left hand, and three blades of grass in his right hand. This grass must be of a particular kind. The worshipper must then sip water three times, repeating the mysterious names of the worlds, each time washing his hands. With his wet hand he must touch certain specified parts of his body. After this, he must again sip water three times, repeating the prescribed words. Various other ceremonies follow, and at length the worship is complete. The rules for the daily life of such a person are complicated and burdensome in the extreme. When a man is dying, he must be laid upon a bed of a certain kind of grass; he is required to make donations of property; his head should be sprinkled with water from the Ganges, and anointed with clay from the same sacred river; a certain stone is to be placed near his head, appointed words are to be repeated aloud in his ears, and leaves of holy basil are to be scattered over his head. The funeral obsequies are numerous and complicated, and include the burning of the corpse, but are not concluded by it. Sacrifices and pilgrimages, countless ceremonies and acts, come within the sphere of a Hindu's religious duty from his birth to his death, and some of them follow him after death. In all the duties and relations of life these things wait upon him, so that if he be faithful to his creed, no small portion of his life and substance is devoted to so-called religious acts and exercises. How painful,

cruel, and even immoral, some of the sacred rites of Hinduism are, is sufficiently known.

What we have said of Hinduism applies very much to Buddhism. It abounds in forms and outward observances, and its laws reach all the actions and circumstances of life. If a faithful Hindu has his hands tolerably full, so has the faithful Buddhist from his birth to his burial. Whatever importance is attached by this system to moral virtues and mental exercises, it enjoins a vast number of rites and ceremonies. They say that in addition to certain preliminary precepts, Buddha promulgated 108,500,036 precepts for the benefit of his disciples. Of course, this number is an imaginary one, but it is not without meaning. The priestly order does everything by rule, and their whole life is in a manner controlled by special laws. A priest enters upon his course by becoming a pupil in a school kept by a priest, and here he is gradually initiated into the duties of his future office. The candidate, or novice, is instructed in what he must do and avoid, and required to perform a multitude of observances. He must rise before daylight, clean his teeth, and then sweep all the places that are proper to be swept; after which, he must fetch water, filter it, and place it ready for use. Then he must retire to a solitary place, and meditate for three hours, when a bell will ring, and he must go to a place appointed for worship. There he must offer flowers, &c. Then he must go to other places, where worship is offered, and, spreading the cloth or skin that he is accustomed to place under him, he has to worship again with his face to the ground, and touching the earth with his knees and toes. He is next to look into the calendar to notice the age of the moon, &c. Then he must take his alms-bowl, and go round from house to house, begging for food, avoiding to look at men, women, elephants, horses, chariots, and soldiers. Returning with his bowl to the convent, he is to fold his robe and put it in the proper place, to set a seat, wash his master's feet, and, if he is thirsty, offer him a tooth-cleaner, and bring the alms-bowl, or a little rice. Before and after eating certain verses have to be repeated, and the food must be eaten in a prescribed manner. Then taking the alms-bowl of his superior, he must wash it, put it in the sun to dry, and afterwards deposit it in its proper place. He must next wash his face, put on his robe, worship his superior, and worship Buddha. The rest of the day is to be given to meditation, writing, or copying the sacred books, and finally, sweeping the court-yard, &c., at sunset.

Such are a portion of the duties of the novice. His ordination to the priesthood is by special ceremonies, and his future life is one endless round of minute observances. He must practice celibacy, renounce all property, and live on alms. His diet is regulated in the strictest manner, in order to avoid pollution and to obtain merit. He must not lie down to sleep, he must shave his head, and he must have

not more than three robes, which must be patched and disfigured. Asceticism and privation are highly meritorious, &c. &c.

We find the same sanctity attached to outward rites, and the same inveterate propensity to multiply them in all false systems of religion, and, indeed, the religion of the Gospel alone finds no place for them. The Mohammedan believes in them, and the Jew believes in them equally with the idolater. As for the Jews, not content with the precepts enjoined by the law of Moses, they went on adding to them until our Lord declared the law of God was made void by their traditions. The scribes and Pharisees, he said, "bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders."

The corruptions of Christianity exhibit similar phenomena. In the Greek and Romish Churches thousands of external performances and observances have been grafted on to the Gospel, until it has become obscured and disguised. The worship of saints and relics, of holy places and things, is but a small portion of what has been introduced. Penances and fastings, pilgrimages and genuflections, all come under this head. The consequence is dreadful. Men dignify with the name of religion, and regard as means of salvation, what Christ never appointed; and thus the Saviour is dishonoured. Hence, we find that persons may be addicted to these corrupt practices, who are wicked and cruel in their lives.

Yet, under all these perversions, there lies a something which Christianity recognises—not in form, but in fact. Our religion, as we have said, claims to control the physical nature of man. It does not lose sight of the body with which we are clothed, and it requires that the actions of our life should be part of our obedience to Christ. False systems give an endless round of minute precepts as to the doing of things either indifferent or unprofitable, as well as of things which it is right and well to do. The Gospel enjoins us in general to follow what is good and true, and to avoid what is false and evil: it encourages us to pursue virtue and wisdom, and persuades us to flee from vice and folly. It does not, however, leave us in doubt as to what is meant by these things, but often specifies and descends to particulars. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you," it says, "do ye also unto them." It bids us be diligent in business, to render to all their due, and to honour all men. It lays a claim to all our time and faculties, requiring us not to neglect our own affairs, to promote the happiness and welfare of our fellow-men, and to glorify God in our body as well as in our spirit. In one word, it enjoins upon us unceasing activity in the doing of what God approves.

Every aid and every motive which we can possibly desire is supplied us. The instructions of the Scriptures are so full and clear, that we can seldom hesitate as to the character of what invites our efforts. There is nothing impossible, or even burdensome, in the laws of Christ. As he said, "his yoke is easy, and his burden is light." He does not weary us with vain repetitions, either of ceremony or of speech. He asks no hard service at our hands. The willing, easy service of a believing, loving heart, is what he requires. We are to exert ourselves, but not to injure ourselves. We are to succour the distressed, to comfort the afflicted, to teach the ignorant, to relieve the needy, and to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of our fellow-men in every way. Instead of

the idle and unprofitable, and we may add, selfish and arbitrary, rules of superstition, all is to the honour and profit of man and the glory of God.

Now, if we look at human nature, we shall see that the Gospel herein coincides with its noblest faculties. The fall has left us with some perception of what is right between man and man, and with some feelings which in themselves are proper. The Gospel appeals to these, and enlists them in Christ's service; it refines, purifies, and directs them; it brings them under the control of God's law, and spiritualises them by his grace. The Gospel asks us to do what we should delight to do if we were wholly sanctified. Perfection is the standard of the believer, and his constant aim is to reach it. Regenerated human nature will use all its former powers, now ennobled and elevated, for the best and noblest purposes. We may add, that by a gracious arrangement, we are assisted in our endeavours, and our endeavours themselves are exercises by which we are trained and disciplined, and led on to higher degrees of holiness. Nowhere else do we find provisions so admirable for restoring man to the image of God. The very works of the Spirit are fruits of the Spirit, and are made the means of our advancement in spirituality and likeness to Christ. And then, we have his blessed example as our pattern, to stimulate and regulate our conduct in all the works of faith and labours of love.

The last point to which our attention shall now be turned is the agreement of the rule of Christian duty with our circumstances. We are placed in a world where many influences are exerted upon us, adverse to the development and display of Christian graces, but we are in a world which affords many opportunities of displaying them. Poverty and sickness, irreligion and vice, tyranny and slavery, and death itself invite our benevolent energies. If we love Christ, we love our fellow-men, and we desire their welfare. Our law is, that as we have opportunity and ability, we should do good to all men. Our own disadvantages will furnish us with a stimulus to rise superior to them. Others' woes will awaken our sympathy in their behalf. The Gospel bids us help those who need help; not to waste our time, energy, and means in empty ceremonies, and upon sordid priests.

These remarks will, we think, show that the Gospel bears the stamp of a Divine original; that it is a religion of unbounded wisdom and benevolence; and that it transcends all other systems, as day transcends the night. While it confers upon us blessings of priceless value, it trains us for honour and usefulness, and makes us a blessing. While it sets before us salvation as of the pure grace and free favour of God, it imposes upon us duties which it is to our peril to neglect. These duties, so far as they relate to man and the world, are all designed to diffuse happiness among others, and to bring more of it to ourselves. Let us, then, not be weary in well-doing.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. THEBES TO JOPPA.

BIDDING farewell to Thebes and all its ruined grandeur, we find ourselves once more upon the Nile. At a great bend of the river we soon have Keveh on the right, and Dendera on the left. The ruins of Dendera are best seen in ascending the stream, as they are more modern and less excellent in style than those of Thebes. The antiquary looks with little satisfaction

upon the graceless style of the figures, and the crowded profusion of ill-adjusted hieroglyphs which cover the walls of the Ptolemaic and Roman monuments. They are not to be compared with those of an earlier date. But the architecture is still grand, and the general effect of the porticoes erected under the Ptolemies and Cæsars is imposing, and not always without elegance and taste. With all its drawbacks, the temple at Dendera is one of the most interesting monuments of Egypt. The celebrated zodiac on the ceiling of the portico was once supposed to be as old as the time of the Pharaohs, and infidels used to refer to it as an argument against the veracity of certain passages of Scripture. All that, however, is over, since it is now known that the zodiac is only somewhere about 1,800 years old. In ancient times, Dendera or Tentyris was famous for its hostility to the crocodile, which the people of Ombos worshipped. Hence arose a savage religious war between the two cities, an event which the Latin poet Juvenal has satirised.

Lower down the river was the island of Tabennæ, once famous for its monasteries. Here, in about A.D. 356, St. Pachornius built a monastery, which was soon occupied by no fewer than 1,400 monks. An ancient legend states that Pachornius was a very holy man, who was favoured with predictions and angelic visions. One day as he sat in his cave, an angel appeared to him, and ordered him to collect all the younger monks, and to live with them according to certain rules. These rules the angel gave to him inscribed upon a plate of brass. Pachornius obeyed the orders he received, and at one time he had seven thousand followers. All traces of these monasteries have disappeared, and Tabennæ itself forms part of the mainland. These old monks were placed three in a cell, they had to sleep reclining back in a chair, every one had to wear a sheep-skin in which he was compelled to sleep and to eat, and which was never put off except on Sundays and at the Communion. At their meals they were required to wear hoods, to prevent them from seeing one another eat, and they were forbidden to speak or to turn their heads, either to the right or the left, while the repast continued. They had to offer twelve prayers in the day, twelve at night, twelve in the morning, and three at three o'clock in the afternoon. Besides all which, they had to labour according to their strength. Mistaken as the system was, it was better than that of the Papists, which encourages the idleness of thousands of lazy men and women, who never earn the bread they eat.

As we proceed we pass the remains of Chenoboscion, and How, and other places, till we reach Girgeh with its Romish monastery. Hence we may take a trip to Abydos, to view its grand old ruins, if we have not done so on ascending the river. The journey may be performed on *ass*-back. The ruins are ancient and on a grand scale, comprising especially two fine edifices which well repay the visitor. Travellers speak enthusiastically of the architecture and sculptures. The temple palace of Seti, recently uncovered, contains bas-reliefs which are considered the most beautiful in Egypt. Miss Beaufort says, "I think the ride to Abydos was the prettiest and pleasantest we enjoyed in Egypt; we had good little donkeys, who took us there in about three hours and a half, through green fields of flourishing sugar-cane, beans, and *dhourra* (maize) crops, with every here and there a grove of shady trees, and buffaloes in large herds feeding on the plain. The sun was hot enough without being fierce,

and there was only too much of a cool breeze, delightful in the fields, but very disagreeable when we reached the ruined city, which lies under many fathoms of loose sand. The path was gay with passengers, all of a very dark swarthy brown, and in the village we found troops of pleasant-looking women, and naked shining-skinned children, who seemed more obliging than usual, offering us dates and water as we passed by. Then there were camels old and young, feeding round a pretty little natural pond shaded by palm-trees." Green fields, herds of buffaloes feeding in the plain, and a pretty little natural pond shaded by trees! This is not bad for Egypt. But the reader must remember that we have not far to travel from the Nile before we usually get beyond all this, and come upon the sandy desert or the barren hills.

Many very important antiquities have been found at Abydos, and many yet remain, but we must resume our route and return to Girgeh, where we embark again for Iffou on the west bank. Some distance inland are the Red and White Monasteries. The White Monastery is really a Christian village, containing both men and women, occupying a large ancient building, living by their labour, and very exclusive. Some ancient ruins are in the neighbourhood, no doubt all that remains of Crocodilopolis. On the other side of the river, at Ekhrum, there are also some interesting ruins. In the cemetery at Ekhrum is the tomb of the Shekh Aboul Kasim. Boats, ostrich-eggs, and inscriptions are hung up within it, as offerings to this personage, who is the patron saint of the town. There is also a tree studded with nails driven in by persons suffering from sickness, in hope of a cure. Superstition is thus everywhere the same, whether in ancient or modern Rome, or among the Mussulmans of Egypt.

We may now return to our river path, and pursue our course with the stream, passing places which we have already visited, as well as others which those who have leisure may pause to examine. Siout is reached, and then Manfalout, beyond which, on the other or eastern side, is Maabdeh, near which are some extensive caverns cut in the rock, once used as tombs for crocodiles, and still containing the mummies of that amiable reptile. Still further on the same bank is El-Kossayr, in the neighbourhood of which are ancient ruins, with grottoes and pits containing the mummies of dogs and cats. This worship of animals was very general in Egypt, and to say the least, illustrates the uncertainty and eccentricity of religion without revelation—natural religion, as some call it.

Leaving the crocodiles behind us and the last Theban palm trees, we can, if we choose, make an excursion from Sebaya to the grottoes, quarries, and ruins in its vicinity, and particularly near Tel-el-Amarna. At Hermopolis, besides architectural remains, there are found fresh specimens of mummies of sacred animals, and particularly of the ibis and the dog-headed ape. The present name of Hermopolis, or city of Mercury, is Oshmunayn. Antinö and its neighbourhood, the grottoes of Beni-Hassan, &c., will be remembered with pleasing interest. The cemetery of Minieh is on the river, on the side opposite to the town, and when the dead are ferried over with lamentations, we are strongly reminded of old Egyptian and pagan customs. The lofty and extensive mounds of Tehneh, with their Greek inscriptions, and other relics of antiquity, remind us afresh of the vanity of human pride and greatness. Indeed, right and left, at ever-recurring intervals we have this better thought awakened

within us, of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Benisoef we have seen before, and it is viewed again with some interest; but it is not a place for us to stay in, and we push on, and on, and on, till we arrive again at the region of the Pyramids. Our eyes greet them looming in the distance, as strange and yet familiar forms, and we feel, after all we have seen, that their stern and simple grandeur is the sublimest spectacle we have witnessed. The cataracts may have disappointed us; the wondrous remains of Thebes and its vicinity may have bewildered us; a thousand objects and places may have interested us, and even astonished us; but after all, the Pyramids are the wonders of Egypt and of the world. Such reflections will arise in the mind, and amid all the marvels of antiquity and of natural scenery, of every-day life and the wonderful Nile, we find these Pyramids towering up in our imagination, glorious and permanent as ever.

We greet our approach to Cairo with pleasure, for it can supply us with comforts to which we have long been strangers. It has new charms for us, and we find in it more to please us than when we first made its acquaintance. Gladly do we step ashore, although some natural regret is experienced at abandoning the boat which has so long been our home, and the crew with whose faces, voices, and habits we have grown familiar. However, it must be, and as our time is short, we cannot afford to indulge regrets, and shall do better to arrange for our trip to Suez. This journey we can accomplish by railway across the desert. It is a little more than a hundred miles, and by no means an uninteresting excursion.

The desert is not one dreary flat expanse of sand. The region is diversified by irregularities of surface, by stunted trees, tombs, camels, donkeys, and men. But the glare of the sun may affect our eyes, although we have been to Phile, and some precaution is needed. As we approach Suez we see the bay before us, perhaps ships at anchor, and certainly the mountains of Sinai in the distance. Suez is a poor place, and the less we see of it the better; but it is an important place in a commercial point of view, as on the high road to India and the East. The heat is intense, the sun's rays are dazzling, the country desolate, and the water execrable. A canal is in course of construction hence to the Mediterranean, distant about seventy miles.

Suez has attractions of no ordinary character, notwithstanding its discomforts. Hard by was the place where God divided the waters of the Red Sea, and made a way for his people to pass over dryshod. It is, of course, not possible to fix certainly upon the exact spot where this great event took place, but tradition has named particular spots in accordance with it. These traditions have no particular value, perhaps, but we are assured, on the evidence of the Bible itself, that it was somewhere here that the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. Gothen lay to the north-west, and the people, pursued by their enemies, proceeded to the western shore of the gulf. Escape, of course, seemed impossible, as the journey in that direction would have led them to inevitable starvation from hunger and thirst. Then it was that the Lord displayed his power in their deliverance, and the destruction of their foes: "Jehovah had triumphed, His people were free!"

If time permitted, we might cross the gulf, and endeavour to explore the track of the Israelites to Sinai; this, however, cannot now be, and we therefore return

from Suez once more across the great and dreadful wilderness to Cairo. From Cairo we pursue our route by rail, as before, to Alexandria, and there take our farewell of that land of ancient and varied memories, the sight of which is an era in our existence, never to be forgotten. From Alexandria we take ship for Joppa, now called Yaffa, and there we set foot upon holier ground. Egypt and Palestine were the countries in which the old patriarchs dwelt; they were countries between which a communication was kept up in all ages, often to the hurt of God's people, and they were the only two countries in the world which the Saviour deigned to honour with his presence. Egypt we have visited, and Palestine is before us.

TRUTH AMONG THE "TARS."

It matters little whether grace be seen beaming from beneath a coronet, or shedding forth its lustre from under a circlet of a humbler order; there are certain kindred signs attending it—certain *masonic* indications of its presence, if you will—to be recognised by all who are the subjects of its sway: hence it has been the privilege of the writer to track its career among the class indicated by the above title. He rejoices that others may, by such a medium as that afforded in the columns of "THE QUIVER," participate with himself the pleasure he thus realised.

Availing himself of the testimony of a native of Prussia, whose vocation it is to labour among the foreign seamen who frequent the port of London, he is enabled to relate that the Italian sailors stand among the foremost in their willingness to receive the Word of God. Of one such he will speak, who, having received one of the Gospels in his native tongue, went and entreated his shipmates to purchase an Italian Bible. He succeeded in persuading but one of them to do so, and this poor youth seemed much delighted with his acquisition. "Good *sacra Biblia*," he said: "me shall read much of it." The youth who had been the means of inducing his shipmate to make this purchase was asked if he could not buy one, and on his replying, "No, sir, me got no money," he received one gratuitously, with a joy and gratitude, says the donor, which cannot well be narrated. Another expresses himself in the following terms:—"My brother has lately become a Protestant, and takes much delight in reading the Bible. He now loves me much, and prays much for us all. I must, therefore, love him much, and will buy him a Bible: let me have one of your very best."

In contrast with this readiness on the part of the Italians to receive the Scriptures, it is said that the Spaniards and the French are the most bigoted in their opposition to them. The Norwegians, on the other hand, more than mariners of any other nation, are distinguished for their inquiry after the Word of God. "On boarding the ship *Ykland*," says my informant, "the captain received me very kindly. He told his men that if they wished for any Bibles he would pay for them. Ten men took New Testaments; six asked for Bibles. One young man said, 'Yes, I will have one; that book is the best men can ever have.'" These men are always delighted to receive tracts, and very often they offer money to procure more. The Swedes and Russian Finns are spoken of in similar terms to the Norwegians.

Of the Germans, as, perhaps, might be expected, the report is far less satisfactory, the effects of

rationalism (so called) being sadly visible in the sceptical objections raised by them to the truths of revelation. Speaking of the death-bed of a Greek sailor whom he had visited, one who had presented the poor man with a Greek Testament says that an aged Greek came to him and said, "I must have large, good, God's book to take home with me. Me only got sixpence in the world, and me give you all that for large book." The aged man was interrogated as to the way in which he became acquainted with it, when he replied, "Me been twice to see my sick countryman; there me find the good book you gave him. Me stop and read much of it, and like it more and more." "After conversing with him on spiritual matters," says the donor of the former volume, "I put into his hands a Greek Testament. The aged man literally danced for joy. He grasped my hand, and kissed it, exclaiming, 'This will do me, my shipmates, and children, much good.'"

Of the more direct fruit of evangelistic effort on behalf of seamen, it is now time to speak. One who held a religious service on board a Dutch pilot cutter, at Dover, at which there were representatives of four nations present, testifies to the mode in which his labours were appreciated, in the following terms:—"They begged me to come again on Monday evening. . . . There were present on that occasion Englishmen, Dutchmen, Germans, and Swedes. At the close the Dutchmen sang three psalms in their own language; and I cannot describe my feelings when I looked round and saw every man with his Bible, and singing (apparently) with all his heart; for when I first knew those men, three-and-twenty years ago, they were all drunkards and swearers like myself. The captain said, 'I like your meetings, because you have Christ for the foundation: it must be Christ, and Christ alone.'"

The beachmen of Lowestoft, by many in the town considered as if beyond the reach of grace, have given ample evidence of late that there is nothing too hard for the Lord. Old and young men have there been brought upon their knees, and the petition of the publican has expressed their supplication. There are at least twenty beachmen who affirm their conviction that they have obtained the pardon of their sins by faith in Christ Jesus; and nearly the entire companies, amounting to about 200 men, at the time of the receipt of this communication, were under deep concern for their souls' safety. "What is more," says one, writing from the spot, "there is scarcely a house that you can visit on the beach, and I suppose throughout the town, but you will find some persons therein who are concerned about their souls. I have found some," he says, "who have been convinced of sin at their homes, without having attended any meeting. This operation of the Spirit of God has been extended to the wives and daughters of the beachmen also." An eye-witness, speaking of the work as a whole, expresses himself in the following terms:—"A most delightful work is going on throughout the town, and what is more, the ministers and people of God are all united in it, and the consequence is, that men of the world are constrained to bear witness to its power."

A correspondent from Milford relates so marvellous an act of God's providence, with regard to the crew of the Lancashire Lass, that had not the testimony been of the most unexceptionable character, we could not have credited the story. It is as follows:—During the late gales a tremendous sea swept several

of the crew overboard, and the next wave hove them all back on deck, except one poor lad. "I was on board," says our informant, "not many hours afterwards, when, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, and eyes brimful of tears, they begged me to join them in praise and thanksgiving for their deliverance." This extraordinary circumstance is rendered the more touching from an occurrence in connection with it, which remains to be related. A few moments before the catastrophe, one of the crew had been expressing himself in a manner sufficiently unbecoming to draw down upon him the following merited rebuke:—"We ought rather to be crying to Almighty God for mercy," said one poor lad. The poor boy's individual cry, it is to be hoped, had been accepted, for, solemnising as is the fact, this faithful one was he alone whom the billows were suffered to engulf! Truly, "they that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. . . . When they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress." It may be well to add that it is no breach of a promise to bestow a greater boon than that which is sought for. One would fain hope that, in the case of the poor youth just mentioned, the declaration of the Apostle was realised: "To depart, and to be with Christ, is far better."

But to return to the narrative of the progress of truth among the mariners. As we mentioned the Spanish sailors at the commencement of our story, in terms which we would gladly have reversed, so may we, in concluding it, speak of some noble exceptions to the general rule. A captain, trading to Spain, writes to the following effect:—"This voyage I have distributed about 300 numbers of 'El Alba,' and you cannot think how gratefully tracts are received. I have circulated about 1,300 other tracts, 40 Gospels, 60 Testaments, and some 10 or 12 portions of the Old Testament, besides Dutch and French tracts, and a few German Testaments. I have found an old Spanish woman in Cadiz, who has been on the Lord's side for twenty-six years, and many others besides who have thrown Rome overboard." Another master of a ship, who had adopted a similar course, excited the antagonism of the priests thereby. Before they could seize his person they secured his condemnation in the galleys. Four officers watched his ship for seventeen days, in the hope of catching him on shore, in order to take him into custody. Ultimately, he eluded their grasp by assuming a disguise, and by taking his passage in an English ship at another port. The labours of these volunteers in evangelistic effort would appear to confirm the testimony of the former of them, that the fields (in Spain) are white already to harvest.

We will bring this narrative to a termination with one brief glance at a picture in New York.

The pastor of the Seamen's Church, at that port, relates that, in a period of three months, he has received into communion no fewer than 33 seamen, who represented ten different nations. Ten different nations, uniting in their representatives, to attest that "Jehovah maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still! Then are they glad, because they are at rest, and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be. Oh, that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!"

Woman's Sphere.

DUTY OF PARENTS.

PARENTAL responsibility is the corner-stone of family religion. God has laid an immeasurable responsibility on all parents for the devotion and training of their children to his own service. For the neglect of this duty no other usefulness can atone. A higher mission no one need desire.

Over and above their duty to serve God—over and above the duty of setting the family a good example—all parents are under the most solemn obligations to use the utmost efforts so to bring up their children that they may be sincere and devoted children of God. This seems plain enough at the first glance. Yet there are vast multitudes who have no conception of any such duty. They have never perceived its obligation. They have made no effort for its fulfilment. They take no shame to themselves for its neglect. They perceive and undertake their duty towards their children's bodies and their children's minds. They would feel self-reproached for neglect of either. But they seem wholly unaware that their children have a soul. There are even some who deny the obligation, on the ground that children should be left to judge for themselves, without prejudice, when they have grown up. These objections are self-confuted. Why do they not deal thus with the understandings of their children? Why train the mind, when by such training is decided its whole method of conception and judgment on every topic, religion not excluded?

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

The duty of the religious training of the young is clear, and heavy are the responsibilities of the parent for doing it aright. We regard this duty in the light of a Divine command. Throughout the sacred Scriptures it is repeatedly and earnestly enforced, both by precept and example. It was most clearly and emphatically impressed on the people of God from the very beginning. In the midst of the wonders done in Egypt, before Israel was yet brought out of bondage, the religious training of future generations was the declared reason of such repeated manifestations of Divine power. "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Diligent religious instruction of their children, and familiar conversation with them on the things of God, evening and morning, at home and abroad, are here the required duty of parents.

ATTRACTIVE TEACHING.

Religious teaching that would be effective must also be made *attractive*. The only access of the Gospel to the human heart is by the door of love. Interested attention is the only key to unlock that door. If you could confine an offender in a room where he could find no escape and no means of diversion, and there, hour after hour, day after day, pour into his unwilling ears the sound of truth, would it win his heart to the love and reception of the Saviour? Yet such is the principle on which many well-meaning parents have attempted the religious instruction of their children. Long and severe drilling in formularies above their taste and comprehension, wearisome confinement, repression of innocent glee, and sternness of rebuke for the inattention and mistake inevitably consequent on disregard of the laws and capacity of childish intellect, combine to make the whole aspect of religion repulsive. The soul is nauseated by its unwise administration. What wonder if a violent and excessive reaction follow the escape from

parental control? Hardness of heart and recklessness of life succeed the unnatural restraint. Good people sigh over the mysteriousness of Divine Providence; and the world sneers at the result of religious education, and the worthlessness of religion in general. So far from being an exemplification of Gospel training, nothing could be more opposite. The animating spirit of Gospel training is love and tenderness. Its method is the attraction of youthful interest by modes of thought and illustration suited to youthful capacity and taste. It beguiles the attention, that it may excite interest; it excites interest, that it may associate pleasure with religion; it associates pleasure with piety, that it may win the heart's love for the Saviour. Nothing is more easy; for on no subject has the mind of childhood such eager curiosity, such instinctive yearnings. Gentleness, patience, perseverance are the qualities which give success. Set forth religious teaching as a pleasure, not as a duty. Devise means of kindling childish interest; stimulate thought and inquiry; bring up the subject incidentally, as connected with the ordinary events of the day; drop it for the present, when the attention and interest begin to weary. Thus, from childish interest in Bible story may grow up youthful acquaintance with Bible doctrine, and life-long experience of the power and preciousness of Bible mercy.

WISE LOVE.

Napoleon once exclaimed to one of his marshals, "What is wanting that the children of France may be educated?" "MOTHERS!" was the reply. If maternal influence and love are thus necessary for mere earthly training, how much more for that which is to guide the soul through earth to heaven! Doubtless most parents would be greatly surprised and offended by the slightest intimation that they do not love their children. And indeed of instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable fondness—of parental self-complacency, vanity, and pride, there is enough. But of that love which regards a child as something more than one's own property or self-extension; which views it as an immortal being committed to our care by its Creator; which studies to draw out its sympathies, that the young soul's development may be guided aright; which, for its happiness and welfare, practises self-denial and self-sacrifice in a higher form than mere raking and scraping of money for it to spend, how rare are the examples! Of easy, indolent submission to a child's caprices—of lavish, unlimited indulgence, there is enough. But of that love which can deny a child's importunity for its own good, and put a curb even on its own selfish desires for the child at the bidding of sober judgment, and yet reveal its tenderness and truth to the child by the very manner of denial, how seldom do we meet an instance! Yet this is the love which is the foundation of influence. This is the love which not only awakens fondness, but secures respect, and by filial respect gives strength and stability to filial affection. This is the love whose power grows with the expanding soul. A child thus loved will treat its parents with implicit confidence. He will instinctively repose his joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, in a parent's bosom. Only through the encouragement of this filial confidence can a parent reach and influence the hidden springs of his children's character. They must never feel that a parent's ear or heart is closed to what affects themselves. They must never be forced to turn elsewhere for sympathy. The confidence of our children is our sacred right, our solemn responsibility, and we must never forfeit it. They must from the first be made to feel that their parents are not only their truest, but their tenderest, their most sympathising and accessible friends. If this foundation be not laid, the moral power of a parent can never be established.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—PSALM xxxiv. 67.

In the deep watches of the night,
When slumber closes every eye,
I wake, and seek with yearning sight
The encamping angel drawing nigh.

With bending head and folded wing,
I cannot see that love-lit face:
So dim, so shadowy a Thing,—
It melts into the night's embrace.

Yet comes o'er me celestial calm,
A blest repose, a peaceful prayer;
I hear faint music of a psalm,
A holy lull is in the air.

I trust the Lord; I fold my hands
In supplication upon my breast,
And leave to him the dropping sands
That waste my pulse, and sweetly rest.

And when death-shadows o'er me steal,
Wilt thou draw nearer, holy guest,
The glory of thy form reveal,
And bear me upward to the blest?

Correspondence.

[WE beg to inform our readers that we only undertake to answer religious questions, and only such as appear likely to be useful to others.

We solicit all who favour us with their questions to write them legibly, and as concisely as the subject will admit, with or without names, as the writers please. Questions to be addressed (marked "QUIVER") to John Cassell, Messrs. Cassell, Potter, and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.]

NO. 30.—J. D.—HOW IS IT TO BE UNDERSTOOD THAT CHRIST WAS IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH THREE NIGHTS?—Matt. xii. 40.

Eight half-crowns, twenty shillings, or one pound, are various modes of expressing equal sums, according to the coinage of England. So three days, or three nights, or three days and three nights, are various modes of expressing an equal amount of time, according to the custom of the Jews.

Anciently, time was computed by *nights*, for "the evening and the morning were the first day." The Phœnicians, the Hebrews, and men of other nations began the day in the evening; and we still retain some remains of that custom which have descended to us from our Saxon forefathers, when we use the words "*se'nnight*," that is, seven nights, to express one week, and "*fortnight*," that is, fourteen nights, to express two weeks.

That a "day and a night" simply meant a day (of twenty-four hours) is seen in Gen. vii. 12, for we read, "The rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights," and in the 17th verse, speaking on the same subject, it is said, "And the flood was forty days upon the earth." When a day was spoken of by the Jews it was necessary to mention "day and night," and a part of an onah, or Jewish day, say the Rabbins, is as the whole. Hence a part of three days was called, with them, "three days and three nights."

If we remember that the Jewish days began in the evening, our Lord's remaining in the grave would be thus computed:—Friday is reckoned one day, Saturday the second, Sunday the third; Saturday commencing on the evening of the Friday. Thus, in computing time—if a child is born an hour before the evening, that day is reckoned as one whole day,

Sometimes in writing or speaking of time, the first and the last days being incomplete days, they are left out—for example, Luke ix. 28: "And it came to pass *about an eight days* after these sayings, he took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray." In Matt. xvii. 1, we read, "And after *six days* Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John into an high mountain," &c. So in Hosea vi. 2, where the prophet speaks of Christ's resting in the grave, it is said, "After two days he will revive us." So among the Romans a "*lustrum*," and among the Greeks an "*olympiad*," are only periods of four years complete, though called five.

For additional information consult Lightfoot, Hammond, Grotius, Macknight, and Whitby.

NO. 31.—D.—THE HOUR OF CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.—How are we to reconcile the hour mentioned by Mark (xv. 25) with that in John xix. 14?

Mark says, it was at the *third* hour they crucified the Saviour; but John says, it was about the *sixth* hour.

Tertullian, who wrote his "*Apology*" in 193, and Jerome, who was born in 311, have in their writings enabled us to solve this difficulty. From them we learn that the Jewish day was divided into four parts, reckoning from sunrise to sunset; these were the times of sacrifice and of prayer, so that if we compute the time from sunrise, or six o'clock in the morning, the third hour would be equal to our nine in the morning, the sixth hour would be our noon, and the ninth hour would correspond with our three o'clock in the afternoon. On the feast days, these periods were announced by the sound of trumpet; therefore, these hours were distinguished as the most noted divisions of time, and whatever happened between these stated hours or periods of prayer was referred sometimes to the preceding hour, and sometimes to the concluding hour. When Mark says it was the third hour, or the trumpet of the third hour had sounded, that expression serves for any time till the trumpet of the sixth hour sounded. Christ being placed on the cross, therefore, towards noon, or after eleven in the morning, the time is set forth with sufficient accuracy by Mark, who tells us the event occurred in the portion of the day *after* the third hour, and John tells us it was "*about*" or previous to the sixth.

Accuracy in speaking of the hours of the day arises from the modern discovery of clocks and watches, both of which were alike unknown to the Jews, as they are still practically unknown to the men of the East. If a traveller in the present day were to ask an Eastern labourer towards evening why he did not cease from work and return home, the answer would not be, "It is not yet four, five, or six o'clock," but it would be, "Because I am waiting for my shadow." By this rude process he is wont to reckon the time, and can do so with sufficient accuracy for the habits of Eastern life. Other solutions of the apparent contradiction between the two Evangelists are to be met with; but we prefer simply to submit that which to our mind appears the most conclusive, rather than quote a diversity of replies, which would leave the reader in perplexity.

NO. 32.—J. P. (Newcastle).—St. Paul urges the necessity of faith, and St. James the necessity of works. How are they to be reconciled?

Paul pleads for faith producing works, and James for works produced by faith; consequently their teaching is similar. They both seek the same object, but from a different starting-point. The one preaches doctrines *practically*, that is, faith working by love; and the other sets forth practice *doctrinally*, that is, love and good works springing from faith in Christ. See answer to Question 2, in No. 23.

No. 33.—R.—“THE WOLF SHALL DWELL WITH THE LAMB.”—Isaiah xi. 6.

These words appear to us to imply that when the Messiah returns in glory to the earth he visited in the days of his humiliation, all enmity and hostility shall be removed, the ground shall be delivered from the curse, and things shall be restored to the state they were in before the fall; then God will again look upon the works of his hand, and once more pronounce all things “to be very good.”

SELF-DENIAL.

“The greatest virtue of which man can boast,
Is to abstain from ill when pleasing most.”

“DENY thyself.” Of what, and for what end? Of extreme gratifications, purely selfish. Of extravagance. If appetite should clamour for indulgence in stimulating drinks, or dainty costly viands, “deny thyself.” If taste and worldliness demand showy, gaudy equipage, furniture, or dress, “deny thyself.”

If sensuality, in its varied workings, should call each hour for some “tit-bit” of indulgence, “deny thyself.” And do this appointed work, this needful duty, for the sake of the moral influence and gain that shall thereby accrue to thyself, thy person, and thy character.

Learn thereby to conquer passions base, appetites impure, and affections low and sensual. It will be a gain, a happy gain unto thyself.

“The bravest trophy ever man obtained,
Is that which o’er himself himself hath gained.”

Then “deny thyself” for others’ weal. Give the price of self-denial to the wanting and the destitute, and supply by generous distribution some share of the good thou dost possess to thy less favoured fellow-men, who are deprived of what thou art permitted to enjoy.

“Play not the niggard; spurn thy native elod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbour; live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone.”

PREACH CHRIST.

“And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.”—Acts v. 42. It was the Apostle’s determination with the Corinthians, “not to know anything among them save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.” Christ is all and in all to the Gospel minister. Christ is altogether lovely and full of glory. A sermon without Christ is like salt without savour, good for nothing. Preach, then, as did the Apostles. From this text we may consider the following questions; viz. :—

I. Who was preached? Christ.

II. How preached? Diligently.

III. Where preached? Universally.

IV. When preached? Unceasingly.

V. Why is he to be preached? To gain souls and glorify Christ.

“I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war,” Jer. iv. 19.

Jeremiah saw that terrible judgments were to come upon the people. The destroyer was on his way, and the horrible captivity was at hand. He tried to persuade his people to leave their sins. As if aware that some did not wish to hear him, he said he could

not hold his peace, for he already seemed to hear the war trumpet.

We wish for many in Zion now who feel that they cannot be silent, but must speak. We wish for those who feel God’s word like fire within them, longing to speak that they may be refreshed.

1. *Sin is to be rebuked.* “Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour and not suffer sin upon him.” Jesus testified of the works of the world, that they were evil. “Rebuke with all long-suffering and doctrine.” The ungodly must be warned and told of their danger.

2. *Gospel invitations to be given.* Tell sinners all about the Saviour. Say, “Come and see;” “Come, for all things are now ready;” “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.” Oh, heaven resounds with the invitation, Come. Let earth resound with, it too. Let all tell of Christ who can. He is lovely, he is precious:—

“Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the jubilee.”

Christian friends, live so near God that the worth of souls will lie near your hearts. Seeing the end of the wicked, you cannot hold your peace, and you will not then speak in vain, and your earnest, believing prayers will be answered.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

FROM what should we redeem it?

1. Many ought to redeem much time from sleep. How many golden hours are wasted on the pillow! Late rising is the enemy of knowledge, health, and affluence. Allowing ten hours a day for active employment, it makes twelve years’ difference in a life of sixty whether one spends two hours more or less in bed.

2. From sloth. Too many who call themselves awake are slothful. They lose time for which they can give no good account. It goes, but they cannot tell how or where. They do not bring their minds to bear with vigour upon that which they profess to do. If they act at all in a right direction, they are too tardy in their action.

3. From unprofitable reading. All that has been given to that should be redeemed, and with some this has been much. The knowledge that we gain from many books is worse than ignorance. The most we should do with it is to remember to forget it as fast as we can.

4. From sinful amusements and pleasures. The proper intercourse of friends is well; it enables us to exchange the common civilities of life, cement friendship, and to invigorate mind by healthy contact with mind, but we should be on our guard lest amusements and pleasures too much waste our time, and lead to dissipation. If we have ever given any time to theatres, cards, and the like, that should all be redeemed. They are “thieves that steal our time and hurt our souls.”

5. From idle companions and trifling conversation. Multitudes do little but hinder others. They are often mischief-makers, and like other drones, make much noise but no honey. We have learned to look out for them. Being idle themselves, they try to make others so. They want company. No one can be careful of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his companions.

6. By doing promptly what we do, and by punctu-

ality to engagements. Procrastination is the thief of time, that, unless arrested, will steal year after year away till all are gone. We should grasp time as it flies, and not defer till to-morrow what can be done to-day. The present only is ours; the past is gone, the future unknown. Covet not that dignity which consists in keeping people waiting for you. For a public man to keep fifty persons waiting for him but five minutes, is to take more than four hours of their precious time without their consent.

7. Some should redeem much time from the toilet. Says an excellent father to his children, "It is shocking to think how much precious time is wasted at the toilet in the silly ambition of rivaling the butterfly, the ostrich, and the peacock."

8. By order in business. A place for everything and everything in its place, is quite as important as a time for everything and everything in its time.

Youths' Department.

THE AGED PILGRIM.

"My dear Walter," said the mother, at the breakfast table, "can you tell me, has Thomas attended to my instructions?"

"I presume you mean in reference to the poor old man across the heath?"

"Yes; my old pilgrim, as I call him—a man who has been blessed by affliction, and who, though poor himself, has made many rich. That old man is a fine instance of the manner in which God often honours humble instruments of usefulness. His piety, his quietness, and his sagacity, have made him an effectual teacher, where not wiser, but more learned men have failed."

"Thomas did attend to your wishes, and I am happy to say, my dear mother, that your commission to Thomas has led to a very interesting conversation, at which I had the good fortune to be present, and I am sure you will like to hear the particulars."

"Pray tell me, for you are quite right: I shall enjoy it."

As Thomas was mowing the grass he told me that he was going to see a fine old man whom the servants called the "white-headed pilgrim." I asked if I could go with him; he said, Yes, if I would please to wait until he found a basket, for he was to carry some potatoes to the old man, who lived near the common. When we approached, we saw him seated on a bench in front of his cottage. He is a very old man, with a remarkably fine head, with hair descending on his shoulders, and white like silver, and soft, resembling silk. In appearance and in good sense he is indeed no common man.

"Thank you, young master," he said, "for coming to see poor old Dick Tyson, who is more than ninety years of age. How do you like my cottage, young gentleman?"

"Very much," I replied; "it is charmingly clean, and the view from it is beautiful."

"I think it is, and I often say to myself, 'how thankful I ought to be for such a pretty place,' and it's uncommon healthy."

"But I am afraid," I said, "from what Thomas has told me, that you are very poor."

"Why, master, I am, and I aint. You see the parish allows me two shillings a week, and a kind friend gives me eighteen-pence, and although I am old, I can earn about sixpence a week by netting; that you know, makes four shillings, and the rector lets me live rent-free. But four shillings a week, you know, isn't much, so that I am poor, but I'm therewith content—so you see I am rich. Now and then I find myself a going to grumble, and I say to myself, 'Come, come, Master Tyson, none of your bad habits, if you please, no tricks: grumbling, indeed! I should be ashamed of you. Dick Tyson, just use your ears, will you? There's poor neighbour Crowfoot, how he groans all day

long with that rheumatism of hers. Well, you aint got that. Then' I say, 'listen to Jim Carter, how he swears—that's a pretty habit for a Christian man! Thank God you aint got that. Won't that do!—won't that make you contented? Then use your eyes—look at yon poor chap—wounded and lost a limb. That's not your lot. Then only think of that poor creature who lives yonder, asking you to give her a slice of bread for her sick child. Blessed be God, I needn't do like that.' Then I say, 'Dick, if you and I are to be upon good terms—no grumbling.'

"You see, young gentleman, I should get on pretty well, but there's something wrong here," and as he said this, the old man pointed to his heart; "yes, there is something wrong, and as people say, 'the snake is scotched, but not killed;' and there's my old friend that I always call Neighbour Christian, he says to me, 'Dick, although the children of Israel gained possession of the country, the Canaanites, you know, were still in the land.' I know that's right as a matter of history; and I'm sure it's right as a matter of fact, for I feel it daily, and it's a trouble to me: there's no mistake about that, but it won't do to yield. So when I find my four shillings gone, and something not very good a coming into my thoughts, I begin to call Dick Tyson to account, and say, 'Friend Tyson, just look under your feet—that's where you are going; and just look over your head, and that's where you hope to go. Shall a living man complain? Shall a man who has got a Saviour in heaven, grumble? No, no; it won't do.' I may have my troubles, and I am not very good with them, but I should like to know what I should be without them. After all, troubles aint troubles—they are good things that look ugly, and for my part I must say that my troubles—and they aint a few—are less than my sins, and less than my mercies."

"Oh, master, I had such a lesson once—I hope I shan't forget it in a hurry. An old soldier asked to sit down in my cottage. I was just a going to have my bit of dinner, and I said to him, 'Comrade, will you share?'

"'Yes,' said he; 'with all my heart, and thank you too.'"

"While we were eating our dinner he told me of a battle he had been in, and how he had been wounded, and I said—

"'Wasn't you very sad at losing a right arm?'

"'No,' says he, 'I wasn't.'"

"'How was that?'

"'I knew I was a soldier,' he said; 'well, a soldier don't expect to sleep on rose-leaves, but must make up his mind for hardships; so I settled it in this way. As soon as orders were given to cross the moat and scale the walls of the fortress, I gave up everything for lost; so that when I came out of the storming party, and still survived, I reckoned that whatever was left of me was so much gained, and that made me thankful. Now, it's better to look on the bright side, than at the dark side of things; and then there's another matter. I was a long time in the hospital, and there the chaplain used to talk to me in a way I never heard before, and I found out that my body—wounded as it was—was not the worst part of me, so I began to think, and now I see it was a mercy, and a very great mercy, that I was wounded. If I have my trials I have my comforts. God often raises up people to comfort me. He has done so to-day, and I say good-bye, and thank you, friend, for showing kindness to a weary and wounded old soldier.'"

"After he was gone, I sat silent for some moments—at last I cried out, 'Dick Tyson, if you have an atom of good in you, learn from that.'"

"You see, sir, God does a deal more for us than we do for others. I gave the soldier a plate of potatoes, and here a lady gives me a basketful. Pray give my thanks to the lady."

On our way home I remarked to Thomas, "What a fine old man the pilgrim is!"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas, "and he is so mortal 'cute; you can never take him amiss. I called one day with something from missus, and said something I meant to be kind, about his being poor."

"Thomas," said he, "I should be very sorrowful, but I think of number four."

"'Number four,' says I to myself. 'What does he mean? There are but three cottages on that part of the heath.' So I said to him, 'I don't know number four.'"

"'Ah,' he says, 'I'm afraid that most of us think only

of number one—that is one's-self; but I mean my four reasons for content."

"What may they be, Master Tyson?"

"First, I have more than I deserve. I own that. Second, I have more than I make a right use of. I can't deny that. Third, I have all that my Heavenly Father sees to be good for me. I admit that. Fourth, I have more than my Saviour had; for, when on earth, he had not where to lay his head. I believe that."

"Therefore, Thomas, I say, God be praised, for he is good in giving, and good in not giving."

"I was so dumfounded, sir, at what he said, that I slipped sixpence into his hand, and made my escape, and as I walked on I thought to myself, 'I hope I shall be more thankful for my mercies.'"

"He seems, Thomas, from what I hear, to be a very sensible man."

"Yes, sir, he's right away that. He speaks for all the world just like a book, and if he hears anything of any of us that he thinks ain't quite the thing, don't we get it! But it does one good to hear him talk. About a month ago, I was sitting in his cottage, and the old clerk came in, and they began to talk about the Church Prayers. The clerk said he allus liked people to say the Belief so that they could be heard."

"Ah!" said the old man, "I wish, poor souls, they'd only think of the comfort there is in the words. Now, for instance, when I could get to church, I used to think of those words, 'I believe in God the Father,' and I think of them now; for I see here that God is good enough to teach me something I don't know by using something that I do know. Now you know, my good old friend of Amen Corner, if you were to say to me, 'Dick Tyson, the Bible tells us that God is a spirit'—I say, 'All right, friend; I believe it, because the Bible says so; but I don't understand it;' but if you say to me, 'Master Tyson, God is our Father'—ah, then I understand—for I know it's the nature of a father to watch over his children—to protect his children—to provide for his children—to teach his children—to love his children—to chastise his children: but to remember that they are his children still. And then my own sense tells me, if I am a child I ought to love my Father—to listen to my Father—to obey my Father—to follow my Father's will, and not my own—to be afraid of offending my Father; and I ought to love the other members of the family, and avoid those doings and those folks that my Father desires me to avoid."

"What did the clerk say to all this?"

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "I thought his answer warn't a bad one, for, turning to the good old man, he said—'Now, Master Tyson, I'll show you I'm a good clerk, for I say, to all you have said—AMEN.'"

"Now, my good mother, I have told you my morning's adventure."

"Thank you; and at the same time I consider you were fortunate to hear the sensible remarks of this pious old man. May every sermon we hear contain as much sound divinity!"

"One day," said the father, "that I paid this venerable Christian a visit, our conversation turned upon the benefit of afflictions. Were it possible that I could question the truth of this doctrine, the old pilgrim and his history would destroy all such erroneous notions."

"I think," said the mother, "we are indebted to this aged Christian for a very good suggestion, and I propose that we should make that the subject of our present conversation. What say you, papa?"

"I think that 'SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS' are blessings in disguise, and that no Christian man can hear of them, read of them, or suffer them, without gaining wisdom; therefore, let it be our subject."

"I can call to mind," said the uncle, "a touching remark made by Lady Rachel Russell, after a long life of sorrow and affliction:—

God has not denied me the support of his Holy Spirit, in this my long day of calamity; but enabled me, in some measure, to rejoice in him as my portion for ever. He has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure promises of another life, where there is no death, nor any pain, nor

trouble, but fullness of joy, in the presence of Him who made us, and who will love us for ever.

May we not say 'affliction sanctified' is better than health?"

"I think we may," said the mother, "for he who is brought to serious reflection by the salutary affliction of sickness looks back with astonishment at his former erroneous estimate of worldly things."

"The sorrows of a devout man are greater delights than the joys of the wicked, and the support vouchsafed to the godly, when under affliction, is like Him from whom it emanates—it surpasseth all understanding; and the man of poverty in his mud-walled cot, and the wealthy peer in his lordly mansion, bear alike the same testimony."

The Earl of Kinnoul, after allusion to his great age, and various infirmities, thus expressed himself—"My time in this world cannot now be long, but with truth I can declare, that in the midst of all my past afflictions, my heart was supported and comforted by a firm reliance upon the merits and atonement of my Saviour; and now, in the prospect of entering upon an eternal world, this is the only foundation of my confidence and hope."

"That valuable personal experience," observed the uncle, "is only to be learned in the house of affliction; for as a good man remarks, 'Every one who gets to the throne must put his foot upon the thorn.' We must taste the gall as the Saviour did, if we are to behold the glory in which the Saviour lives and reigns. When God justifies by faith he also leads into tribulation. When God brought Israel through the Red Sea he led them into the wilderness; so that when God saves a soul he tries it in the furnace of affliction. We must go through the wilderness of Jordan, if we are to come to the land of promise—no pain, no palm; no cross, no crown; no thorn, no threne; no gall, no glory: therefore, 'the greatest affliction in life is never to be afflicted.'"

"My Lord Bacon was accustomed to say," observed the uncle, "that prosperity was the blessing of the Old Testament, but sanctified afflictions are the blessings of the New."

The pious Nonconformists realised in a high degree the blessings arising from these hallowed sorrows, and often they expressed themselves earnestly, yet quaintly. "It is better," says one, "to be preserved in HIRE, than to perish in HONEY;" and another wisely and piously prays, "Lord, let not my holy resolutions depart with my afflictions, nor my health disperse with the vows of my sickness. Let deliverance from evil never render me so forgetful of what I was in distress, that I should recoil from my promises, and neglect to perform them. It is good for me to be afflicted, and it is better that I should be wounded by thy pruning-hook, than cut down by the axe as withered and fruitless, for I know that by affliction God separates the sin which he hates from the soul which he loves. His object is our good, his own glory, and the spiritual welfare of others by our patience under affliction, and our manifest improvement afterwards."

"The children of God," said the father, "are not to regard afflictions always as marks of displeasure, but often as evidences of a father's affection. 'Whom I love, I chasten' are consolatory words, and help us to understand the dealings of God's providence, as well as the truths of God's Word. Without affliction, half the Bible would not be understood."

"Why do you put that beautiful vase so often into fire?" was the inquiry of a visitor, when inspecting the process of glass-making. "Because," said the workman, "it is to be of a very superior kind—free from spots and flaws; for master," says he, "intends this for his own table." The Divine Master intends us for his own house."

"It will be wisdom," said the uncle, "for us all to

remember this when God is pleased to lay his hand upon us. The master does not approve of either 'flaws' or 'spots;' the vessels employed in his service are to be 'without blemish.'

"Our knowledge of the affairs of life ought to come to our aid," said the mother. "If we are compared to metals, and our sins to dross, we ought to remember who has said 'I will thoroughly purge away thy tin;' and the reason is, because nothing is so hard to extract, and nothing renders silver so brittle, as the tin with which it is alloyed. Therefore the silver must and will be refined, and that thoroughly."

"There is to my mind," said Maude, "something very instructive in the appellation which Jehovah is pleased to adopt, when he calls himself the refiner. How does a refiner proceed? He places fire around the metal, and fire over it, and fire is added to fire until the metal has melted, and is so purified that when the refiner examines the melted metal he discovers that *his own likeness is reflected*."

"When a good man," observed the father, "falls under some heavy trial, it is a proof that God has neither forgotten him nor forsaken him. I remember an anecdote related in the life of Richard Cecil, which will prove my point:—

Cecil one day inquired for a friend of his, a prosperous London bookseller, and was told that he was at home, but particularly engaged; so Cecil returned for answer that he wished to see him, if it were only for a few minutes. He was consequently invited up-stairs, and on entering the room he saw his friend sitting by the cot of his little child. The child was dying, but, with affection strong in death, it had clasped its father's hand, and was holding it with a convulsive grasp.

"Mr. Cecil, you have children," said the sorrowing father, "and you can understand my sorrows."

"Thank God—thank God that he has not forgotten you," was the reply. "My friend, I have been much troubled on your account. I have thought much about you lately. I have been afraid for you. Things have gone on so well with you for so long a time—you have been so prosperous—that I have been almost afraid that God had forgotten you; but I said to myself, 'Surely God will not forsake such a man as this; he will not suffer him to go on in prosperity without some check—some reverse!' and I see he has not. No, God has not forgotten you."

The child died, and the pious father was from the heart enabled to say, "He hath done all things well!" The father's prayer for the life of his child was not granted, but it was accompanied with so many rich lessons of instruction, that the father, when reflecting on God's dealings, was constrained to say, like all the redeemed—

"Good when he gives, supremely good,

Nor less when he denies:

Even crosses from his sov'reign hand

Are blessings in disguise."

"We may be assured of this," said the mother, "that afflictions spring not from the dust, but they are weighed, measured, numbered, timed, appointed, and overruled."

"To which you may add," said the father, "and they are all needed;" for let a good man live two or three years without affliction, and he is almost good for nothing; he cannot pray fervently, nor meditate comfortably, nor take great delight in spiritual things; but let afflictions come, and piety flourishes: he can pray, and have comfort in his prayers; and though the child, the health, or the fortune may be taken away, and the heart may ache, and the cheeks be bedewed with a tear, still there is a peace within which whispers to him—Make the poet's words thine own—

"Wipe away the briny tears,
Cease thy sorrows, quit thy fears;
He that wounded soon can heal—
He corrects but for our weal."

In affliction's furnace tried,
Still with patient hope abide;
Thou, as purest gold refined,
Soon shalt leave thy dross behind.

"Of this we are assured. Those sorrows will never injure us that bring us to God.

"Good people, time tarries for no one," said the father; "pleasure must yield to duty, and each to his post."

JESUS SAVES THE LOST.

"How am I to be saved, mother?" said a little boy.

"By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son."

"But have I nothing to do?" said the boy. "I thought I must do something; for I was once told that I must be good, or else God would have nothing to do with me."

"My child, Jesus has done what was needed; and you are saved by knowing that all is done."

"But I am not good," said the boy: "will God have nothing to do with me unless I am good?"

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; he receives the bad, not the good; else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"Well, that is good news," said the little fellow. "Oh, how cruel to tell me that God would have nothing to do with me unless I was good."

"Yes, it was. You can't be good till you have come and given your badness to Jesus."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Do my dear young friends ever think how almost all that is good comes to us? Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth goes the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could; so he kindly sends the gentle rain, drop by drop; and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand upon which the good God sends it to the earth.

"I have found you," said the raindrop to the tiny grain of wheat; "though you are dead and in your grave, God has sent me to raise you up."

Well, there is nothing impossible with him; so when the raindrop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade in the warm sunlight. That is nobly done; and if the great God pleased, he could make the little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does he do this? No. Little by little does the stalk wax strong; and its leaves grow slowly, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with everything that is good? Should we like another way better? Impatience would.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say—

"I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done."

"But was not this one knitted stitch by stitch?" I asked, taking a long one from her basket and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, that is done."

The little girl was counting, instead of knitting her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks?

"Poor man!" Impatience would say; "what an undertaking, to start from the earth and go on so far toward the sky, brick by brick!" Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy in the thought that they have taken one step in the way of wisdom. But remember one thing, dear little friend: the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help, and it is by the same help that it now increases day by day.

As the little raindrop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin, the Holy Spirit comes to us. If he breathe upon our hearts, we live to do good; without him, we do nothing good. Let us obey the Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.

WHERE TO STUDY.

THE air of a cellar is close, damp, musty, and vitiated; that of the house-top is clear, pure, and bracing. On the surface of the earth, the atmosphere is cold, raw, and impure; on the mountains it is dry, rarified, and health-giving. The purer the air is, the more life does it impart to the blood, the more perfectly is the brain nourished, and the more vigorously does the mind work and the body move. Hence the "study" of the clergyman, the "office" of the physician and the lawyer, the "library" of the family, the "sitting-room" of the household, and the "chamber" of every sleeper, should always be in the upper storeys, not merely for the greater purity of the air, but for a reason seldom thought of, and yet of very great sanitary value.

The higher we ascend, the more rarified is the air, the greater bulk is required to impart a given amount of nourishment to the system; this greater rarity excites the instinct of our nature to deeper, fuller breathing, without any effort on our part, and this kind of breathing, as the reflecting must know, is antagonistic of consumption, that fell scourge of civilised society, which destroys full one-sixth of the adult population. In the city of Mexico, situated seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, only three persons out of a hundred die annually of consumption; while in our larger cities, but a few feet above the level of the sea, eighteen out of every hundred perish from that disease.

LINES BY PRINCESS AMELIA,

DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung;
And, proud of heart, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,—
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame;
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER VII.

SUSPENSE.

MRS. HALLIBURTON sat in her chair, still enough, save for the wailing cry which had just escaped her lips. Her husband would not look at her in that moment. His gaze was bent on the fire, and his cheek lay in his hand. As she cried out, he stretched forth his other hand and let it fall lightly upon hers.

"Jane, had I thought you would look at the dark side of the picture, I should have hesitated to tell you. Why, my dear child, the very fact of my telling you at all should convince you that there's nothing very serious the matter," he added, in a cheering tone of reasoning; for, now that he had spoken, he deemed it well to make the very best he could of it.

"You say they will *not* insure your life?"

"Well, Jane, perhaps that expression was not a correct one. They have not declined as yet to do so; but, Dr. Carrington says he cannot give the necessary certificate that I am a thoroughly sound and healthy man."

"Then you did go up to Dr. Carrington?"

"I did. Forgive me, Jane: I could not enter upon it before all the children."

She leaned over and laid her head upon his shoulder. "Tell me all about it, Edgar," she whispered; "as much as you know yourself."

"I have told you the chief purport, Jane. I saw Dr. Carrington, and he asked me a great many questions, and examined me here"—touching his chest. "He fancies the organs are not sound, and he declined giving the certificate."

"That your chest is not sound?" asked Jane.

"He said the lungs."

"Ah!" she uttered, with a sort of spasmodic gasp.

"What else did he say?"

"Well, he said nothing about the heart, or the liver, or any other vital part; so I conclude they are all right, and that there was nothing to say," replied Mr. Halliburton, attempting to be gay. "I could have told him my brain was strong enough, had he asked about that, for I'm sure it gets its full share of work. I need not have mentioned this to you at all, Jane, but for a perplexing bit of advice that the doctor gave me."

Jane sat straight in her chair again, and looked at Mr. Halliburton. The colour was beginning to come into her face. He continued:—

"Dr. Carrington earnestly recommends that I remove from London. Indeed—he said—that it was necessary—if I would get well. No wonder that you found my manner abstracted," he continued very rapidly after his hesitation, "with that unpalatable counsel to digest."

"Did he think you very ill?" she breathed.

"He did not say I was 'very ill,' Jane. I am not very ill, as you may see for yourself. My dear, what he said was, that my lungs were—were—"

"Diseased?" she put in.

"Diseased. Yes, that was it," he truthfully replied. "It is the term that medical men apply when they wish to indicate unsoundness. And he strenuously recommended that I should quit London."

"For how long? Did he say?"

"He said for good."

Jane felt startled. "How could it be done, Edgar?"

"In truth I do not know. If I leave London, I leave my living behind me. Now you see why I was so absorbed at tea-time. When you saw me go out, I was going round to Allen's."

"And what does he say?" she eagerly interrupted.

"Oh, he seems to think it a flea-bite, compared to Dr.

Carrington. He agreed with him on one point—that I ought to live out of London."

"Edgar, I will tell you what I think must be done," said Jane, after a pause. "I have not had time to reflect much upon it; but it strikes me that it would be advisable for you to see another physician, and take his opinion. Some man clever in affections of the lungs. Go to him to-morrow; without any delay. Should he say that you must leave London, of course we must leave it, no matter what the sacrifice."

The advice corresponded with Mr. Halliburton's own opinion, and he resolved to follow it. A conviction amounting to a certainty was upon him, that, go to what doctor he might, the flat would be the same as Dr. Carrington's. He did not say so to Jane. On the contrary, he spoke of these insurance-office physicians as being over-fastidious in the interests of the office; and he tried to deceive his own heart with the same sophistry.

"Shall you apply to another office to insure your life?" Jane asked.

"I would, if I thought it would not be useless."

"You think it would be useless?"

"The offices all keep their own physicians, and those physicians, I say, are over-particular—crochety, I should call them, Jane."

"I think it must amount to this," said Jane: "that if there is anything serious the matter with you, no office will be found to do it; but, if the affection is only trifling or temporary, you may get yourself accepted."

"That is about it. Oh, Jane!" he added, with an irrepressible burst of anguish, "what would I not give to have insured my life before this came upon me! All those past years! they seem to have been let run to waste, when I might have been using them to lay up a store for the children!"

How many are there of us who, looking back, can feel that our past years have not been let run to waste?

"To what physician will you go?" Jane inquired of her husband on the following morning.

"I have been thinking of Dr. Arnold, of Finsbury," he replied.

"Yes, you could not go to a better. Edgar, you will let me accompany you?"

"No, no, Jane. Your accompanying me would do no good. You could not go into the room with me."

She saw the force of the objection. "I shall be so very anxious," she said, in a low tone.

He laughed at her: he was willing to make light of it if it might ease her fears. "My dear, I will come home at once and report to you, and borrow Jack the Giant Killer's seven-leagued boots, in the children's book of fairy tales, that I may get here the quicker."

"You know that I shall be anxious," she repeated, feeling vexed.

"Jane," he said, his tone changing, "I see that you are more anxious already than is good for you. It is not well that you should be so."

"I wish I could be with you! I wish I could hear, as you will, Dr. Arnold's opinion from his own lips!" was all she answered.

"I will faithfully repeat it to you," said Mr. Halliburton.

"Faithfully?—word for word? You will, on your honour?"

"Yes, Jane, I will. You have my promise. Good news I shall only be too glad to tell you; and, should it be the worst, it will be necessary that you should know it."

"You must get there before ten o'clock," she observed; "otherwise there will be little chance of seeing him."

"I shall be there by nine, Jane. To spare time later, would interfere too much with my day's work."

A thought crossed Jane's mind—if the flat were unfavourable, what would become of his day's work then—all his days? But she did not speak it.

"Oh, papa," cried Janey at breakfast, "was it not a beautiful party! Did you ever enjoy yourself so much before?"

"I don't suppose you ever did, Janey," he replied, in a kind tone.

"No, that I never did. Alice Harvey's birthday comes in summer, and she says she knows her mamma will let her give just such another. Mamma?"—turning round to Mrs. Halliburton.

"Well, Jane?"

"Shall you let me have a new frock for it? You know I tore mine last night."

"All in good time, Janey. We don't know where we may all be then."

No, they did not. The foreshadowing of it was already upon the spirit of Mrs. Halliburton. Not upon the children: they were spared it yet.

"Do not be surprised if you see me waiting for you when you come out of Dr. Arnold's," said Jane to her husband, in a low tone, as he was going out.

"But Jane, why? Indeed, I think it would be foolish of you to come. My dear, I never knew you like this before."

Perhaps not. But when, before, had there been cause for this agitating apprehension?

Jane watched him depart. Indeed, calm as she contrived to remain outwardly, she was in a sadly restless, nervous state, little accustomed as she was to give way. A sick feeling of faintness was within her, a miserable sensation of apprehensive suspense; and she could hardly battle with it. You may have felt the same in the dread approach of some great calamity. The reading over, Janey got her books about, as usual. Mrs. Halliburton took charge of her education in every branch except music: for that she had a master. She would not send Jane to school. The child reached her books; and was surprised at seeing her mother come into the room with her things on.

"Mamma! Are you going out?"

"For a little while, Jane."

"Oh, let me go! let me go, too!"

"Not this morning, dear. You will have plenty of employment; preparing the lessons that you could not prepare last night."

"So I shall," said Janey. "I thought perhaps you meant to excuse them, mamma."

It was nearly impossible for Jane to remain in the house, in her present state of agitation. She knew that it did appear absurdly foolish to go after her husband; but walk somewhere she must: how could she turn a different way from that which he had gone? It was a good distance to Finsbury: half an hour's walk at the least. Should she go? or should she not? she asked herself as she turned out of the house. She began to think that she might have remained at home, had she exercised proper self-control. She felt a great mind to turn back, and was slackening her pace to hesitating steps, when she caught sight of Mr. Allen at his surgery window.

An impulse came over her that she would go in and ask his opinion of her husband. She opened the door and entered. The surgeon was making up some pills.

"You are abroad betimes, Mrs. Halliburton!"

"Yes," she replied. "Mr. Halliburton has gone to Finsbury Square, to see Dr. Arnold, and I—Do you think him very ill, Mr. Allen?" she abruptly broke off.

"I do not, myself. Carrington—Did you know he had been to Dr. Carrington?" asked Mr. Allen, almost fearing he might be betraying secrets.

"I know all about it. I know what the doctor said. Do you think Dr. Carrington was mistaken?"

"In a measure. There's no doubt the lungs are affected, but I believe not to the grave extent assumed by Dr. Carrington."

"He assumed, then, that they were affected to a grave extent?" she hastily repeated, her heart beating faster.

"I thought you said you knew all about it, Mrs. Halliburton?"

"So I do. He may possibly not have told me the very worst said by Dr. Carrington; but he told me quite sufficient. Mr. Allen, you tell me—do you think that there is a chance of his recovery?"

"Most certainly I do," warmly replied the surgeon. "Every chance, Mrs. Halliburton. I see no reason whatever why he should not keep as well as he is now, and live for years, provided he takes care of himself. It appears that Dr. Carrington very strongly urged his removing into the country; he went so far as to say that it was his only chance for life—and in that, I think, he went too far again. Not but what the country would do for him what London will not."

"You deem that he ought to remove to the country?" she inquired, giving no token of the sinking terror those incautious words brought her—"his only chance for life."

"I do. If it be possible for him to manage his affairs so as to get away, I should say, Let him do so by all means."

"It must be done, you know, Mr. Allen, if it be essential."

"In my judgment, it should be done. Many and many a time I have said to him myself, 'It's a pity but you could be away from this heavy London!' The fogs affect him, and the smoke affects him—the air altogether affects him; and I only wonder it has not told upon him before. As Dr. Carrington observed to him, there are some constitutions which somehow will not thrive here."

Mrs. Halliburton rose with a sigh. "I am glad you do not think so very ill of him," she breathed.

"I do not think *ill* of him at all," was the surgeon's answer. "I confess that he is not strong, and that he must have care. The pure air of the country, and relaxation from some of his most pressing work, may do wonders for him. If I might advise, I should say, Let no considerations of pecuniary interest keep him here. And that is very disinterested advice, Mrs. Halliburton," concluded the doctor, laughing, "for, in losing you, I should lose both friends and patients."

Jane went out. Those ominous words were still ringing in her ears—"his only chance for life."

She put her self-control in force, and did *not* go to meet Mr. Halliburton. She returned home and took off her things, and gave what attention she could to Jane's lessons. But none can tell the suspense that was agitating her: the ever-restless glances she cast to the window, to see him pass. By-and-by, she went and stood at it.

As last she saw him coming along in the distance. She would have liked to fly to meet him—to say, What is the news? but she did not. More patience, and then, when he came in at the front door, she quitted the room she was in, and went with him into the drawing-room, her face as white as a sheet.

He saw how agitatedly anxious she was, strive as she would for apparent calmness. He stood looking at her with a smile.

"Well, Jane, it is not so very formidable, after all."

Her face grew hot, and her heart bounded on. "What does Dr. Arnold say? You know, Edgar, you promised me the truth without disguise."

"You shall have it, Jane. Dr. Arnold's opinion of me is not unfavourable. That the lungs are to a certain extent affected, is indisputable, and he thinks they have been so for some time. But he sees nothing to indicate present danger to life. He believes that I may make an old man yet."

Jane breathed freely. A word of earnest thanks went up from her heart.

"With proper regimen—he has given me certain rules for living—and pure air and warm sunshine, he considers that I have really nothing to fear. I told you, Jane, those insurance doctors make the worst of things."

"Dr. Arnold, then, recommends the country?" observed Jane, paying no heed to the last remark.

"Very strongly. Nearly as strongly as Dr. Carrington."

Jane lifted her eyes to her husband's face. "Dr. Carrington said, you know, that it was your only chance for life."

"Not quite as bad as that, Jane," he returned, never supposing but he must himself have let the remark slip, and wondering how he came to do so. "What Dr. Carrington said was, that it was London *versus* life."

"It is the same thing, Edgar. And now, what is to be done? Of course we have no alternative: into the country we must go. The question is, where?"

"Ay, that is the question," he answered. "Not only where, but what to do? I cannot drop down into a fresh place, and expect a teaching connection to surround me at once, all ready made, as if it had been waiting for me. But I have not time to talk now. Only fancy! it is half-past ten."

Mr. Halliburton went out, and Jane remained, glued as it were to her chair. A hundred perplexing plans and schemes were already working in her brain.

They continued to work there for many a day. Many and many an anxious consultation did she and her husband hold—where should they go? what should they do? That it was necessary to do something, and speedily, events proved, independent of what had been said by the doctors. Before another month had passed over his head, Mr. Halliburton had grown so much worse that he had to resign his post at King's College. But, to the hopeful minds of himself and Jane, the country change was to bring its panacea for all ills. They had grown to anticipate it with enthusiasm.

His thoughts naturally ran upon teaching, as his continued occupation. He knew nothing of any other. All England was before him; and he supposed he might obtain a living at it, wherever he might go. Such testimonials as his were not met with every day. His cousin Julia was married to a gentleman of some local influence (as Mr. Halliburton had understood) in the city of which they were residents, the chief town of one of the midland counties; and a thought crossed his mind more than once, whether it might not be well to fix upon that same town to settle in.

"They might be able to recommend me, you see, Jane," he observed to his wife, one evening that they were sitting together, after the children were in bed. "Not that I should much like asking any favour of Julia."

"Why not?" said Jane.

"Because she is not a pleasant person to ask a favour of: it is many years since I saw her, but I well remember that. Another reason why I feel inclined to that place is, that it is a cathedral town. Cathedral towns gather many of the higher order of the clergy in them; and learning is sure to be respected, to find its weight there, should it do so nowhere else. Consequently there would be a field for classical teaching."

Jane thought the argument had weight.

"And there's yet another thing," continued Mr. Halliburton. "You remember Peach?"

"Peach?—Peach?" repeated Jane, as if unable to recall the name.

"The young fellow that I had so much trouble with, a few years ago; drilling him between his terms at Oxford. But for me, he never would have passed either his great or his little go. He did get plucked the first time he went up. You must remember him, Jane: he has often taken tea with us here."

"Oh yes, yes! I remember him" now—Charley Peach."

"Well, he has recently been appointed to a minor canonry in that same cathedral," resumed Mr. Halliburton. "Dr. Jacobs told me of it, the other day. Now, I am quite sure that Peach would be delighted to say a word for me, or to put anything in my way. That is another reason why I am inclined to go there."

"I suppose the town is a healthy one?"

"Ay, that it is; and it is seated in one of the most charming of our counties. There'll be no London fogs or smoke there."

"Then, Edgar, let us decide upon it."

"Yes, I think so. Unless we should hear of an opening elsewhere that may promise better. We must get away by midsummer if we can, or soon after it. It will be sharp work, though."

"What trouble it will be to pack the furniture!" she exclaimed.

"Pack what furniture, Jane? We must sell the furniture."

"Sell the furniture!" she uttered, aghast.

"My dear, it would never do to take the furniture. It would cost as much nearly as it is worth. There's no knocking, either, how long it might be upon the road, or the damage it might get. I expect it would have to go principally by water."

"By water!" cried Mrs. Halliburton.

"I fancy so. By barge, I mean. The wagons would not take it, except by paying highly. A great deal of the heavy country traffic is done by water. This furniture is old, Jane, most of it, and will not bear the knocking about of rough travelling. Consider how many years your father and mother had it in use."

"Then what should we do for furniture when we get there?" asked Jane.

"Buy new with the money we get from the sale of this. I have been reflecting upon it a good deal, Jane, and I fancy it will be the best plan. However, if you hold by this old furniture, we must take it."

Jane looked round upon it. She did hold by the time-used furniture; but she knew how old it was, and was willing to do whatever might be best. A vision came into her mind of fresh, clean, bright furniture, and it looked pleasant in the imaginary vista. "It would certainly be a great deal to pack and carry," she acknowledged. "And some of it is not worth it."

"And it would be more than we should want," resumed Mr. Halliburton. "Wherever we go, we must be contented with a small house; at any rate at first. But it will be time enough to go into these practical details, Jane, when we shall have fixed finally upon what is to be our destination."

"Oh, Edgar! I shall be so sorry to take the boys from King's College!"

"Jane," he said, a haggard sort of pain crossing his face as he spoke, "there are so many things connected with it altogether that cause me sorrow, that my only resource is not to think upon them. I might be tempted to repine; to ask in a spirit of rebellion why this affliction should have come upon us. It is God's decree, and it is my duty to submit patiently."

"May God be with me, and enable me to submit to whatever may be in store for me!" was the mental prayer of Jane Halliburton.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DYING BED.

IN a handsome chamber of a handsome house in Birmingham, an old man lay dying. He had been for most of his life engaged in extensive wholesale business; had achieved local position, had accumulated moderate wealth. But neither wealth nor position can insure

peace to a death-bed; and the old man lay on his, groaning over the past.

The season was that of mid-winter. Not the winter following the intended removal of Mr. Halliburton from London, as spoken of in the last chapter; but the winter preceding it, for it is necessary to take you back a little. A hard, sharp, white day in January, and the fire was piled up on high in the sick chamber, and the large flakes of snow piled themselves up outside on the frames of the windows, and beat against the panes of glass. The room was fitted up with every comfort that the most fastidious invalid could desire; and yet, I say, nothing seemed to bring comfort to the invalid lying there. His hands were clenching themselves as in mortal agony, and his eyes were apparently watching the falling of the curling snow. The eyes saw it not; in reality they were cast back to where his mind was—the past.

What could it be that was troubling him? Was it that loss of money, only two years ago, by which the one half of his savings had been engulfed? Scarcely. A man dying—as he knew he was—would be unlikely to cry over that now. Ample competence had remained to him, and he had neither son nor daughter to inherit. Hark! what is it that he is murmuring between his parched lips—to the accompaniment of his clenching hands?

"I see it all now; I see it all! While we are buoyed up with health and strength, we continue hard, selfish, obstinate in our wickedness. But when death comes, we awake to our error; and death has come to me, and I have awoken to mine. Why did I turn him out like a dog? He had neither kith nor kin, and I sent him adrift on the world, to fight with it, or to starve! He was the only child of my sister, and she was gone. She and I were of the same father and mother: we shared the same meals in childhood, the same home, the same play, the same hopes. She wrote to me when she was dying: as I am dying now. 'Richard, should my poor boy be left fatherless—and my husband's health seems to be failing—be you his kind friend and protector for Helen's sake, and may Heaven bless you for it!' And I scoffed at the injunction when the boy offended me, and turned him out. *Shall I have to answer for it?*"

The last anxious doubt was uttered more audibly than the rest; it escaped from his lips with a groan of pain. A woman, who was dozing over the fire, started up.

"Did you call, master?"

"No. Go out and leave me."

"But—"

"Go out and leave me!" he repeated, with an anger little fitted to his position. And the woman was speeding from the room, when he caught at the curtain, and called her back.

"Are they not come?"

"Not yet, sir. But with this heavy fall, it's not to be wondered at. The highways must be almost impassable. With good roads they might have been here hours ago."

She went out, and he lay back on his pillow, his eyes wide open, but wearing the same dreamy look. You may be wondering who he is: though you probably guess, for you have heard of him once before as Mr. Cooper, the uncle who discarded Edgar Halliburton.

I must give you just a few words of retrospect. Richard Cooper was the eldest of three children; the others were a brother and a sister: Richard, Alfred, and Helen. Alfred and Helen both married; Richard never did marry. It was somewhat singular that the brother and the sister should both die, each leaving an orphan; and that the orphans should find a home in the house of their uncle Richard. Julia Cooper, the brother's orphan, was the first to come to it, a long while before Edgar Halliburton came. Helen had married the Rev. William Halliburton, and she died at his rectory in Devonshire—sending that earnest prayer to

her brother Richard which you have just heard him utter. A little while, and her husband, the rector, was also dead; and then it was that Edgar went to his uncle Richard's. Fortunate for these two orphan children, it appeared to be, that their uncle had not married; that he could give them a good home.

A good home he did give them. Julia left it first, to become the wife of Anthony Dare, a solicitor in good practice in a distant city. She married him very soon after her cousin Edgar came to his uncle's. And it was subsequent to the marriage of Julia, that Edgar was discarded and turned adrift. Years, many years, had gone by since then; and here lay Richard Cooper, stricken for death, and repenting of the harshness which he had not repented of, or sought to atone for, all through those long years. Ah, my friends! whatsoever there may lie upon our consciences, however we may have contrived to ignore it during our busy lives, be assured that it will come home to us on our death-bed!

Richard Cooper lay back on his pillow, his eyes wide open with their inward tribulation. "Who knows but there'd be time yet?" he suddenly murmured. And the thought appeared to excite his mind and flush his cheek, and he lifted his hand and grasped the bell-rope, ringing it so loudly as to bring two servants to the room.

"Go up, one of you to Lawyer Weston's," he uttered. "Bring him back with you. Tell him I want to alter my will, and that there may be time yet. Don't send—one of you go," he repeated in a tone of agonising entreaty. "Bring him; bring him back." As the echo of his voice died away, there came a loud summons at the street-door, as of a hasty arrival. "Master," cried one of the maids, "they be come at last. I thought I heard a carriage, a drawing up amid the snow."

"Who come?" he asked in some confusion of mind. "Weston's come?"

"Not him, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Dare."

A lady and gentleman were getting out of a coach at the door. A tall man, very tall, with handsome features, but an unpleasantly free expression of countenance. The lady was tall also, stout and fair, with an imperious look in her little turned-up nose. "Are we in time?" the latter asked of the servants.

"It's nearly as much as can be said, ma'am," was the answer. "But he has roused up in the last hour, and is growing excited. The doctors thought it might be so: that he'd not continue in the lethargy to the last."

They went on at once to the sick-chamber. Every sense of the dying man appeared to be on the alert. His hands were holding back the curtain, his eyes were strained on the room's entrance. "Why have you been so long?" he cried in a voice of strength that they were surprised to hear.

"Dear uncle," said Mrs. Dare, bending over the bed, and clasping the feeble hands, "we started the very moment that the letter came. But we could not get along—the roads are dreadfully heavy."

"Master," whispered a servant in the invalid's ear, "be we to go now for lawyer Weston?"

"No, there's no need," was the prompt answer.

"Anthony Dare, you are a lawyer," continued Mr. Cooper; "you'll do what I want done as well as another. Will you do it?"

"Anything you please, sir," was Mr. Dare's reply.

"Sit you down, then; Julia, sit you down. You may be hungry and thirsty after your journey; but you must wait. The life's not ebbing out of you as it is out of me. We'll get this matter over, that my mind may be so far at rest; and then you can eat and drink of the best that my house affords. I am in mortal pain, Anthony Dare."

Mrs. Dare was silently removing some of her outer wrappings, and whispering with the servant at the extremity of the roomy chamber; but Mr. Dare, who had

taken off his great-coat and hat in the hall, continued to stand by the sick-bed.

"I am sorry to hear it, sir," he said, in reply to Mr. Cooper's concluding sentence. "Can the medical men afford you no relief?"

"It's pain of mind, Anthony Dare, not pain of body. That pain has passed from me. I'd have sent for you and Julia before, but I did not know until yesterday that the end was so near. Never let a man be guilty of injustice!" broke forth Mr. Cooper, vehemently. "Or let him know that it will come home to him to trouble his dying bed."

"What can I do for you, sir?" questioned Mr. Dare.

"If you will open that bureau, you'll find pen and ink and paper. Julia, come here, and see that we are alone."

The servant left the room, and Mrs. Dare came forward, divested of her cloaks. She wore a handsome dark blue satin dress (much the fashion at that time) with a good deal of rich white lace about it, a heavy gold chain, and some very showy jewellery of amethysts set in gold. The jewellery was real, however, not sham; but altogether her attire looked somewhat out of place for a death-chamber.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and what with that, and the thick atmosphere outside, the chamber had grown dim. Mr. Dare disposed the writing materials on a small round table at the invalid's elbow; and then looked towards the distant window.

"I fear I cannot see, sir, without a light."

"Call for it, Julia," said the invalid.

A lamp was brought, and placed on the table, so that its rays should not affect those eyes so soon to close to all earthly light. And Mr. Dare waited, pen in hand.

"I have been hard and wilful," began Mr. Cooper, putting up his trembling hands. "I have been obdurate, and selfish, and unjust; and now it is keeping peace from me—"

"But in what way, dear uncle?" softly put in Mrs. Dare; and it may be as well remarked that whenever Mrs. Dare attempted to speak softly and kindly, it seemed to bear an unnatural sound to others' ears.

"In what way?—why, with regard to Edgar Halliburton," said Mr. Cooper, the drops breaking out upon his brow. "In seeking to follow the calling marked out for him by his father, he only did his duty; and I should have seen it in that light then, but for my own obstinate pride and self-will. I did wrong to discard him: I have done wrong, ever since, in keeping him from me, in refusing to be reconciled. Are you listening, Anthony Dare?"

"Certainly, sir. I hear."

"Julia, I say that there was no reason for my turning him away. There has been no reason for my keeping him away. I have refused to be reconciled; I have sent back his letters unopened; I have held him at contemptuous defiance. When I heard that he had married, I cast harsh words to him, because he had not solicited my consent, though I was aware, all the while, that I had given him no opportunity to solicit it—that I had harshly refused all overtures, all intercourse. I cast harsh words to his wife, knowing her not. But I see my error now. Do you see it, Julia? Do you see it, Anthony Dare?"

"Would you like to have him sent for, sir?" suggested Mr. Dare.

"It is too late. He could not get here in time. I don't know, either, where he lives in London, or what his address may be. Do you?"—looking at his niece.

"Oh dear, no," she replied, with a slight contemptuous gesture of the shoulders, as much as to imply that to know the address of her cousin Edgar was quite beneath her.

"No, he could not get here," repeated the dying man,

whilst Mrs. Dare wiped the dews that had gathered on his pallid and wrinkled brow. "Julia! Anthony! Anthony Dare!"

"Sir, what is it?"

"I wish you both to listen to me. I cannot die with this injustice unrepaid. I have made my will in Julia's favour. It is all left to her, save a few trifles to my servants. When the property comes to be realised, there'll be at least sixteen thousand pounds, and, but for that late mad speculation I entered into, there would have been nearer forty thousand."

He paused. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dare answered. "You are a lawyer, Anthony, and could draw up a fresh will. But there's no time, I say. What is darkening the room?" he abruptly broke off to ask.

Mr. Dare looked hastily up. Nothing was darkening the room, save the gradually increasing gloom of evening.

"My sight is growing dim," then, said the invalid. "Listen to me, both of you. I charge you, Anthony and Julia Dare, that you divide this money with Edgar Halliburton. Give him his full share; the half, even to a farthing. Will you do so, Anthony Dare?"

"Yes, I will, sir."

"Be it so. I charge you both solemnly—do not fail. If you would lay up peace for the time when you shall come to be where I am—do not fail. There's no time legally to do what is right, I feel that there is not. Ere the deed could be drawn up, I should be gone, and could not sign it. But I leave the charge upon you; the solemn charge. The half of my money belongs of right to Edgar Halliburton; Julia has only claim to the other half. Be careful how you divide it: you are sole executor, Anthony Dare. Have you got your paper ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then just dot down a few words as I dictate, and I will sign them. 'I, Richard Cooper, do repent of my injustice to my dear nephew, Edgar Halliburton. And I do desire, by this my last act on my death-bed, to bequeath to him the half of the money and property I shall die possessed of; and I charge Anthony Dare, the executor of my will, to carry out this act and wish as strictly as though it were a formal and legal one. I desire that whatever I shall die possessed of, save the bequests to my servants, may be equally divided between my nephew Edgar and my niece Julia.'"

The dying man paused. "I think that's all that need be said," he observed. "Have you finished writing it, Anthony Dare?"

Mr. Dare wrote fast and quickly, and was finishing the last words then. "It is written, sir."

"Read it."

Mr. Dare proceeded to do so. Short as the time was which it took to accomplish this, the old man had fallen into a doze ere it was concluded; a doze or a partial stupor. They could not tell which it was; but, in leaning over him, he woke up with a start.

"I can't die with this injustice unrepaid!" he cried, his memory evidently ignoring what had just been done. "Anthony Dare, your wife has no right to all my money. I shall leave half of it to Edgar. I want you to write it down."

"It is done, sir. This is the paper."

"Where? where? Why don't you get a light in the room? It's pitch dark. This? Is this it?"—as Mr. Dare put it into his hand. "Now, mind!" he added, his tone changing to one of solemn enjoiner, "mind that you act upon it. Julia has no right to more than her half share; she must not take more: money kept by wrong, acquired by injustice, never prospers. It would not bring you good, it would not bring a blessing. Give Edgar his legal half; and give him his old uncle's love and contrition. Tell him if the past could come over again, there should be no estrangement between us."

He lay panting for a few minutes, and then spoke

again, the paper having fallen unnoticed from his hand.

"Julia, when you see Edgar's wife.—Did I sign that paper?" he broke off.

"No, sir," said Mr. Dare. "Will you sign it now?"

"Ay. But, signed or not signed, you'll equally act upon it. I don't put it forth as a legal document; I suppose it would not, in this informal state, stand good in law. It is but a reminder to you, Anthony Dare, that you may not forget my wishes. Hold me up in bed, and have lights brought."

Anthony Dare drew the curtain back, and the rays of the lamp flashed upon the dying man. Mr. Dare looked for a book, to put the paper on while it was signed.

"I want light," came again from the bed, in a pleading tone. "Julia, why don't you tell them to bring in the lamp?"

"The lamp is here, uncle. It is close to you."

"Then there's no oil in it," he cried. "You have let the oil burn down. Julia, I will have lights here. Tell them to bring the dinner lamps; they give the best light. Don't ring; go and see that they are brought."

Unwilling to cross him, and doubting lest his sight should really have gone, Mrs. Dare went out, and returned with one of the servants and more light. Mr. Cooper was then lying back on his pillow, dozing and unconscious.

"Has he signed the paper?" Mrs. Dare whispered to her husband.

He shook his head in the negative, and pointed to it. It was lying on the bed, just as Mrs. Dare had left it. Mrs. Dare caught it up from any prying eyes that might be about, folded it, and held it securely in her hand.

"He will wake up again presently, and can sign it then," observed Mr. Dare, just as a gentle ring was heard at the house door.

"It's the doctor," said the servant, "I know his ring."

But the old man never did sign the paper, and never woke up again. He lay in a state of lethargy throughout the night. Mr. and Mrs. Dare watched by his bed-side; the servants watched; and the doctors came in at intervals; but there was no change in his state, and the last great change took place unperceived by those around. It occurred at day-break; and, when the neighbours opened their windows to the cold and the snow, the house of Richard Cooper remained closed; and they knew that death was within it.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Cross Bearing. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. Nisbet, Berners Street. pp. 32. 24mo.

A pretty little tract founded on "Let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." The proof is rendered evident that self-denial is an essential law of Christianity. Upon this assumption is based the plea which was, perhaps, intended to constitute this little publication a covert weapon in the artillery directed against intemperance. The writer says, "There are some professors of Christianity who regard the necessity of self-denial as a valid objection against certain schemes of philanthropy. They ask, why should they deny themselves an innocent gratification because others abuse it?" To which the reply is given thus: "If the giving up of a trifling, sensual enjoyment would tend to promote the moral and spiritual welfare of multitudes, then the sacrifice would be in harmony with the cross-bearing spirit of Christianity." The ingenuity of this argument, and its accordance with evangelical truth, will be admitted by many upon whom practically it will have little impression.

1. *First Lessons in the Evidences of Christianity.* By B. B. WOODWARD, B.A., F.S.A. London: Ward and Co.
2. *First Lessons on the English Reformation, for Schools.* By B. B. WOODWARD, B.A., F.S.A. London: Ward and Co.

It is very gratifying when a gentleman so well informed and talented as Mr. Woodward comes forward to impart to the young elementary instruction on the highest of themes. Books of rudiments are often written by those who have themselves a very limited acquaintance with their subject, just as the youngest scholars are taught by those who themselves need instruction. In all this there is much that is wrong and injurious. If able men and scholars can adapt themselves in style and manner to juvenile capacities, they ought to be preferred before all others. A few of our great and good men, since Dr. Watts, have been successful in this department; but the great number of failures has deterred not a few from making any attempt. Evidently Mr. Woodward believes with us that we should look well to the foundations; that before the youthful mind is pre-occupied with trash and the literature of misrepresentation, it should be informed of the grounds of our faith, and the facts which really led to our religious position as a people. He has succeeded admirably. The little book on Evidences is excellent, and embodies facts which none but a ripe scholar could have introduced. The English Reformation is treated with great candour and talent, and the book is like its companion, most instructive and commendable.

Tracts for Women. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

These tracts are twelve in number, and may be had either separately or in a neat volume. They are founded upon Scriptural examples. Thus we have "the virtuous woman," from the ideal sketch contained in the last chapter of Proverbs. Then comes "the woman of great faith," who would receive no denial when she came to plead with Christ on behalf of her child. Mary, the mother of our Lord, is "the one blessed among women." Hannah is "the woman of a sorrowful spirit." The women of Samaria; the two sisters; the wise woman of Tekoah; the woman that was a sinner; the woman that touched Jesus; the woman which laboured in the Lord; the woman who had a spirit of infirmity; and the women that stood by the cross, furnish the remaining topics. The tracts are short, neatly printed, earnest, affectionate, and evangelical. The lessons are well developed, and strikingly set forth. Any woman, whatever may be the position in life, may read them; and they may profit the young as well as the old. Of course, they have their special lessons, but this will not prevent them from being generally acceptable. Whatever is addressed to the heart and conscience, whatever urges us to fidelity in life's duties, and whatever stimulates us to love and honour the Saviour, is suited for more than those whom the speaker or writer addresses. We strongly recommend these little tracts for extensive distribution.

The Tora Bible. By ALICE SOMERTON. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

An instructive book for boys, especially such as have been blessed with the advantages of a good education. The story introduces one Hubert Goodwin, a spirited lad, who became unruly at school, reckless as a young man. When he left school he was sent out to India, taking with him a Bible, the gift of his mother. This book he promised to read daily, but forgot his promise. While in India he yields to temptation, and leads a thoughtless life. He is wounded in battle, and passes through many chequered scenes. He keeps his Bible, but one day tore it, in a fit of passion, by casting it from him. Ever and anon this Bible turns up, and at length

finds its way into his coat pocket, where one day it received a bullet, which bullet, but for the Bible, would have pierced his heart. As it was, Hubert narrowly escaped with his life, and when the fact just named was brought to light, he was already a changed man. After this he returns to England, and makes his way to his native village, after more than twenty years' absence. He finds many things changed, but his father still alive, a frail old man. These things, and many more, are related in a graphic and attractive style. Some portions of the book are really touching, and all of it wears an air of truthfulness which must commend it to all readers. Here and there it breathes a spirit which is too martial for us; but otherwise, it is an admirable little book.

The Australian Pastor; a Record of the Remarkable Changes in Mind and Outward Estate of Henry Elliott. By Rev. E. STRICKLAND, M.A. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.

Henry Elliott was, in succession, a Wesleyan preacher, a sceptic, an episcopalian chaplain in Norfolk Island, and a clergyman in Australia. His record is a very remarkable one, and as instructive as it is remarkable. Mr. Strickland narrates at length his own efforts in Elliott's favour, and it must be cause for much gratitude that, though he found him a Chartist and a Secularist, he leaves him a saint in glory. It is greatly to be desired that such a book as this should be placed in the hands of young working men, who are in danger of falling into the nets spread for them by the deluded or unprincipled advocates of infidelity. For what is secularism but infidelity? In all its modes, from the mildest scepticism to the fiercest atheism, it is infidelity. Secularism is a name invented to disguise the awful character of the system; it at most confesses that its disciples only care for time, and are men of the world: but even that is a dreadful confession to make. It excludes the soul and eternity, God and salvation; and it limits us to the sphere and the home of the brutes that perish. Now, when a young man surrenders himself to this principle, it is impossible to say where he will stop. If things secular are his all, he will seek his highest happiness in them. He bids farewell to the hopes and consolations, and elevating power of religion; he has no Divine restraint to keep him from immorality; and having excluded God from all part in his government, he is naturally tempted to doubt or deny his existence. We shall not soon forget how we once shuddered to hear a young man who had slid into this gulf exclaim before a numerous assembly, "There is no God! yea, I know not any!" Nothing but omnipotent grace can save from this dreadful end. How Henry Elliott was saved, and what he became as a devoted Christian labourer, is fully detailed in the exceedingly useful and interesting book of Mr. Strickland, which we strongly recommend to young men.

Musical Notices.

David's Prayer.—A sacred song, the words selected from the 119th Psalm. The music by Topliff, possesses considerable merit. The devotional character of the melody is very striking.

Sweet Little Bird, and *The Spirit's Call*, by the same composer, are agreeable, and likely to be popular.

Published by Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.

Holy Spirit from Above, and *The Christian's Appeal*. Sacred songs, by W. West, already favourably known by similar compositions. They are simple, plaintive melodies, easily arranged.

Published by S. Clark, Holborn Bars.

Hopes for the Best, a ballad, by J. T. Cochrane; very musical, and unexceptionable in its tone.

Published by Alvey Turner, Poultry.

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

MAY 4.

BARROW.—Among the great names that adorn the history of the Church during the seventeenth century, none is more conspicuous than that of Isaac Barrow, who died on this day in 1677. Of the many good and great men whom it is the glory of Cambridge to number as her foster-sons, none, perhaps, after Bacon and Newton, was more distinguished. When, in 1673, he was raised to the mastership of Trinity College by the king, it was with this compliment, that he "had given it to the best scholar in England." His majesty did not speak from report, but from personal knowledge; and, in his humorous way, was accustomed to style him an "unfair preacher," inasmuch as from frequent conversation and much intimacy with him, he knew that he exhausted every subject he discussed, leaving nothing for others that might come after him. His works are very numerous, and such as do honour to the science, the literature, and the Protestantism of the English nation. The fact that Archbishop Tillotson edited his posthumous theological writings, is in itself a sufficient indorsement of the estimation in which they were held. The laborious office of editing such voluminous works as those of Barrow—a task upon which Tillotson was employed three years, after having previously appeared with so much advantage to himself as an original writer—forms an evidence of the modesty of great minds, and constitutes the greatest possible tribute to the talent of his friend. Even in our own day, while the press is hourly and instantaneously circulating the clever pulpit oratory of living men, Barrow's sermons are yet admired for their style, their prodigious fecundity of invention, and for the uncommon force of their conceptions. The criticism of a writer in the age immediately succeeding him yet remains correct: that "the name of Barrow will ever be illustrious for a strength of mind and a compass of knowledge that did honour to his country;" that, while "unrivalled in mathematical learning—and in this respect inferior only to his successor, Sir Isaac Newton—the same genius that seemed to be born only to bring hidden truths to light was united also to the finest fancy, the soundest judgment, the clearest perception, and the most nervous reasoning." After a life that would have placed him among the highest rank of writers in philosophy and classical literature, he at length gave himself up exclusively to divinity; not to controversial study, but to that most useful part of theological inquiry, which is practical—that which has a tendency to make men not simply wiser, but better. Barrow, in his excellent "Sermons on the Creed" has solved every difficulty, and removed every obstacle to our faith in the Scriptural character of its positions. A prodigy of learning, as well as a bright example of Christian virtue, the Protestant Church of our country will ever regard him, not as her best and most eager polemical champion, truly; but better still, as one the quiet consecration of whose magnificent talents to her cause forms the best commentary on her own value. He was buried in the "Abbey," dying, at the untimely and premature age of forty-seven, from fever.

OTHER EVENTS.—On this day, in 1734, died Sir James Thornhill, whose name will now be remembered chiefly in connection with the fact that it was he who, by direction of Queen Anne, decorated the interior of the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral. A coronal of some hundreds of minute jets of gas now encircles the base of the dome, very ornamental, but yielding comparatively little light—a modern adaptation which the painter

could neither foresee nor accommodate to his design. Possibly the result may not be injurious to the colour, and may not add to the injury produced by the lapse of time. In eight compartments he has illustrated the life of St. Paul. Though seen imperfectly, and to great disadvantage, he has effected this with considerable grandeur of style, both as to composition and execution. It is well known that both Reynolds and West would fain have added to this amount of pictorial decoration, in giving gratuitously, and from a higher and better motive than the mere perpetuation of their names, works which have been thankfully accepted by the Foundling Hospital and at other places. It is understood that the feeling of the diocesan ran in opposition to the reception of such a proposal.

MAY 5.

PENTECOST.—The "feast of weeks" or of the "wheat harvest" and "firstfruits," was the morrow after seven sabbaths succeeding the Jewish passover. The day we recognise as Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon, or next after, the vernal equinox, or twenty-first of March. "Good Friday," the day of the crucifixion, will obviously be the sixth day of the week before Easter. Pentecost may be taken as a solemn festival of the Jews, so called (Acts ii. 1; Lev. xxiii. 15, 16) because it was celebrated on the fiftieth day after the sixteenth of Nisan, which was the second day of their passover. They then offered the firstfruits of the wheat harvest, besides presenting at the temple seven lambs of that year, a calf, and two rams for a burnt offering, two lambs for a peace offering, and a goat for a sin offering. This feast was instituted among the Jews, in order chiefly that they might call to mind the law which God had given them from Mount Sinai on the fiftieth day after their coming out of Egypt. With the early Christian world, the whole space of fifty days immediately after Easter was celebrated under the name of Pentecost. But gradually the attention of the Church became limited to the fiftieth day, or that on which she commemorated the miraculous outpouring of the Holy Spirit after our Lord's ascension. This was in Greek termed Pentecost; or in Latin, Quinquagesima. The Jewish sabbath occurs on our Saturday; we regard the first day of the week as the Christian sabbath in contradistinction to that of the Jews, in honour of our Lord and Master, who rose from the dead on the morning of the first day of the week. The proper day for the annual celebration of Easter as commemorative of the resurrection, was long a very grave matter of ecclesiastical dispute, but as settled in the council of Nice in 325, the possibility is avoided that the Christian festival can be coincident with the Hebrew passover. "Lent" was a fast of forty days, observed in commemoration of our Lord's temptation for forty days in the wilderness. The four additional days which complete its season were added either in the sixth or eighth century. It began with "Ash Wednesday" and ended with the Saturday before Easter. The week before Easter, beginning with Palm Sunday, was kept as holy time, but the fifth, sixth, and seventh days, were regarded as peculiarly sacred. The week was denominated the "great week," or "passion week." The fifth day was "Maundy Thursday," a corruption from "die mandati;" the sixth of course was "Good Friday." The Jewish month "Nisan" coincides with parts of our March and April, while Jyar or Ijar corresponds with similar divisions of our April and May. At the Jewish passover (in Greek Pascha) there resorted to Jerusalem crowds of Jews from all parts, and the "feast of weeks" or Pentecost may be taken as correspondent with our "Whitsuntide," but not strictly so. The origin of the name, Whit Sunday, is not very clear. Some derive it from the French *whit*, the eighth Sunday from Easter, or

from the white vestments of the newly baptized. Another suggestion is that as it was customary for our ancestors to give on that day, all the milk of their kine ("white food," as it was called) to the poor, in order the better to qualify themselves for the gift of the blessed Spirit, so the term was derivable. Among the Jews, the sixteenth of Nisan was the day from which the fifty days were to be counted unto the feast of Pentecost. Or in other words, their "feast of weeks" was the morrow after seven of their sabbaths, or the fiftieth day from the evening succeeding the "passover." Acting under his high commission, and by the guidance of the Spirit of truth, St. Paul removed from the Church the oppressive and useless burden of the celebration of Jewish festivals, turned to practical account the sacred days which were retained (1 Cor. v. 6, et seq.), sanctioned the consecration of the first day of the week in room of the seventh (Acts xxii., 1 Cor. xvi. 2), and recognised or approved, if he did not absolutely establish, the celebration of a sacred feast, and the use of unleavened bread at the season of the Jewish passover (1 Cor. v. 6). The analogy of previously existing Jewish observances was respected to a certain extent as typical of better things, but formed no rule demanding invariably its counterpart in the Christian or new dispensation. And thus, as Eusebius remarks, the three high festivals, movable or fixed, embody the three leading principles of the Christian religion, and are arranged with a view to the recognition and worship of the sacred Trinity in Unity.

MAY 6.

THE THREE SINS.—In the session records of the covenanters at Dumfries, under the date 1652, we find "Margaret Davidson, spouse to James Lin, is to be rebuked in sackcloth, if she fall into the three sins, or any of them, of cursing, drunkenness or sabbath-breaking." This incidental notice is not without interest, as illustrative of the spirit of the age, the character of the people, and the amount of spiritual authority to which the people of Scotland were then willingly subject under their ecclesiastical rulers. Observance of the sabbath has always been a praiseworthy feature of the Scottish character.

BOCHART.—In 1667 died Samuel Bochart, one of the most learned and eminent of French Protestant divines. Dr. Hakewell, who was contemporary with Bochart, speaking of the knowledge of the oriental languages, observes that "the fifteenth century afforded more learned men, in that way, than the other fourteen since the time of Christ." Bochart's "Sacred Geography" was a work of stupendous labour and research, and formed the basis of a supplementary work, by the celebrated Michaelis, himself one of the most profound and elaborate writers on the geography of the Hebrews.

MAY 7.

COUNCIL OF LYONS.—On this day in 1274, the second council assembled at Lyons. James, King of Arragon, five hundred bishops, seventy abbots, and divers ambassadors were present.

LORD BURLEIGH AS CHANCELLOR.—In 1588, the Chancellor of Cambridge issued rules for reforming the apparel and other alleged disorders of the scholars, which ordinances throw no little light upon the manners of collegiate life at that period. It was enjoined "that the excess (in other words, the use) of coloured shirt bands and ruffs exceeding one inch and a half, excepting for the sons of noblemen, be avoided presently, and that no scholar do wear any long locks of hair upon his head, but that after the manner of the gravest scholars, he be polled, under the pain of 6s. and 8d."

SOCRATES.—In the year 399 B.C. died Socrates. If the name of Plato be one of interest to the Christian, that of his disciple, the man whose death was the penalty of his contempt of the established heathenism

of his age, cannot be less so. The mind of Socrates appears to have been deeply imbued with a feeling which, if not strictly religious, was truly so as far as he understood what was the nature of true religious worship. It was indeed teaching the existence of divinities new to Athenian ears when Socrates taught the necessity of an inward reformation, a radical change in the moral character of those who would look for the favour of the Supreme. That, when dying, he remembered he owed a "cock to Esculapius" is often quoted as a proof of his weakness, if not of his insincerity. As to this, his internal view of religion was founded on observation of the signs of benevolent design throughout the material and intellectual world, thus paving the way for Paley and Butler, who approached the subject under the better light of an admitted revelation. In this, Socrates was a pure Theist. But his reverence for the laws of his country, and the influence of that superstition to which his piety habitually verged, sought direction from state authority, and in that sense he was in outward observance and practice, a polytheist. The language attributed to him by Xenophon is in most remarkable correspondence with that of St. Paul, in declaring that the "invisible things of God are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Let us be thankful for clearer revelation, and use it as honestly as did Socrates, the dim light in an heathen age and country. To the original influence of such men upon the great centre of Greek civilisation it may have been in great measure owing that the light of moral truth, however faintly burning, was kept alive in that dark abode of superstition, until, in later day, the doctrine of grace and truth appealed not without effect to the Areopagite of Athens, the gaoler of Philippi, and the Roman proconsul at Paphos.

MAY 8.

EVENTS.—In 1659 a remnant of the Long Parliament assembled, and from this circumstance it was denominated the "rump."—Cromwell refused the title of "king" of England on this day, two years previously.—It was the date, in 1660, of the proclamation of Charles II. in London; and also of the confirmation, at Barcelona, in 1493, by Ferdinand and Isabella, of the appointments of Columbus on his return from the New World. How strangely the tide of human affairs has turned since the day when these sovereigns then declared that "all which is westward beyond a line drawn from pole to pole through the Azores is ours!"

MAY 9.

ZINZENDORF.—In 1760 died Nicholas Lewis Zinzendorf, a German count, and founder or restorer of the sect of the Moravians, or Herrnhutters. The Moravians retain the discipline of their ancient church, and make use of episcopal ordination, which has existed amongst them for more than 300 years. In their doctrines they adhere to the confession of Augsburg, which was drawn up by the reformer, Melancthon, at the desire of the Protestant princes then assembled at that city, in 1530. The late Mr. Wilberforce warmly defended the Moravians from aspersion, and characterised the body as "exhibiting solid and unequivocal proofs of love to Christ, and ardent and active zeal in his service; their zeal being," in the opinion of such an authority, a feeling "tempered with prudence, softened with meekness, soberly aiming at great ends by the gradual operation of well adapted means, supported by a courage which no danger can intimidate, and a quiet constancy which no hardships can exhaust."

MAY 10.

MANUEL D'ALMEIDA.—In 1646, died the celebrated Jesuit, Manuel d'Almeida, during forty years a missionary in India, and author of a yet well-known work on Ethiopia.

NOT JUSTICE, BUT MERCY.

WHEN Napoleon I. was consul, a damsel of about fourteen years of age presented herself alone before the gate of one of the chief palaces of Paris. Her tears and expressions of deep grief touched the heart of the porter, who was not without feeling, and he allowed her to pass. Fresh obstacles presented themselves to her progress, but she overcame them till she reached a large hall at a moment when Napoleon was passing through it attended by his ministers. Thrilling with emotion, she cast herself at his feet, and, stretching out her hands, exclaimed, "Pardon, sire, pardon, for my father!"

"And who is your father?" asked Napoleon in a kindly manner; "and you, who are you?"

"I am Mademoiselle Lazolin," she replied; "and my father is condemned to death."

"Ah, mademoiselle," said the consul, "but this is the second time that your father has conspired against the State; I can do nothing for you."

"Alas, sire!" cried the poor girl, "I know it very well; but my father was innocent the first time; and I come to-day not to plead for *justice*; it is *pardon*, I entreat—*pardon* for him!"

At these words, uttered with that eloquence of the heart which gives such power to speech, Napoleon, his lips quivering with emotion, and the tears starting to his eyes, took the little hand of the maiden into his own, and pressed it affectionately, saying—

"Very well, my child; yes; out of love to you, I pardon your father. Rise up, and leave me."

There were depths in the heart of the stern warrior which could be reached by the voice of filial affection. We admire the fond and devoted attachment of the child who could dare so much for her father's sake; but we must also admire the conduct of one whose dignity might have restrained him from pity, but who set aside all other considerations that he might yield to the generous impulse of his heart. No formal appeal would have persuaded him to revoke the sentence of death which had gone forth, but he was moved by the earnest, artless petition of a mere child. Perhaps, Napoleon was never greater than at that moment. We are reminded of what the poet says of mercy:—

"It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; and becomes
The throne'd monarch better than his crown."

There are times when we all have opportunities of exercising mercy, of forgiving them that trespass against us. Justice may put in its claims, but mercy should be heard. St. Paul puts this duty strongly in the words, "Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." And our Lord himself declares that we cannot expect mercy ourselves if we are of an unforgiving spirit. Here, then, is a holy duty, which is at the same time a blessed

privilege: we must be prepared to dispense, as we hope to receive, "not justice, but mercy."

But this is not all. The circumstance we have narrated reminds us of our own condition before God. We are sinful and rebellious creatures, and we stand condemned before the law of righteousness. None of us can question the truth of the inspired declaration, that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." By nature we are the children of wrath, even as others, and "the wages of sin is death." Death passes upon all men, for that *all* have sinned. If the law takes its course, if sin receives its due recompense, ours is the "fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." If the Lord should enter into judgment with us, and render to us the due reward of our deeds, we must perish for ever. No man living can be justified in his sight. Our sins may not be open, public, and disgraceful in the eyes of men, but they are sins notwithstanding, and such as are heinous before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. He searches the heart, and tries the reins of the children of men; our secret sins are set in the light of his countenance. Before him, we are rebels, by our sinful thoughts, desires, and tempers, our want of faith, and love, and reverence, as well as by outward transgressions. To him, then, must we resort, and, like the little French maiden, implore, not justice, but mercy.

For such an application we have many motives:—

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

But it is not merely the certainty of final condemnation, if we remain without mercy, which prompts us. "God is love;" yea, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That loving Saviour, to whom reference is here made, declares, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but hath passed from death unto life." St. Paul, moreover, assures us that "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Even in the Old Testament, under the law, the most gracious invitations were addressed to sinners. Thus, in Isaiah, the Lord says, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Scripture, therefore, presents us with the most powerful motives to seek for mercy, and that the course of justice may be stayed; so that we may be encouraged by the apostolic invitation: "Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in our time of need."

Not only so: both in the Bible and in the recorded experience of men, we have many illustrations of a successful appeal to the Divine mercy. The Rev. John Dräde relates, that when awakened to a concern for his eternal welfare, he clearly saw that he was not prepared for death and judgment; the remembrance of his sins was grievous, and they became a burden too heavy for him to bear. In this state he continued for some time, but at length he began to realise the glorious fact that Christ was the only Saviour, the all-sufficient Saviour. "One morning," he says, "I approached the God of mercy, and prayed that if it were possible for a sinner to know on earth that his sins were forgiven, I might feel it for myself; and, while groaning under my load of guilt, and wrestling in spirit with the Lord, he manifested himself as a pardoning God, and granted me a knowledge of salvation by the remission of my sins."

"I shall soon see Jesus as he is," said a dying Christian; "here I have been an unprofitable servant, but the Lord has saved me with an everlasting salvation."

An eminent Scottish minister left behind him the following record:—"Once, in the greatest extremity of horror and anguish of spirit, when I had utterly given over, and looked for nothing but confusion, suddenly there did shine, in the very twinkling of an eye, as it were, the bright and lightsome countenance of God, proclaiming peace, and confirming it with invincible reasons. Oh, what a change in a moment! The silly soul that was even now at the brink of the pit, looking for nothing but to be swallowed up, was instantly, in heart and mind, raised up to heaven, to have fellowship with God in Christ Jesus. From this day forward my soul was never troubled with such extremity of terrors. Then I found the power of religion, and the certainty of the word. Then was I touched with a lively sense of a Divinity, and of the power of a Godhead in mercy reconciled with man, and with me, in Christ, so as, I trust, my soul shall never forget. Glory, glory, glory, to the joyful Deliverer of my soul!"

Many others have borne similar testimony, but let it suffice to add that of John Newton, who, in one of his beautiful hymns, exclaims—

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

Except in rare cases, justice takes its course in earthly governments. The malefactor upon the cross felt that this was right and necessary, when he rebuked his impenitent companion in crime and punishment: "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds." He had made up his mind to submit to justice, and not look for human mercy. But when he looked on Christ, another thought arose in his mind, and it was that he might find, not justice, but mercy at the heavenly tribunal. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," was his prayer. The appeal for grace and mercy was heard, and "Jesus said to him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Here is an example for us. We may look to Christ when justice menaces us, and we may plead with him for mercy. It will not be in vain. He will grant our request, for he is the

"Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;" and he has said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Through him, as the all-prevailing intercessor, our sins, which are many, shall be all forgiven. Faith in him will insure our pardon and salvation. He who delighteth in mercy will be merciful unto us, for Jesus' sake; and our experience will confirm the inspired declaration, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." The execution of justice will be stayed, and we shall be justified. A mightier than ten thousand Napoleons will say to us, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." What we want, then, let us seek, and if we seek, we shall secure, through Christ alone, "not justice, but mercy."

FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

JOPPA TO JERUSALEM.

FROM the deck of a vessel the prospect of Joppa is pleasing and picturesque. It seems as if it were built in terraces upon the side of a mountain rock standing out of the sea, crowned upon the summit by a castle, and fortified. The low coast stretches away to the right and left, bordering the lovely and fruitful plain of Sharon. Such was its fertility, that the excellency of Carmel and of Sharon was thought worthy to typify the prosperity of the Church. Such was its beauty, that the spouse in the Canticles exclaims, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." Sharon has not yet lost all its fruitfulness, and travellers still speak of its waving and abundant crops.

Joppa, now called Jaffa or Yafa, is a very ancient place, and lies about forty miles to the west of Jerusalem. It is named in Josh. xix. 46, along with the towns of Dan, but it is not certain that that tribe actually occupied it at first. For a long period it was the chief port of Palestine, although by no means a commodious or safe one. Here, on their way from Tyre to Jerusalem, were disembarked the timber, &c., for the first and second temples. Here Jonah took ship to flee to Tarshish, instead of obeying the Divine command to go to Nineveh. Joppa is often mentioned in secular history, from the time of the Romans to the present age. In the New Testament we read that here Tabitha or Dorcas lived, and after death was raised to life by St. Peter, who resided here for some time, and saw the vision which taught him not to refuse communion with Gentile believers. There is a convent dedicated to St. Peter here, inhabited by some comfortable monks. It is an ancient foundation, and the legend is that it occupies the site of the house of Simon the tanner, with whom the apostle was a lodger. It is much more certain that this convent was occupied by Napoleon Buonaparte when he took the place, and was guilty of that most inhuman treachery and crime of massacring the Turkish troops, who had placed themselves in his power and received his promise of security. The scene of this slaughter lies a mile north of the town, among the sand hills.

There are Greek, Latin, and Armenian convents in the town; and the spot is shown where Dorcas is reputed to have been raised to life. It is about a mile from the town, and a church once stood upon the site, but was demolished by the Turks. The walk to this place is very pleasant, as the path lies through groves of trees, with hedges of the best of fences, the prickly pear, and these fill the air with their refreshing fra-

grace. There is a tradition that Mary Magdalene, with her sister Martha and her brother Lazarus, were here put on board a shattered bark, and committed to the mercy of the winds and waves. Here, also, they say Peter saw his vision.

The present population is probably about 7,000, one-half of whom profess the Christian faith. The harbour gives importance to the town. To the north and south, towards the coast, the country is barren; but there are fruitful fields and gardens towards the east. The fortifications of the town are considerable: they were improved by Sir Sidney Smith, and Napoleon found it needful to make siege preparations before attacking it. Internally, the streets are slovenly and mean, though there are not wanting external signs of an imposing character. There are three mosques at Joppa. The flat roofs of the houses are exactly as described in the New Testament, when Peter lived here, and "went upon the housetop to pray, about the sixth hour." W. R. Wilson, Esq., observes: "I could perceive on many of them grass growing, which soon got into a withered state from being so much exposed to the sun; which also recalled to mind the words of the royal Psalmist, 'Let them be as the grass upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up.'"

Joppa is destitute of antiquities, as might be expected of a place which is said to have been sacked and destroyed by the Assyrians and Egyptians five times, by the Romans three times, and twice by the Saracens. Legends take the place of antiquities, and besides those already alluded to, it may amuse some to know that Joppa has the credit of having been founded by Japhet, the son of Noah, and before the universal deluge. Indeed, it is reported that Noah here built his ark. The Roman Pliny, who lived in the apostles' times, refers to Joppa as a place "more ancient than the world's flood, as they say."

From Joppa to Jerusalem there is what may be called a high road, frequented by pilgrims and strangers in their way to the holy city; the route lies across the plain of Sharon. The inhabitants may be seen at their different occupations, as you pass along. At length we come to Ludd, called Lod in the Old Testament, and Lydda in the New. Here Aeneas, who had kept his bed for eight years, was miraculously restored by Peter. The place was destroyed under the Romans, but afterwards rebuilt, and became the abode of learned Jews. At present it is a pretty country town, surrounded with fine orchards and gardens. The place is very celebrated for its connection with the history of St. George, the patron saint of England and sundry other countries. Tradition affirms that St. George was born and buried here. A splendid church was built in honour of the saint, and Lydda was one of the first places captured by the Crusaders, who, therefore, imagined that they had enlisted St. George on their side. Hence, in all likelihood, his subsequent popularity in Europe. The ruins of St. George's church still exist.

Bidding adieu to Lydda, we turn towards the south to Ramleh, generally supposed to be the birth-place of Joseph of Arimathea, and the Ramah where Samuel was born and buried. Some would have it that this is the Ramah referred to in the account of the massacre of the infants by Herod. The monks believe that Nicodemus lived here, and have a handsome, substantial convent on the spot, where they say his house once stood. The town is built on a slight elevation, in

a plain of great natural fertility. It is surrounded by gardens and olive groves. A traveller who saw it forty years ago says: "The town is, in its appearance, decayed and deeply afflicted with the appearance of misery, although the surrounding country still retains traces of culture and fertility. The streets are contemptible, desolate, broken up, and not more than six feet in breadth." Three-and-twenty years later, Dr. Robinson says: "The streets are few; the houses are of stone, many of them large and well built." He also says: "Like Gaza and Yafa, it is surrounded by olive groves and gardens of vegetables and delicious fruits." This traveller was here asked if a servant should wash his feet. The proposal was accepted, and "a female Nubian slave brought water, which she poured upon our feet over a large shallow basin of tinned copper, kneeling before us, and rubbing our feet with her hands, and wiping them with a napkin." (See Gen. xviii. 4; Luke vii. 44, &c.) There are several mosques at Ramleh, some of which were formerly churches, so it is said. The inhabitants are about 3,000, of whom 1,000 may be Christians. The great caravan road from Damascus to Egypt passes through the town. A tower, and other fine ruins of an ancient church, are to be seen about a mile from the walls. From the top of the tower there is a wide prospect on every side, presenting a view rarely surpassed for richness and beauty. To the east the frowning mountains of Judah rise abruptly from the hills at their feet. The glittering waves of the Mediterranean flash in the sunbeams towards the west. To the north and south, as far as the eye can reach, the beautiful plain is spread out like a variegated carpet. The olive groves of Ramleh and Lydda, and the picturesque domes, towers, and minarets of the same villages, with hamlets scattered here and there, complete the lovely picture. Here, in a moment, can be seen the glorious plain of Sharon, and the mountains round about Jerusalem. Dr. Robinson thinks this was not Ramah, although the contrary is the usual belief. We cannot, however, stop to discuss the question, although it would be interesting to know that the prophet Samuel was buried in this locality, as Benjamin of Tudela said 700 years ago. Old writers find no difficulty in making this the Ramah of Samuel and the Arimathea of Joseph.

But we must not tarry too long at Ramleh, and we therefore proceed on our way, now journeying eastward towards Jerusalem. We still traverse the fertile plain, meditating on the beauties of Sharon, with which it was undoubtedly connected. At length we approach the hill district, which commences at a little place called el-Kubab. As we approach Latrun, the hills become more lofty, and soon after we enter the Wady Aly, a valley which we have to traverse for a considerable distance. Near Latrun was a village or town called Einmaus; but it is not the Einmaus mentioned in Luke xxiv. It was also called Nicopolis, and under that name it figures as the seat of a bishop more than fifteen hundred years ago. Even now there exist the venerable remains of an ancient church, of which the circular eastern end and the western corners are standing. Einmaus now bears the name of Amwas, and lies a mile from the road, at the foot of the hills. We particularly notice this place, because it was for a long time confounded with the Einmaus alluded to in the Gospel. Further on, at some distance to the left of the road, is a small village called Yalo, on the side of a hill. This is believed to mark the site of no less famous a place

than Ajalon. If the reader will take his Bible, and turn to Joshua x., he will find that when Joshua was in pursuit of the five kings, "he looked back towards Gibeon, and down upon the noble valley before him," to use the language of Dr. Robinson, "and uttered the celebrated command, 'Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.'"

Latrun, already mentioned, is a hill, with the ruins of a large and strong fortress upon the top. We name it for the sake of referring to a tradition, which makes it the birth-place of the penitent thief "*Sanctus Bonus Latro*" (Saint Good Thief), as he is called in some of the Popish books. Of course, there is no ground for this story, but in the Middle Ages ingenious monks found a place for everything and everybody mentioned or implied in the Scriptures. They could tell you where Adam was made and buried, and anything else that might excite the reverence, superstition, or liberality of credulous pilgrims.

As we pursue our way along Wady Aly, we find the road rough and stony, and in some places the ascents are steep and difficult. We pass Saris and other sites till we reach Kustul, where the road forms a long and steep descent into Wady Beit Haniua, which is traditionally called the Valley of the Terebinths. At the bottom is a water-course, with some ruins near it. After this, we ascend to the high table-land of Jerusalem. The city does not yet, however, make its appearance; but at length its walls, domes, and minarets burst upon the vision of the delighted traveller, while beyond and above them rises Mount Olivet. As we approach the city, we pass Mohammedan tombs on the right, and, on almost reaching the city walls, we turn to the south-east, and at length come to the Yaffa gate, which we enter, and our feet stand within Jerusalem!

The excitement which we have felt ever since we set foot upon the soil of the Holy Land is now intensified, and we can understand the enthusiasm which strangers ever feel on entering this venerable place. At present, we cannot speak of it particularly, and will only mention one or two facts. The city is divided into four quarters. That at which we enter is called the Christian quarter; the one to the south of it is the Armenian quarter; the one to the east of it is the Mohammedan quarter, and to the south of that is the Jewish quarter. There are four principal gates: the Yaffa gate on the west, the Damascus gate on the north, St. Stephen's gate on the east, and Sion gate on the south. On the west, south, and east the city is inclosed by deep valleys, but on the whole of the north the country is hill and plain.

Our journey has often reminded us that strangers rule in the Holy Land. But this is not to be the case for ever; and then "Jerusalem which is above is free," although the Jerusalem which now is is in bondage with her children.

"SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS."

"Good morning, Parson Hubbard: I called to bring a little bill which I have against you. If it's convenient, I should like you to settle it, as I am going out of town to-morrow."

The minister looked as if a blow had struck him. He knew what Daniel Clark's bill was for. As a stone-mason, the man had been employed to lay the brick in Mrs. Hubbard's grave. It had hurt the

feelings of the mourning husband that so wicked a man had been engaged to do it. But he had been assured that Daniel Clark was a good workman, and that no one else could be found to perform the work in time. Mr. Hubbard had hoped that he should not see the man himself, and for that purpose had requested his friend Ward to settle with him; but being absent when Mr. Clark happened to want the money, the latter went directly to the minister.

Mr. Hubbard knew the man as a bold transgressor, and was loth to connect him with any ministrations to his lamented wife. But Dan Clark had no soft scruples, and immediately tendered the bill of which he had spoken.

"It is two pounds, I believe," said the minister, without opening the paper: "here is your money, Mr. Clark."

"Yes, thank you;" replied the mason, as the amount was laid in his hand. "You see, parson," he added apologetically, "I shouldn't have called for the money so soon, only I am going away, and may be gone a year or two. And I didn't know as I should find you here when I came back; ministers don't stay always in one place, you know."

A serious thought flashed upon Mr. Hubbard—a thought which conquered his repulsion to Daniel Clark, and warmed his heart to duty toward him. He spoke quickly and earnestly.

"You did right, Mr. Clark, to bring your bill. Your work was well done, I am told; and I thank you for it. If you are going away, I may never see you again, as you truly intimated. But I cannot let you go without a word of counsel. For though you are not one of my parishioners, you are at least a fellow-townsmen, and —"

"Oh, parson, don't preach me a sermon," interrupted the man. "I haven't heard one in thirteen years, and I am in too much of a hurry now."

"I will not annoy you; I only want to ask you two questions. If there is no change in your heart and life until some fellow-man performs for you what you have done for my departed one, what will become of you? If a change is needful, when will you begin to make it?"

"Those are pretty hard questions, parson; I suppose you don't expect me to answer 'em, though."

"No, Mr. Clark, but I do beg you think of them."

"Well, I can't promise; but thank 'ee, any way, and good bye."

"Good bye, Mr. Clark." And so the mason went his way.

Two years passed, and Mr. Hubbard sat in his study sketching out a sermon. He was feeling a little despondent over the retrospection of his ministry. Much good seed had been sown, but it had not sprung up as he hoped to see it. Especially was this the case with the openly wicked. "They will not hear the truth," said the pastor to himself; "and since Daniel Clark told them of my talk to him, they keep out of speaking distance. I can only pray for them."

The hurried ringing of the door-bell roused the good man from his reverie. Mr. Ward wished to see the pastor. "I know you are engaged to-night, Mr. Hubbard, and I never like to interrupt you. But a sick man wants a visit from you; and I come at his request."

"Who is it?"

"It is poor Dan Clark, who went away two years ago. He was coming home on the railway, and there has been an accident. It is said his back is broken. They have brought him to his old mother, and he isn't expected to live. He wants you to come to him."

"Poor fellow!" thought the minister, as he recalled their parting interview: "he would not promise to consider his latter end, and now it is doubtless too late. I am thankful that I did my duty by him then. Had I suffered him to leave me unwarned, how could I face his dying bed? God keep me from being stained with the blood of souls!" And in solemn silence he departed on his sad errand.

He was tearfully welcomed by the aged mother, and conducted at once to the bedside of her son. But no such mournful scene as he had foreboded met the pastor's eye. The sufferer's look was eager, but not desponding; and as he grasped the minister's hand, he said, "Thank you, thank you, I wanted to see you so much. Those two questions," he continued to say, "those two questions saved me. You remember them?"

The pastor nodded, too much affected for speech.

"I thought of them often, I could not forget them. I would not answer them to you; but I had to give an answer to my own conscience, and it condemned me. That 'needful change,' when should I begin it? 'Now or never,' was the reply of my inward monitor; ah, how true it has proved! God helped me to turn to him while there was hope. I was coming home to tell my comrades in sin—to tell my dear old mother—that Dan Clark had found a Saviour; and to live before them and Heaven a different life."

"But he has only come to die," said the aged mother, sobbing; "and now he can't do any good, if he would."

"God be thanked," said the pastor, "that for him to die will, as we trust, be gain. That it was in his heart to live for Christ is well. God will accept the intention; and he may, perhaps, do more by his death than you think. With him all things are possible."

It pleased the Lord to fulfil the pastor's hopes. The dying man lingered many days; and as his old companions gathered round him at his request, the Holy Spirit made his words persuasive to many a sinful heart; and when Mr. Hubbard closed the eyes of the dead, he resolved henceforth, God helping, to "sow beside all waters."

Correspondence.

[We beg to inform our readers that we only undertake to answer religious questions, and only such as appear likely to be useful to others.

We solicit all who favour us with their questions to write them legibly, and as concisely as the subject will admit, with or without names, as the writers please. Questions to be addressed (marked "QUIVER") to John Cassell, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.]

No. 34.—CONSTANT READER.—"AND IT REPENTED GOD."—Gen. vi. 6.

God is here represented, in compassion to our understanding, as speaking after the manner of men, and the language used is designed to teach us God's hatred of sin.

God's repenting is not designed to imply a change of his will, but a change of his work. "Repentance" and "grief" are states that do not apply to the Deity. It is by way of *analogy* and *comparison*, therefore, that the nature and passions of men are ascribed to God; so that when he is said to *repent* or *grieve*, the meaning must be, not that he perceived anything that he was ignorant of before, to give him any uneasiness (for "known unto God are all his works from the beginning"), but only that he altered his conduct with regard to men, as they varied in their behaviour towards him, just as we are wont to do, when we are moved by any of these changes of affection.

Dr. Leland has noticed upon this subject the remarkable observation of a Deist—"We must speak of God after the manner of men;" and therefore to make a revelation useful, it must, in reference to God, consist of words whose *literal* meaning is false, but whose real meaning is true, and consistent with the highest reason and the soundest philosophy.

No. 35.—I. M. S. (Flushing).—"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."—Acts xx. 35.

The poor and needy are left in the land for our sake, that we may do them good, and gain good for ourselves by doing them good; for all that is our own is that which we expend in God's service, for Christ's sake. On the great day of account, Christ's followers are to be judged and rewarded not by the profession of faith, but by the results of faith. "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Where there is this faith that is thus seen, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

No. 36.—C.—THE THREE CREEDS.—In what respect do they differ? and when were they first used?

The three creeds are the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed.

The Apostles' Creed states the articles that are to be believed;

The Nicene Creed explains them;

The Athanasian Creed defends them.

The Apostles' Creed is so called because it embodies the truths taught by the apostles, and by the men of apostolic times. It is nearly the same as the Creed of Jerusalem, which is the most ancient formulary of faith in existence. The great antiquity of the Apostles' Creed may be inferred from the fact that the whole of it is to be found in the works of Ambrose and of Rufinus, both of whom lived fifteen centuries ago. It was introduced into the service of the Church at Antioch in the fifth century.

The Nicene Creed is so called because it was adopted by the bishops convened at the Council of Nice in Bithynia in the year 325.

The Athanasian Creed was drawn up in the century after the Nicene Creed. The Creed, though not composed by Athanasius, contains the doctrines concerning the Trinity and the Incarnation of Christ which were so ably defended by Athanasius when contending against the holders of heretical opinions.

No. 37. S.—THE TOWER OF BABEL.

This building stood upon the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Bagdad, and was so completely destroyed that no certain vestige now remains. The modern town of Hillah is supposed to occupy the spot on which the tower stood; but these opinions rest upon no better authority than tradition and report. "Let us make us a name" was the language of the

builders, and now a name is all that remains of what we may suppose to be their idolatrous design.

No. 38.—S. D. (Newton Heath).—"BURIED WITH CHRIST BY BAPTISM."—Rom. vi. 4.

The practice of baptising, by plunging the person under the water, thereby burying him, as it were, in the water, and raising him out of it again, was anciently the more usual method, says Archbishop Secker, on which account St. Paul speaks of baptism as representing the death, the burial, and also the resurrection of Christ, and the blessings obtained thereby—namely, that we should be dead and buried unto sin, so that sin should have no power over us, and rise again "to walk in newness of life," remembering always that "baptism doth represent unto us our profession, which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living."

No. 39.—FILIVS (Conway).—"He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation, but *is passed* from death unto life."—John v. 24.

Where God is speaking, the present tense is often used in place of the future, to denote the certainty of the event; for the past and the future are alike present to Jehovah, who is described by the schoolmen as the eternal now.

The words in this portion of Scripture teach that the believer in Christ has passed from a state of death to a state which will terminate in life eternal. The passage has been thus paraphrased:—

"I, who am the truth itself, solemnly assure you, that whoever heartily receives my doctrine relative to my person and office, and believes on my Father, who has constituted me Mediator, has a full title to, and the beginning and the earnest of, eternal life, and is completely translated from the curse and condition of the law into a state of justification of life."

No. 40.—I. M. (Dunshelt).—"I PRAY FOR THEM: I PRAY NOT FOR THE WORLD."—John xvii. 9.

"I pray for them that have believed that thou didst send me, and not for those who reject my testimony and dishonour thee." In this verse our Lord prays for the apostles; in the twentieth verse he prays for all believers: "Neither pray I for these alone (that is, the apostles), but for them also who shall believe on me through *their* word." In Luke xxiii. 34. our Lord prays for his countrymen the Jews, and also for the Gentiles, for both Jew and Gentile were engaged in the crucifixion of the Saviour. "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

No. 41.—S. T. W.—THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN TYPES AND COMPARISONS.

A type is a representation of some model which is termed the antitype.

Some of these were directly appointed, as the sacrifices.

Some had only a providential resemblance, such as the history of Jacob, and Esau, and of Jonah.

Some are used by way of comparison, as the allegory of Hagar and Sarah.

The Spirit of God has adopted a variety of means to teach mankind that unto him all things are known, the end from the beginning, and that by him all events are overruled. Types, like prophecies, proclaim God's foreknowledge and his almighty power.

No. 42.—T.—DOES THE JUDGMENT TAKE PLACE IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH?

No. We believe that men are immediately (God

knowing every man's state) assigned to an abode of happiness or of sorrow, there to remain until the day of judgment, when all who are in their graves shall come forth, and the sea shall give up her dead—that is, the earth and the sea will alike give up the bodies of the dead; and when body and spirit are united, then will be heard the sentence, "Depart from me," addressed to the rejectors of Christ, and the invitation to the godly inmates of Paradise, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

As 4,000 of the human race pass into the eternal world every hour day and night unceasingly, and as there is to be a day in which God will judge the living and the dead, we are led to the conclusion that the judgment does not take place immediately after death.

No. 43.—JAMES E.—WAS THE SAVIOUR GOD-MAN, OR MAN-GOD?

The language of antiquity will best respond to this inquiry.

Christ was "perfect God and perfect man—equal to the Father as touching his Godhead, and inferior to the Father as touching his manhood. Who, although he be God and man, yet he is not two but one Christ. One: *not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking the manhood into God.*"

He was therefore God-man.

No. 44.—JAMES SPENCER.—"Because the creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."—Rom. viii. 21.

Men, animals, and the earth were all affected by the fall of our first parents; but a day will come when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," and "holiness to the Lord" shall universally prevail. At that holy period man shall be blessed, the earth shall be delivered from the curse, and the animal kingdom shall share in the glorious felicity of the children of God.

No. 45.—J. S.—IS THE SECOND MARY MENTIONED IN MATT. XXVIII. 1, THE MOTHER OF JESUS?

The other Mary was not the mother of Jesus, but the wife of Alphaeus, and the mother of James and Joseph. See Matt. xxvii. 55, 56, and also the 61st verse.

No. 46.—BRISTOL.—JAMES AND JOSEPH ARE SPOKEN OF AS THE BRETHREN OF CHRIST.—Matt. xiii. 55; Mark vi. 3.

The word "brethren" is used by the sacred writers with much latitude—sometimes to express the children of the same parent, at other times to denote "cousins," and on other occasions it means "kinsmen," and frequently it denotes the recipients of the same benefits or of the same instruction.

Scripture appears as if written designedly to repel useless curiosity.

No. 47.—W. P. M. (Stonehouse).—ENOCH'S TRANSLATION.

When Christ appears to judge the world, that world will consist of the living and of the dead. The dead, we are told, will be raised from their graves, and the living will be changed, and the believers in Christ will be caught up to meet their Lord, possibly in the manner that Enoch was translated. As Enoch was exempt from death, he may be regarded as an emblem of the faithful, who shall also be exempt from death, and be invested with a glorified body; for this mortal shall then put on immortality; but what kind of body this shall be we know not. We are taught that it shall be a spiritual body, that is, a body

possessed and acted upon by the spirit—free from all grossness, ponderosity, and decay—needing no rest, no sleep, and no nourishment—a body that cannot be corrupted, a body immortal, a body glorious, and a body powerful, and like unto Christ's body; for he shall change our vile body, that is, the body of our humiliation, the body humbled by the fall, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, in order that the servants of Christ may be minor representations of the Saviour's glory.

NO. 48.—E. M.—HOW ARE WE TO RECONCILE CHRIST'S INTERCESSION ON OUR BEHALF WITH THE FATHER'S LOVE FOR US?

He who appointed the *end*, also, for its attainment, appointed the *means*. Our faith in Christ, and Christ's intercession for the faithful, are the appointed means through which God is pleased to dispense his mercies.

TO-DAY'S CROSS.

ZEAL in one duty will not me excuse
For leaving some less pleasant task undone;
It is not given me my cross to choose—
Which trial to accept, and which to shun.

It may be good, this work which I fulfil,
Nor taken up th' applause of men to gain;
While I, condemned at heart, am conscious still
That my true burden doth untouched remain.

God only can the secret motive view,
The unknown thought which prompts the act within,
And much that man admires as pure and true,
He sees to have its hidden birth in sin.

Oh, that I might the narrow pathway tread,
A steadfast follower of the Heavenly Guide,
Where he would lead me, willing to be led,
Though humbling oft those leadings to my pride!

Thus have I walked at times, and ever found
My happiest hours upon that blood-stained road;
There fruits of peace and flowers of hope abound,
And there my cross becomes an easy load.

But presently the weakness of my faith,
Or fears to meet and brave the scorn of men,
Do tempt me to forsake that lowly path;
And then the cross doth weigh me down again.

Saviour! thou canst the needful strength bestow,
My triumph in each conflict to secure;
But I, who well the victory's sweetness know,
Cannot, alone, its lightest toils endure.

Then hear me, oh, my Saviour! while I pray
For grace to follow on and do thy will,
That this day's cross I may take up to-day,
And this day's journey, ere 'tis night, fulfil.

Scripture Illustrations.

(Acts ii. 3-27).

CHAP. ii. 2, "The house where they were sitting." Harmer says, "The Jews of the Apostolic age seem to have prepared their rooms for the reception of guests, by spreading them with mats, carpets, or something of that kind." To this day, the Orientals are not in the habit of using chairs. Instead of chairs they use mats, or carpets, spread upon the floor, or an elevated couch, called a *divan*, or *sofa*. A *divan* is, according to Dr. Russell, a part of a room raised above the floor, spread with a carpet in winter, and with fine mats in summer. Along the sides are thick mattresses, about three feet wide, commonly covered with scarlet cloth; and large bolsters of brocade, stuffed with cotton, are set against the wall, or rails, when the wall is at a distance. Here they sit leaning against the bolsters.

In all probability, the room in which the apostles were sitting was spread with mats or carpets.

Verse 5, "Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven." At that time many Jews were residing out of Judea, and those named in the text had doubtless come up to Jerusalem to keep the solemn festivals of their religion. Many who had come to keep the passover would remain in the city until after the feast of Pentecost. To the Jews thus habitually residing in foreign places, there are several allusions in the New Testament. Thus, in John vii. 35, the people ask respecting our Lord, "Whither will he go, that we shall not find him? will he go unto the dispersed among the Gentiles, and teach the Gentiles?" St. James also addresses his epistle "to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad;" and St. Peter speaks in his first epistle "to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia."

Verses 9, 10, 11. In these verses we have mention made of a number of places where Jews were then residing. The Parthians, Medes, and Elamites were nations who dwelt in the ancient empire of Persia. Parthia was situated between the Persian Gulf and the Tigris on the west, and the river Indus on the east; the Caramanian desert was on the south, and Media on the north. Media is called *Madai* in Gen. x. 2, and lay to the north of Persia and the south of the Caspian Sea. The Medes are often mentioned in the Old Testament. Many Jews remained in this province after the Babylonish captivity. Elam, or Elymais, was a province of Persia. Its capital was Susa, or Shushan. The nation was descended from Elam, son of Shem (Gen. x. 22). Mesopotamia was properly the country lying between the two rivers Tigris, or Hiddekel, and Euphrates. Judea signifies the Holy Land in general. Cappadocia, Pontus, and Asia were provinces in Asia Minor, as also were Phrygia and Pamphylia. Egypt is sufficiently known, and it is also known that many Jews dwelt there, especially at Alexandria. Libya is in Africa, to the west of Egypt, and Cyrene is a Greek colony in Libya. Rome, the capital of Italy, contained many Jews and proselytes. The proselytes are said to have been very much made up of what are called freed men—persons who had been slaves. Crete was an island in the Mediterranean, now called Candia. Arabia was to the south and south-east of Judea. The zeal shown by persons coming from all these places accounts for their being called "devout."

Verse 13, "These men are full of new wine." For "new wine," the original here has "sweet wine," and the word properly refers to the pure juice of the fresh grape. As, however, at that time of year the grape was not ripe, we must understand it to mean wine which had been preserved so as to retain its sweetness. Dr. Kitto says it was highly intoxicating, and, according to Plutarch, it was preserved by being kept in a cool place. The meaning of the calumnious accusation is, that the apostles had been drinking to intoxication, and were only babbling foolish and unintelligible jargon.

Verse 15, "These are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day." The Hebrews, and other ancient nations, did often drink to intoxication. There are many passages in the Scriptures which condemn this vice, but drinking in the morning was especially disreputable. St. Peter says it is quite incredible that men should be intoxi-

cated at the third hour of the day—the first hour of Jewish prayers—and nine o'clock in the morning. Such dissoluteness was uncommon among the Jews, and disgraceful even among the heathens. Cicero describes the recklessness of some in his day, by affirming that “they drank, sported, and vomited from the third hour of the day.” Josephus, and other Jewish writers, tell us, that at their festivals the Jews seldom either ate or drank till the sacrifices were offered, and the oblations made. It was, therefore, every way absurd to suppose that, on a solemn occasion like the day of Pentecost, the disciples should have been drinking wine before nine o'clock in the morning.

Verse 27, “Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.” The word “hell” here does not mean the place of torment, but the world of spirits. In the Greek it is *hades*, which signifies the unseen state, and corresponds with *sheol* in the Old Testament. The words are quoted from Psalm xvi. 10, where the word *sheol* occurs in the original.

(To be continued.)

THE LORD'S LAST WORDS.

“FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.”

OTHERS before Christ have prayed for their enemies, but no one with this majestic singleness, which is in itself proof of Godhead. Others since have in like manner prayed, but only through Christ's power. Here it is a crucified Saviour that prays, and this from the cross. And God hears the prayer in the conversion of the thousands of Jews, who, on the day of Pentecost, and subsequently, are saved.

But this prayer of mercy has a peculiar teaching to ourselves. It shows how grave is the distinction the Lord makes between those who *ignorantly* and those who *designedly* reject him. He prays for the *first*, but we cannot find that he prays for the *second*. Yet we observe that without his intercession, even *ignorance* does not remove the guilt of sin. If ignorance by itself *excused* guilt, our Lord would not have offered this prayer; if, on the other hand, it did not *lessen* guilt, it would not have been pleaded by our Lord as a reason for forgiveness.

We may receive, therefore, in these words, illustrations of some of the most precious comforts of our faith—(1) Christ *prays* in the agonies of crucifixion; (2) he prays to God as his Father; (3) he prays for others, and these his enemies; and (4) he prays with Divine power.

And this view of Golgotha carries us still further, and brings before us Divine Providence in all its majesty, as well as in all its redemptive love. For here we see a God who (1) is silent, (2) reigns, and (3) redeems.

Then let us look at those who surround the cross, as thus our Saviour prays, and see into what classes they fall. First, we observe the mere trifler, such as the soldier who cast lots for the Lord's coat. Secondly, come the coldly indifferent, as the people who stand beholding. Thirdly, the deriders, as the rulers, who revile him. Into one of these classes, all who reject Christ at the present day fall. The great question that appeals to us is, Do you belong to either of them? Are you trifling about his cross, or pursuing pleasure or gain? Do you stand there in stolid indifference? Or do you, either directly or indirectly, join in pouring contempt on his name? Let all such recollect

that now the plea of ignorance can no longer be set up. And yet, let them bless God that in his mercy the cross is still lifted, and that there is yet time to repent, and to gather in worship about the feet of this crucified Lord.

GOD HATH MORE THRONES THAN ONE.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

HE hath a throne in heaven, and a throne on earth. “The Lord's throne is in heaven,” and “they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord.” He ruleth over the angels; he ruleth in his Church. He sitteth in Jacob, and ruleth to the ends of the earth; yea, he has a throne and seat of majesty among the princes and great ones of the world. He ruleth or judgeth among the gods. There is a throne for him as a Father, and a throne for Christ as a giver of reward to all faithful and overcoming Christians. “To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.”

There is also to be a throne of judgment, on which God, by Christ, at the great and notable day, shall sit to give to the whole world their last or final sentence, from which they shall never be released. This throne is made mention of in the New Testament, and is called by Christ the throne of his glory, and a great white throne. And his presence, when he sits upon this throne, will be so terrible, that nothing shall be able to abide it that is not reconciled to God by him before.

Wherefore, it is not amiss that I give you this hint, because it may tend to inform unwary Christians, when they go to God, that they address not themselves to him at rovers, or at random, but that when they come to him for benefits, they direct their prayers to the throne of grace, or to God, as considered on a throne of grace. For he is not to be found a God merciful and gracious, but as he is on the throne of grace. This is his holy place, out of which he is terrible to the sons of men, and cannot be gracious unto them. For, as when he shall sit at the last day upon his throne of judgment, he will neither be moved with the tears or misery of the world, to do anything for them that in the least will have a tendency to a relaxation of the least part of their sorrow, so now, let men take him where they will, or consider him as they list, he gives no grace, no special grace, but as considered on the throne of grace. “Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”

WITHHOLDING.

“There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.”—Proverbs xi. 24.

STRIKING and varied are the many incidents in the providence of God, which might be adduced to illustrate and confirm the above Scripture fact. God has ten thousand ways and means by which to strip of their property those who withhold from the poor and his cause “more than is meet.”

There was a rich farmer, who walked by the rule, “Get all you can, and keep all you get.” He regularly attended church. Every Sunday he and his family were there, but he would pay nothing towards the support of the pastor, or the expenses of public worship. When asked to do so, he said, “I hold by

the good old book" (the Bible) "which says to ministers, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' I have no faith in these gentlemen. Peter and Paul could preach as good as the best of them, and they fished and made tents for a living, and parsons now-a-days ought, as did they, to work for their bread."

The late Rev. Dr. Abeel, when about to return a second time to China, visited the church, to tell about matters and things in China. The rich farmer came, and heard with attention all that the Dr. had to say about China, but at the close, when the collection for the mission was to be made, he took his hat, and walked out of the church.

That same night a knock was made at my bedroom window. "Who is there?" being asked, "It is Mr. G. (the rich farmer). Mrs. D. is dying, and wishes to see you immediately." I was soon dressed, and off with all speed to the bedside of the dying lady. We had gone but a little way, when he said—

"I have met with a great loss to-night."

"How?"

"You know," said he, "that fine yoke of oxen I lately bought of Mr. S.?"

"Yes; what of them?"

"Well, as I passed the river on my way for you, I found one of them had got out of my barn-yard, and lay dead in the water."

"I am sorry for your loss, but not at all surprised at it, sir. Last evening you kept back your offering from the cause of God, and before the morning light he had taken from you more than you withheld. When the collection was to be made, you left the church, and, 'shall a man rob God and prosper?'"

"Pooh!" said he, "do you think God takes notice of such little things?"

"I do; nor are you the first who has read his sin in just such a punishment as you have received."

"That man may breathe, but never lives.

Who much receives, but nothing gives;

Whom none can love, whom none can thank;

Creation's blot, Creation's blank."

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

An old writer has very justly and forcibly remarked, "As it will raise our endeavour high to look on the highest pattern, so it will lay our thoughts low concerning ourselves. Men compare themselves with men, and readily with the worst, and flatter themselves with that comparative betterness. This is not the way to see our spots. We must not look into the muddy streams of profane men's lives; but look into the clear fountain of the Word of Life, and then we may discern what manner of men we are in the sight of God.

"Looking unto Jesus" should be indeed the Christian's motto. In him he sees the only authoritative standard of devotion; in his life the only full, practical interpretation of the rule of duty. To look at him abashes spiritual pride, and induces the humblest estimate of self. In looking at him, we feel the majesty of goodness, and the lustre of his excellence tends to banish erroneous views of our own merit.

The true Christian aim is not to outshine others, to eclipse their brightness, but to shine in the light of Jesus. Shall the sand grains vie with one another, when all their brightness is but the reflection of the sun? Shall men be content to climb higher platforms than others, when, with eagle wings, they should soar above the earth itself? A sense of present im-

perfection is a better spur to effort than the proud feeling of comparative superiority. Only as, in the light of Jesus, we see how deficient we are, shall we be impelled to seek larger measures of grace, and make higher attainments in holiness.

Short Irrotos.

SLANDER.—Solomon says, in Prov. xxv. 18, that "a man that beareth false witness against his neighbour is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow." That is, he is made up and compounded of all fatal mischiefs. A maul cannot give greater bruises, nor more effectually fell to the ground, than this sort of weapon; nor a sword pierce deeper, or cut and slash more cruelly; nor a sharp arrow wound at a greater distance, nor at nothing so great a distance; for there is no getting out of the reach of a slandering tongue, nor is there anywhere to be found security against it; I mean, besides the special and extraordinary providence of God.—*Edward Fowler, D.D. 1835.*

WAR.—If people had never seen war kindled between neighbouring nations, they could hardly believe that men could arm themselves against one another. They are overwhelmed with their own miseries and mortality, and yet industriously increase the wounds of nature, and invent new ways of destroying each other. They have but a few moments to live, and yet cannot be contented to let those melancholy moments slide away in peace. There lie before them vast countries without possessors, and nevertheless they worry one another for a nook of land. Ravaging, spilling of blood, and destroying mankind, is called the art of great men; but "wars (says St. Austin) are spectacles in which the devil does cruelly sport with mankind."

POWER OF EXAMPLE.—In a public lecture, Mr. James once said: "If the present lecturer has a right to consider himself a real Christian—if he has been of any service to his fellow-creatures, and has attained to usefulness in the Church of Christ, he owes it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to bed. That scene, so unostentatious and yet so unconcealed, roused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God; my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon college studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendour of heaven, and through the ages of eternity."

CORRECTION OF YOUTH.—An old author says:—Let all honest arts be used by masters of schools to provoke their youth to learning, without much fierceness or beating; for that sort of education has nothing of the free and generous disposition in it, which might be raised and improved in youth, by more gentle and reasonable methods. They that are taught to obey only from base fear, make that fear, and not reason, the rule of their obedience; and this grows in too many with their age, that they turn mere mercenaries, and worship violence. In short, make instruction easy, correction reasonable, convince them of their miscarriage with mildness; then pardon them, and finally excite them to amendment by smiles and favour. This awakens the noble part, and excites youth to effect that which may give them favour with their tutors, who, if they at any time commit an error, should rather show themselves affectionately sorry for them than bitterly angry. Plato

being greatly displeased with his servant, and going about to correct him, gave the wand to one that stood by, saying, 'Do thou beat him; for I am angry.' Chastisement should be used with reason and reluctance; a discreet and cool hand may direct the blow right and hit the mark, whilst men of fury rather ease their passion than mend their youth, especially if the correction exceed the fault, for that hardens. This very brutishness is more injurious to the nature of our youth than usually their instruction is beneficial.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—The necessary fundamental truths of religion he finds to be but few, to which he firmly adheres, and lays them up carefully in his heart, but is less taken up with the rest, concerning which he loves not to debate with any person, well knowing that as few controversies were ever ended this way, so the minds of men are thereby diverted from the study of holiness, and hatred, animosities, divisions, and persecutions are begotten and fomented; and that a further progress and advancement in the saving knowledge of the truth is better attained by holy living than by much disputing. He maintains an inward spiritual communion of love and affection with all that truly fear God and sincerely seek him, however much they may differ from him, and among themselves, concerning the matters of religion that are less necessary, being ready to entertain external communion with them, so far as the terms and conditions which they require will allow, and so far as they do not obstruct the love of God and the mortifying of our corrupt nature; but carefully avoids the company and familiarity of all wicked and worldly-minded men, as hurtful and contagious, although they agree with him in the profession of the same doctrine and outward worship."—*Simmons' Pure and Peaceable Theology*, 1700.

THE WOOD PIGEON'S CALL TO REPENTANCE.—A man who was once a pirate declared that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning sands of a well-known bay, the soft and melancholy cry of the wood-pigeons awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, feelings which melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt with the happiness of former times can truly feel. The pirate said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity; and so deeply was he moved at length by the notes of this bird, that through their influence he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his lawless companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to these wells, and listening once more to the voice of the bird, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and found, to the comfort of his mind, the fulfilment of the promise given to the returning penitent: "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to seek the Lord;" and "None shall seek my face in vain." The result was that he not only relinquished all his former pursuits, but was enabled to serve his Master in newness of life.

A FAMILY RELIGIOUS JOURNAL.—A good family journal is of untold benefit to the children and youth of a family. They are forming characters for life and for eternity. A religious journal placed in their way weekly, will silently yet effectually influence them for good. It will bring truth before them in new forms. It will furnish them with the means of distinguishing truth, and of defending it. It will tend to make them more intelligent, and give stability and enterprise to their characters. It will fit them to go into the world and resist its temptations, and induce them to seek to accomplish something for others. We feel to-day, and have felt every day since our boyhood, the influence of the religious journal which parental love and parental wisdom furnished for the family. It imperceptibly modified and corrected our wrong views, and caused us to look intelligently and

religiously at the aim of life. And we can hardly conceive how, in this age, any one can do without a family religious journal. Better deny the body in some respects, than deny the mind and the soul this blessing. Better withhold from the children some other thing, rather than this. Put down a Family Religious Journal not merely as a luxury, but as one of the conveniences, the necessities of life, and provide accordingly.

Youths' Department.

MY DREAM.

I HAD been troubled about many things—little things they all were, to be sure—but none the less trying for that. In the morning my brother and sister were sullen over their lessons, and careless in their recitations, and I reproved them sharply. Just as I had finished with them and was ready for my walk, visitors came and detained me until it was too late to go out before dinner. My afternoon's reading was interrupted by my father, who brought home three or four dry law papers for me to copy; and by this time I was suffering from a dull, nervous headache. About four o'clock it commenced snowing, and at seven my father pronounced the weather too bad for me to venture to go out; so the concert which I had anticipated for a week must be given up. After supper I left the family in the parlour, and went to my own room to indulge in the feminine weakness of tears.

"Was ever any one so miserable?" thought I, throwing myself down upon the lounge by the window and gazing out at the drifting snow. "If I only had some one to sympathise with me! Oh, if mother were alive, I could tell her just how I feel; but I am all alone." In addition to my grief and loneliness, conscience troubled me a little. Had I been patient under the day's vexations? Had I been unselfish? Had I once thought that all my little trials were sent by a kind Father's hand, and so received them meekly? Had I been mindful of the blessings and mercies of the day? No! no!

With these and kindred thoughts passing through my mind, I fell asleep and dreamed.

And this was my dream:—

I stood at the base of a steep and high hill, in the midst of a vast crowd of pilgrims, who were all about to ascend it. The summit of the hill was veiled in soft purple and golden clouds, which, it was said, would vanish as we drew near them, revealing to us the City of Light, within whose gates we hoped some time to dwell.

Pilgrims were constantly starting on this journey. They almost covered the hill-side; their faces at setting out were bright and eager, and their steps light and free. I looked up and saw hundreds pressing onward; some with bright banners in their hands and clad in white robes; some with tearful faces and sombre garments; some aged men and women were very near the top, and I could hear the songs they sang, notwithstanding the distance between them and me.

"It is time for thee to set forth," said a little voice by my side. I looked down and beheld a fair child, who placed her soft white hand in mine.

"But you have no sandals, little one," I said; "the road is full of stones, and your poor little feet will bleed."

"I am not afraid," said the child; "the Master will take care of me."

"But you will have no food for the journey; you will faint by the way. See my thick, strong shoes, and this store of bread I have provided for myself."

"The Master will provide for me," returned the child. "I am not afraid."

Hand in hand we went along the way together. It was not an easy way to me; it was not exactly the way I should have chosen, had the choice been left for me to make. The road was peculiar; it was direct and straight, but not smooth; it was paved with little stones that slipped beneath my feet at almost every step, and notwithstanding my stout shoes I was sadly hindered by them. Not so the child who walked by my side. Her feet scarcely touched the earth; her soft eyes were fixed upon the fleecy clouds that hung over the City of Light; a smile played over her lips as she sang her little hymns and repeated verses from her Bible, and her slight fingers tightly clasped my hand. Before we had climbed many rods I grew faint and weary, and paused a moment to rest.

"Let us eat," I said to my companion. "Here's cake and fruit, and everything agreeable to the taste; take some, little one." But she shook her head, and kneeling on the stones clasped her hands and raised her eyes. Then I knew she was praying. I ate, but was not satisfied; the juicy fruit could not quench my thirst; it was growing late, and we were not near the summit of the hill. Clouds were rising in the west, a storm was coming on and I had no shelter. I looked at the little child and said, weeping, "I have nowhere to go out of the storm; what shall I do?" She pointed upward to the City of Light.

"The Master will take care of us; but we must not stop by the way."

"The stones hurt my feet; I cannot walk; I shall fall."

"That is because of those heavy shoes. If thou wilt take them off and cast them away, thou wilt not mind the stones."

"But I cannot part with my shoes; surely I may keep them on?" I said impatiently.

The little one made no reply, but tripped along, while I followed slowly, and with great pain.

Presently the clouds opened and poured forth rain, lightnings flashed, thunders rolled, the tempests raged wildly. I was terrified and sank down by a great rock that blocked up the path, and thought I must perish; but I heard the sweet voice of the little child above the noise of the storm. "Cast away the heavy shoes," it said, "and the store of bread of thine own providing, and the Master will soon move this rock, the storm will cease, and we shall go on our way rejoicing."

So I cast away my store of bread and my heavy shoes, and presently it was even as the child had said. Our path was clear. As we walked on, I saw to my surprise that my little companion's hands were full of beautiful flowers of delicious fragrance and brilliant hue, and every few steps she would stoop, and from the crevices between the stones gather a blossom or two to add to her bouquet.

"Why dost not thou gather the flowers?" she asked.

"I see none," I replied. "My feet are not as weary as before. I believe I can walk a little faster; but I see no flowers in this path."

"They grow all along the way," she replied, sweetly, "and every one may gather them who will."

The Master is pleased when we stoop to pluck them."

"It is a hard path," I answered. "If I can only reach the City I shall be glad; I do not expect to gather sweet blossoms by the way."

We walked on in silence, and ever upward, but my face was wet with tears, my garments were soiled and torn, while her lips were wreathed in smiles, her robes were pure and white, and the little cross she carried on her breast was almost covered with flowers. Suddenly a strain of music burst upon my ear; a heavenly radiance beamed on the features of my companion, her steadfast eyes were fixed upon the City of Light, and she said, dropping my hand—

"The Master has come for me, and I must leave thee."

I saw her rise from my side and fly like a dove up—up, until she was lost in the clouds that shrouded the City of Light.

A voice whispered in my ear—

"Have patience! God's ways are always right. Trust in him, and thou shalt never want any good thing." And I awoke.

My little sister May stood beside me with a lamp in her hand.

"You've been crying," she said. "Benny and I were naughty this morning. I'm really sorry, sister."

I kissed her, and waited until she was safe in bed; then I went down-stairs and read the paper to my father.

I think I shall remember my dream. Life is an upward journey, and there are little cares and sorrows all along the way; but if we cast aside all self-will and self-righteousness, there is One who will make a straight path for us. And there are many bright flowers of joy and hope springing beneath our feet if we will only stoop to gather them. We serve a kind and tender Master, who will send upon us only so much discipline as we need to fit us to dwell for ever in the City of Light—the heavenly Jerusalem.

A THANKFUL SPIRIT.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but potatoes, when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour."

"It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches!"

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "it's a great blessing to have food, when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing, and strength for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings!"

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER IX.

ANNA LYNN.

I BELIEVE that the numerous readers of my last story, "The Channings"—and that they were very numerous I am happy to know—will not like this story the less because its scene is laid in the same place, Helstonleigh. I relate to you, as you may have already discovered, a great deal of truth—of actual past events—combined and seasoned with fiction. I can only do this from my own personal experience, by taking you to the scenes and places where I have lived or been. I shall have to speak, not much, of the college school: I shall have to speak of one or two incidents, or customs, peculiar to the locality, to which a passing allusion was made in "The Channings." It will be little else than a passing allusion still. Save that the place named is the same, the stories are entirely separate and distinct; not a single actor who has appeared in the one will appear in the other. Indeed, this present story (so far as we have got in it yet, and as we shall get in it for some time to come) is fixed at a far earlier date than the last was.

It was necessary to mention this, lest, upon seeing the name, Helstonleigh, you should take fright, and conclude that "Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles" was a *réchauffé* of the old dish, "The Channings," served up again.

Not so. Of this same town of Helstonleigh I could relate to you volumes. No place in the world holds so green a spot in my memory. Do you remember the poem by Longfellow—the one he has entitled, "My Lost Youth?"

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that overshadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still,
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

"And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again.
And the music of that old song
Thrills in my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

Those are some of its verses. When I was requested, a short while back, to supply a motto for "The Channings," I gave two of them. What "Deering's woods" are to Longfellow, Helstonleigh is to me.

The Birmingham stage coach came into Helstonleigh one summer's night, and stopped at its destination, the Star-and-Garter Hotel, bringing with it some London passengers. The line of rail direct to Helstonleigh from London was not then opened; and this may serve to tell you how long it is ago. A lady and a little girl stepped from the inside of the coach, and a gentleman and three boys got down from the outside. The latter were soaking. Almost immediately after quitting Birmingham, the rain had commenced to pour in torrents, and those outside received full benefit of it. There were other passengers, for the coach was crammed, inside and out, but with the others we have nothing to do. We have with these; they were the Halliburtons.

For the town which Mr. Halliburton had been desirous to remove to, the one in which his cousin, Mrs. Dare, resided, was no other than Helstonleigh.

Mrs. Halliburton drew a long face when she set eyes on her husband's condition. "Edgar! you must be wet to the skin!"

"Yes, I am. There was no help for it."

"You should have changed to the inside when I wanted you to do so," she cried, in a voice of distress. "You should indeed."

"And have suffered you to take my place on the outside? Nonsense, Jane!"

Jane took a survey of the hotel. "We had better remain here for the night. What do you think?"

"Yes, I think we had," he replied. "It is too wet to go about, looking after anything that might be less expensive. Inquire if we can have beds, Jane, while I see after the luggage."

Mrs. Halliburton went in-doors, leading Janey, and was confronted by the barmaid, a smart-speaking young woman in a smart cap. "Can we sleep here to-night?" she inquired.

"Yes, certainly. How many beds?"

"I will go up-stairs with you and see," said Mrs. Halliburton. "Be so kind as not to put us in your more expensive rooms," she added, in a lower tone.

The barmaid looked at her from top to toe, as it is much in the habit of barmaids to do when such a request is preferred. She saw a lady in a black silk dress, a cashmere shawl, and a plain straw bonnet, trimmed with white. Simple as the attire was, quiet as was the demeanour, there was that about Mrs. Halliburton, in her voice, her accent, her bearing altogether, which proclaimed her the perfect gentlewoman; and the barmaid condescended to be civil.

"I have nothing to do with the rooms," she said; "I'll call the chambermaid. My goodness me! You had better get them wet things off, sir, unless you'd be laid up with cold."

The last words were uttered in surprise, as her eyes encountered Mr. Halliburton. He looked taller, and thinner, and handsomer than ever; but he had a hollow cough now, and his cheek was hectic, and the rain was dripping off him.

The chambermaid allotted them beds. Mr. Halliburton, after rubbing himself dry with towels, for he was really wet to the skin, got into a warmed bed, and

had some warm drink supplied to him. Jane, after unpacking what they should want for the night, returned to the sitting-room, where her children had been shown. A good-natured maid, seeing the boys' clothes were damp, had lighted a fire, and they were kneeling round it, having been provided with bread and butter, and milk and water. Intelligent, truthful, good-looking boys they were, with clear skins; bright, honest eyes; and open countenances. Janey had fallen asleep on a chair, her flaxen curls forming her a pillow on its elbow. The boys crowded to one side of the fire-place when their mother came in, leaving the best space for her; and William rose and reached her a chair. Mrs. Halliburton sat down in it, having laid on the table a Book of Common Prayer, which she had brought in her hand.

"Mamma, I hope papa will not be ill!"

"Oh, William, I do fear it. Such a dreadful wetting! And to be so long in it! How is it that he is so much worse than you?"

"Because he sat at the end of the seat, and the gentleman, next him, did not hold the umbrella over him a bit. When it came on to rain, some of the passengers had umbrellas and some had not, so they were divided for the best. We three had one between us, and we were wedged in between two fat men, who helped to keep us dry. What a pity there was not a place for papa inside!"

"Yes; or if he would but have taken mine!" cried Mrs. Halliburton. "A wetting would not have hurt me as it may him. What place did they call that, William, where I got out to ask him to change?"

"Bromsgrove Lickey. Mamma, you have had no tea!"

"I do not feel to want any," she sighed. Hers was a hopeful nature; but something within her, this evening, seemed to whisper of gloom and trial for the future. She turned to the table, where stood the remains of the children's meal, cut a piece of bread from the loaf, and slowly spread it with butter. Then she poured out a drop of milk.

"Dear mamma, do have some tea!" cried William; "that's nothing but our milk and water."

She shook her head and drank the milk. Tea would only be an additional expense, and she was too completely dispirited to care what she took.

"I will read now," she said, taking up the Prayer Book. "And afterwards, I think, you had better say your prayers here, where the fire is, as you have been so wet."

She chose a short psalm, and read it aloud. Then the children knelt down, each at a separate chair, to say their prayers in silence. Not as children's devotions are sometimes hurried over, knelt they; but with lowly reverence, their heads bowed down, their young hearts lifted, never doubting but they were heard by God. They had been taught in a good school.

Did you ever have a sale of old things—goods and chattels which, though they may have served your purpose, and look well in their places, seem so old, when they come to be exhibited, that you feel half-ashamed of them? And as to the sum they realise—you will not have much trouble in hoarding it. Had Mr. Halliburton known the poor sum that would be the result of his sale; had Jane dreamt that they would go for an "old song," they had never consented to part with them. Better have been at the cost of carrying them to Helstonleigh. Their bedding, blankets, &c., they did take, and it was well they did.

I almost feel afraid to tell you how very little money they had in hand when they arrived, lest you should say, "It cannot be true." All their worldly wealth was little more than £120. Debts had to be paid before leaving London; and it cost money to give up their house without notice, for their landlord was a strict one.

One hundred and twenty pounds! And with this

they had to buy fresh furniture, and to live until teaching came. A forlorn prospect on which to re-commence the world! No wonder that Jane shunned tea at the large inn, or any other expense that might lessen the stock! But hope is buoyant in the human heart: and unless it were so, half the world might just lay themselves down to die.

Morning came: a bright, sunny, beautiful morning after the rain. Not apparently had Mr. Halliburton suffered. His limbs felt a little stiff, but that would go off before the day closed. Their plans were to take a small house, as cheap a one as they could get, consistent with—you really must for once excuse the word—gentility. That—a tolerable fair appearance—was in a degree necessary to Mr. Halliburton's success as a teacher.

"A healthy, dry spot, a little way out of the town," mused the landlord of the "Star," to whom they communicated their desire. "The London Road would be the place, then. And you probably will find there such a house as you mention."

They took their way to the London Road, being directed to it. A healthy suburb of the town; and there they did find a house that they thought might suit them: a semi-detached house of good appearance, inclosed by iron railings, and standing a little back from the road. A sitting-room was on either side of the entrance, the kitchen being at the back. Three bed-chambers were above; and above the chambers an open garret. I don't mean open to the sky, you know; that would be rather too airy; but open to the stairs, and to the inside rafters of the roof. A small garden was at the back; and beyond it was a field, which, of course, did not belong to the house. The adjoining house was similar to this; but that possessed a large and productive garden. An inmate of that house showed them over this. She was dressed as a Quakeress. Her features were plain, but her complexion was fair and delicate, and she had calm blue eyes.

"The rent of the house is thirty-two pounds per annum," she said, in reply to Mrs. Halliburton's question. "It belongs to Thomas Ashley, but thee must not apply to him. I will furnish thee with the address of the agent, who has the letting of Friend Ashley's houses. It is Anthony Dare. You will find the house pleasant and healthy, if you decide upon it," she added, speaking to them both.

The latter name had struck on the ear of Mr. Halliburton. "Jane!" he whispered to his wife, "that must be the gentleman who married my cousin, Julia Cooper. His name was Anthony Dare."

Mr. Halliburton proceeded alone to the office of Mr. Dare, who was a solicitor in good practice; Mrs. Halliburton returning to her children at the hotel. They had decided to take the house. Mr. Dare was not at home. "In London, with his wife," the head clerk said. But the clerk had power to let the house. Mr. Halliburton gave him some particulars with regard to himself, and they were deemed satisfactory; but he did not mention that he was related to Mrs. Dare.

The next thing was about furniture. The clerk directed Mr. Halliburton to a warehouse, where both new and second-hand might be obtained, and he proceeded to it, calling in at the "Star" for his wife. She knew a great deal more about furniture than he. They did the best they could, spending about fifty pounds. A Kidderminster carpet was bought for the best sitting-room. The other room, which was to be Mr. Halliburton's study, and the bed-rooms, went for the present without. "We will buy all those things when we get on a bit," said Mr. Halliburton.

They slept that night again at the "Star," and the following morning early, they, and their furniture, took possession together. A busy day it was, arranging things. Jane—who had determined, as the saying runs,

"to put her shoulder to the wheel," not only on this day, but on the future days—did not intend to engage a regular servant. That, like the carpets, might be indulged in as they got on; but, meanwhile, she thought, a young girl might be found who would come in for a few hours daily, and do what they wanted done.

In the course of the morning, the fair, pleasant face of the Quakeress was seen approaching the back door, from the garden. She wore a lilac print gown, a net kerchief crossed under it on her neck, and the peculiar net cap, with its high caul and neat little border.

"I have stepped in to ask thee if I can help thee with thy work," she began. "Thee has plenty to do, setting straight the things, and thy husband does not look strong. I will aid, if thee pleasest."

"You are very kind, to be so thoughtful for a stranger," replied Jane, charmed with the straightforward frankness of the Quakeress. "I hope you will first tell me to whom I am obliged."

"Thee can call me Patience," was the ready reply. "I live next door, with Samuel Lynn and his daughter Anna. His wife died soon after the child was born. I was related to Anna Lynn; and when she was departing she sent for me, and begged me not to leave her child, unless Samuel should take unto himself another wife. But that appears to be far from his thoughts. He loves the child too much; she is as the apple of his eye."

"Is Mr. Lynn in business?" asked Jane. "Not on his own account now. He was a glove manufacturer as a young man, but he had not a large capital; and when the British ports were opened for the admission of gloves from the French, it ruined him—as it did many others in the city. Only the rich masters could stand that. Numbers went then."

"Went!" echoed Jane. "Went where?" "To ruin. Ah! I remember it: though it is a long while ago now. It was, I think, in the year 1826. I cannot describe to thee the distress and destruction it brought upon this city, till then so flourishing. The manufacturers had to close their works, and the men went about the streets starving."

"Did the distress continue long?" "For weeks, and months, and years. The town will never be again, in that respect, what it has been. Samuel Lynn was a man of integrity, and he gave up business while he could pay everybody, and accepted the post of manager in the manufactory of Thomas Ashley. Thomas Ashley is one of the first manufacturers in the city, as his father was before him. When thee shall know the place and the people better, thee will find that there is not a name more respected throughout Helston-leigh, than that of Thomas Ashley."

"I suppose he is a rich man?" "Yes, he is a rich man," replied Patience, who was as busy with her hands as she was with her tongue. "His household is an expensive one, and he keeps his open and close carriages; but for all that, he must be putting by money. It is not for his riches that Thomas Ashley is respected, but for his high character. There is not a juster man living, than Thomas Ashley; there is not a manufacturer in the town who is so considerate and kind to his workmen. His rate of wages is on the highest scale, and he is incapable of oppression. He has a son and daughter. He, the boy, causes him much uneasiness and expense."

"Is he—is he not steady?" hastily asked Jane. "Bless thee, it is not that!" was the laughing answer of Patience. "He is but a young boy yet. When he was fourteen months old, the nurse let him fall out of her arms, from the first landing to the hall below. At first they thought he was not hurt; Margaret Ashley herself thought it, the doctors thought it. But in a little time the injury grew apparent. It lay in one of

the hips; he is often in great pain, and he will be lame for life. Abscess after abscess forms in the hip. They take him to the sea-side; to the doctors in London; but nothing cures. A beautiful boy in the face, as you ever saw; but his hurt renders him peevish. He is fond of books; and David Byrne, who is a clever Latin and Greek scholar, goes daily to instruct him; but the boy is thrown back by his fits of illness. It is a great grief to Thomas and Margaret Ashley. They——Why, Anna, is it thee? What dost thee do here?"

Mrs. Halliburton turned round from the kitchen cupboard, where she and Patience were arranging crockery, to behold a little girl, who was no doubt Anna Lynn. Dark blue eyes were deeply set beneath their long lashes, which lay on a damask and dimpled cheek; her pretty teeth, like pearls, shone between her smiling lips, and her chestnut hair fell in a mass of careless curls upon her neck. Never, Mrs. Halliburton thought, had she seen a face so lovely. Jane was a pretty child; but Jane faded into nothing in comparison with that vision, standing there.

"Thee hast rot off thy cap again, Anna!" cried the Quakeress, with some asperity of tone. "Art thee not ashamed to be so bold?—going about with thy head uncovered!"

"The cap came off, Patience," responded Anna. She had a sweetly timid manner; a modest expression of face.

"Thee need not tell me what is untrue. When the cap is tied on, it will not come off, unless removed purposely. Go home, and put it on. Thee may come back again. Perhaps Friend Halliburton will permit thee to stay awhile with her children, who are arranging their books so orderly in the study. Is thy French lesson learnt?"

"Not quite," replied Anna, running away. She came back with a pretty little white net cap on, the very model of that worn by Patience. All her luxuriant curls were pushed under it, and the crimped border was resting on the fair forehead.

"Nay, there is no call to put all thy hair out of sight, like that, child," said Patience. "Where are thy combs?"

"In my hair, Patience." Patience took off the cap, formed two flat curls by means of the combs, on either side the temples, put the cap on again, and tucked the rest of the hair smoothly underneath it. Mrs. Halliburton then took Anna's hand, and led her to her own children.

"What a pity it is to hide her hair!" she said afterwards to Patience.

"Dost thee think so? It is the custom with our people. Anna's hair is fine, and of a curly nature. Brush it as I will, it curls; and she has acquired a habit of taking her cap off when I am not watching. Her father, I grieve to say, will let her sit by the hear together, her hair curling down, as thee saw it now, and her cap anywhere. I believe he thinks nothing she does is wrong. I talk to him much."

"I never saw a more beautiful child!" said Jane, warmly.

"I grant thee that she is fair; but she is eleven years old now, and her vanity should be checked. She is sometimes invited to the Ashley's, where she sees the mode in which Mary Ashley is dressed, according to the fashion of the world, and it sets her longing. Samuel Lynn will not listen to me. He is pleased that his child should be received there as Mary Ashley's equal; he cannot forget the time when he was in a good position himself."

"Who teaches Anna?" "She attends a small school for Friends, kept by Ruth Darby. It is the holidays now. Her father educates her well. She learns French and drawing, and other

branches of learning suitable for girls. Take care! let me help thee with that heavy table."

Presently they went to see how things were getting on in the study. Jane could not keep her eyes off the face of that lovely child.

CHAPTER X.

THE FEVER.

RARELY had Jane witnessed so magnificent a view as that which burst upon her sight the following morning, when she drew up her window blind. The previous day was hazy—nothing to be seen; now the atmosphere was clear. The vast extent of scenery spread out around, the green fields near, the growing corn, the sparkling rivulets, the woods with their darker and their brighter trees, the undulating slopes—all were charming to look upon. But beyond all, and far more charming, bounding the landscape in the distant horizon, stretched the long chain of the far-famed Malvern hills. As the sun cast upon them its light and its shade, bringing out the brightness of their varied colours—blue, green, brown, grey—their raised outline so clearly depicted against the sky, and their dazzling white villas peeping out from the trees at their base—Jane felt that she could have gazed for ever. A wondrously fine picture is that of Malvern, as seen from Helstonleigh in the freshness of the early morning.

"Edgar!" she impulsively exclaimed, turning to the bed—for Mr. Halliburton had not risen—"you never saw anything more beautiful than the view from this window. I am sure half the Londoners never dreamt of such."

There was no reply. "Perhaps he may be yet asleep," she thought. But, upon going near the bed, she saw his eyes were open.

"Jane," he gasped, "I am ill."

"Ill!" she repeated, a spasm darting through her heart.

"Every limb is paining me. My head is aching, and I am burning with fever. I have felt it coming on all night."

She bent down: she felt his hands and his hot face—all burning, as he said, with fever.

"We must call in a doctor," she quietly said, suppressing every sign of dismay, that it might not agitate him. "I will ask Patience to recommend one."

"Yes; better have a doctor at once. What will become of us? If I should be going to have an illness—"

"Stay, Edgar; do not give way to dark anticipations," she gently said. "A brave mind, you know, goes half way towards a cure. It is the effect of that wetting; the cold must have been smouldering within you."

Smouldering only to burst out the fiercer for its delay. Patience spoke in favour of their own medical man, a Mr. Parry, who lived near, and had a large practice. He came; and pronounced the malady to be rheumatic fever.

For nine weeks Mr. Halliburton never left his bed. His wife was worn to a shadow, what with waiting on him, and battling with her anxiety. Her body was weary, her heart was sick. Do you know the expense of illness? Jane knew it then.

In two weeks more, he could leave his easy chair and crawl about the room; and by that time he was all eagerness to commence his operations for the future.

"I must get some cards printed, Jane," he cried, one morning. "Mr. Halliburton, Professor of the Classics and Mathematics, late of King's Col"—or should it be simply "Edgar Halliburton?" he broke off, to deliberate. "I wonder what the custom may be, down here?"

"I think you should wait until you are stronger, before you print your cards," was Jane's reply.

"But I can be getting things in train, Jane. I have been—how many weeks is it now?"

"Eleven."

"To be sure. It was June when we came; it is now September. I have been obliged to neglect the boys' lessons, too! Oh, dear!"

"They have been very good, very quiet; they have gone on with their lessons themselves. If we have trouble in other ways, we have a blessing in our children, Edgar; they are thoroughly loving and dutiful."

"I don't know the ordinary terms of the locality," he resumed, after an interval of silence. "And—I wonder if people will want references? Jane"—after another silence—"you must put your things on, and go to Mrs. Dare's."

"To Mrs. Dare's!" she echoed. "Now? I don't know her."

"Never mind about not knowing her," he eagerly continued. "She is my own cousin. You must ask whether they will allow themselves to be referred to. Peach will allow it also, I am quite certain. Do go, Jane."

Invalids, in the weak state of Mr. Halliburton, are apt to be restlessly impatient, when the mind is set upon any project or plan. Jane found that it would cross him much if she declined to go to Mrs. Dare, and she made ready for the visit. Patience directed her to their residence.

It was situated at the opposite end of Helstonleigh. A handsome residence, inclosed by a high wall, and bearing the imposing title of "Pomeranian Knoll." Jane entered the iron gates, swept round the carriage drive that inclosed the lawn, and rang at the house bell. A showy footman in light blue, with a bunch of tags on his shoulder the size of a summer cabbage, answered it.

"Can I see Mrs. Dare?"

"What name, ma'am?"

Jane gave in one of her visiting cards, wondering whether that was not too grand a proceeding, considering the errand upon which she had come. She was shown into an elegant room, to the presence of Mrs. Dare. That lady was in expensive morning dress, with chains, and rings, and bracelets, and other glittering jewellery about her, as she had worn the evening you saw her besides Mr. Cooper's death-bed.

"Mrs. Halliburton?" she was repeating in doubt when Jane entered, her eyes strained on the card. "What! Mrs. Halliburton?" she added, not very civilly, turning her eyes upon Jane.

Jane explained. The wife of Edgar Halliburton, Mrs. Dare's cousin.

Mrs. Dare's presence of mind wholly forsook her. She grew ghastly white; she caught at a chair for support; she was utterly unable to speak, or to conceal her agitation. Jane could only look at her in amazement, wondering whether she was seized with sudden illness.

A few moments, and she recovered herself. She took a seat, motioned Jane to another, and asked, like she might have asked of any stranger, what her business might be. Jane explained it, somewhat at length.

Mrs. Dare's surprise was great. She could not, or would not, understand, and her face flushed a deep red, and again grew deadly pale. "Edgar Halliburton come to Helstonleigh to live!" she repeated. "And you say you are his wife?"

"I am his wife," was the reply of Jane, spoken with quiet dignity.

"What is it that you say he has in view, in coming here?"

"I beg your pardon; I thought I had explained." And Jane went over the ground again—why he had

been obliged to leave London, and his reasons for settling in Helstonleigh.

"You could not have come to a worse place," said Mrs. Dare, who appeared to be annoyed almost beyond repression. "Masters of all sorts are so plentiful here that they tread on each other's heels."

Discouraging news! And Jane's heart beat fast on hearing it. "My husband thought you and Mr. Dare would kindly interest yourselves for him. He knows that Mr. Peach will—"

"No," interrupted Mrs. Dare, in a decisive tone. "For Edgar Halliburton's own sake I must decline to recommend him; or, indeed, to interfere at all. It would only hold out fallacious hopes. Masters are here in abundance—I speak of private masters; they don't get half enough to do. Schools are also plentiful. The best thing will be to go to some place where there is a more favourable opening, and not to settle himself here at all!"

"But we have already settled here," replied Jane.

A thought suddenly struck Mrs. Dare. "It can never be Edgar who has taken Mr. Ashley's cottage in the London Road? I remember the name was said to be Halliburton."

"The same. It was let to us by Mr. Dare's clerk."

Mrs. Dare sat biting her lips. That she was grievously annoyed was evident; but, in deference to good manners, which were partially returning to her, she strove to repress its signs. "I presume your husband is poor, Mrs. Halliburton?"

"We are very poor."

"It is generally the case with teachers, as I have observed. Well, I can only give one answer to your application—that we must decline all interference. I hope Edgar will not think of applying again to us upon the subject."

Jane rose. Mrs. Dare remained seated; and yet she prided herself upon her good breeding!

"I had forgotten a question which my husband particularly desired me to ask," Jane said, turning back, for she was moving to the door. "Edgar saw by the papers that his uncle, Mr. Cooper, died the beginning of the year. Did he remember him on his death-bed, so far as to send a message of reconciliation?"

Strange to say, the countenance of Mrs. Dare again changed: now to a burning heat, now to a livid paleness. She hesitated in her answer.

"Yes," she said at length; "Mr. Cooper so far relented as to send him his forgiveness. 'Tell my nephew Edgar, if you ever see him, that I am sorry for my harshness; that I would treat him differently, were the time to come over again.' I do not remember the precise words; but they were to that effect. There is no doubt that he would have wished to be reconciled, but time did not allow it. I should have written Edgar word of this, had I been acquainted with his address."

"A letter addressed to King's College would always have found him. But he will be glad to hear this. He also bade me ask how Mr. Cooper's money was left—if you would kindly give him the information."

Mrs. Dare bent her head. She was busy playing with her bracelet. "The will was proved in Doctors' Commons. Edgar Halliburton may see it by paying a shilling there."

It was not a gracious answer, and Jane paused. "He cannot go to Doctors' Commons; he is not in London," she gently said.

Mrs. Dare raised her head. A look, speaking plainly of defiance, had settled itself on her features. "It was left to me; the whole of it, save a few trifling legacies to his servants. What could Edgar Halliburton expect?"

"I am sure that he did not expect anything," observed Jane; "but I believe a hope has sometimes

crossed his mind that Mr. Cooper might at the last relent, and remember him."

"Nay," said Mrs. Dare, "he had behaved too disobediently for that. First, in opposing his uncle's wishes that he should enter into business; secondly, in his marriage."

"In his marriage!" echoed Jane, a flush rising to her own face.

"It was so. Mr. Cooper was exceedingly exasperated when he heard that Edgar had married. He looked upon the marriage, I believe, as an undesirable one for him in a pecuniary point of view. You must pardon my speaking of this to you personally. You appear to wish for the truth."

The flush on Jane's face deepened to crimson. "It is true that I had no money," she said. "But I am the daughter of a clergyman, and was reared a gentleman's woman!"

"I suppose my uncle thought Edgar Halliburton should have married a fortune. However, all that is past and gone, and it will do no good to recall it. I am sorry that you should have been so ill-advised for your own interests as to fix on this place to come to."

Mrs. Dare rose. She had sat all this while; Jane had stood. "Tell Edgar, from me, that I am sorry to hear of his illness. Tell him that there is no possible chance of success for him in Helstonleigh; no opening whatever! When I say that I hope he will speedily remove to some place less over-done with private teachers, I speak only in his own interest!"

She rang the bell as she spoke, and gave Jane the tips of two of her fingers. The footman held open the hall door, and bowed her out. Jane went down the gravel sweep, fully determined never again to trouble Mrs. Dare.

"Joseph!" cried Mrs. Dare, sharply.

"Ma'am?"

"Should that lady ever call again, I am not at home, remember!"

"Very well, ma'am," was the man's reply.

Mrs. Dare did not stay to hear it. She had flown upstairs to her room in trepidation. There she attired herself hastily, and went out, bending her steps towards Mr. Dare's office. It was situated at that end of the town; and the door bore a brass plate: "Mr. Dare, Solicitor."

Mrs. Dare entered the outer room. "Is Mr. Dare alone?" she asked of the clerks.

"No, ma'am. Mr. Ashley is with him."

Chafing at the answer, for she was in a mood of sad impatience, of inward tremor, Mrs. Dare waited for a few minutes. Mr. Ashley came out. A man of nearly forty years, rather above the middle height, with a fresh complexion, dark eyes, and well-formed features. A benevolent-looking, good man. His wife was a cousin of Mr. Dare's.

Mr. Dare was seated at his table in his own room when his wife came in. She had turned again of an ashy paleness, and dropped down on a chair near to him.

"What is the matter?" he asked in astonishment. "Are you ill?"

"I think I shall die," she gasped. "I have had a mortal fright, Anthony."

Mr. Dare rose. He was about to get her some water, or to call for it, but she caught his arm. "Stay, and hear me! Stay! Anthony, those Halliburtons have come to Helstonleigh; come to live here!"

Mr. Dare's mouth opened of itself. "What Halliburtons?" he presently asked.

"They. He has come here to settle. He wants to teach; and his wife has been with me, asking us to be referees. Of course I put the stopper upon that. The idea of our having poor relations in the town, who get their living by teaching!"

A very disagreeable idea indeed; for those who were playing first fiddle in the town, and who looked to play it still. But, not for that did the man and wife stand gazing at each other; and the naturally free, bold look on Mr. Dare's face had faded considerably just then.

"She asked about the will," said Mrs. Dare, dropping her voice to a whisper, and looking round with a shiver. "I thought I should have died with fear."

Mr. Dare rallied his courage. Any little reminiscence, that may have momentarily disturbed his equanimity, he shook off, and was his own bold self again.

"Nonsense, Julia! What is there to fear? The will is proved and acted upon. Whatever the old man may have uttered to us in his death ramblings was heard by ourselves alone. If anybody had heard it, I should not much care. A will's a will all the world over; and to act against it would be illegal."

Mrs. Dare sat wiping her brow, and gathering up her courage. It came back by slow degrees.

"Anthony, we must get them out of Helstonleigh. For more reasons than one, we must get them out. They are in that house of Mr. Ashley's."

He looked surprised. "They! Ay, to be sure: the name in the books is Halliburton. It never occurred to me that it could be they. I wonder if they are poor?"

"Very poor," the wife said.

"Just so," said Mr. Dare, with a pleasant smile. "I'll not ask for the rent this quarter, but let it go on a bit. We may get them out, Mrs. Dare."

You need not be told that Anthony Dare and his wife had omitted to act upon Mr. Cooper's dying injunction. At the time they did really intend to fulfil it; they were not thieves or forgers. But Edgar Halliburton was not present to remind them of his claims, and when the money came to be realised, to be in their own hands, there it was suffered to remain. Waiting for him, of course; they did not know precisely where to find him and did not take any trouble to inquire. Very tempting and useful found they the money. A great portion of their own share went in paying back debts, for they lived at a high rate of expenditure; and—and in short they had intrenched upon that other share, and could not now have paid it over, had their will been ever so good. No wonder that Mrs. Dare had felt like one in mortal fear, when she met Jane Halliburton face to face!

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

JOHN ROGERS, THE MARTYR.

John Rogers: The Compiler of the First Authorised English Bible; the Pioneer of the English Reformation, and its First Martyr. By JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER. London: Longmans.

This distinguished man appears to have been born about the year 1500, at Deritend, a hamlet now forming part of Birmingham. In due time he was sent to Cambridge, where he became Bachelor of Arts in 1525. Soon after, he began to officiate as a parish priest in the metropolis; but about 1534 he removed to Antwerp, as Chaplain of the English "Company of Merchant Adventurers." Soon after arriving at Antwerp, Rogers formed an acquaintance with the eminent Reformer, William Tyndale, and, very likely through his instrumentality, was turned from Popish error to Gospel truth. His learning and talent and other endowments made him a desirable helper in the translation of the Bible, upon which Tyndale had been at work for years. The enemies of the truth were bent upon its suppression, and spared no pains to punish its promoters. Some of Tyndale's conditors had already fallen into their hands.

Burnet mentions Hitton, a curate of Maidstone, who was taken in 1530, at Gravesend, and condemned to be burned for going to and fro and bringing heretical books from Antwerp. In 1533, Tyndale's friend and fellow-labourer, Frith, became a victim. In 1534 others were burned; and early in 1535 Tyndale himself was traitorously delivered over to the Papists, who kept him a prisoner for eighteen months, and then burned him alive at Vilvorde, a village some twenty miles from Antwerp, which the traveller still passes on his way to Brussels. We have no record of Rogers' thoughts when his friend was taken from him, but we know what he did. Tyndale had not completed his version of the Old Testament in English, although portions of it were printed; and the New Testament appeared as early as 1525. John Rogers took up the task of Tyndale, whose manuscripts must have passed into his hands. The unfinished sheets were revised and completed with such promptness, that in July, 1537, the entire Scriptures were published. Previously to this date Rogers married, and his wife, with ten or eleven children, survived him. Not long after his marriage he removed to Wittenberg. In those days, to marry was something like baptism in the early Church, or like the breaking of caste in India—an act which declared irrevocable separation from former associates. We must view Rogers' marriage in this light. At Wittenberg he must have concluded his literary labour upon the Bible: there, too, he is said to have become a proficient in the German language, and he took charge of a congregation, to which he ministered for several years with comfort and success.

The Bible with which the name of Rogers will ever be allied is sometimes confounded with that of Coverdale, which preceded it, but it is, in fact, the edition which appeared in 1537, under the name of Thomas Matthew. Coverdale has the honour of publishing the first edition of the whole Bible in English, but it did not secure the patronage which was desired and expected, although there was a prevalent wish for the Word of God in the language of the people. Tyndale had already proved his fitness for the work by his translation of the New Testament, and this circumstance was in his favour. As we have said, Rogers probably allied himself with Tyndale soon after going to Antwerp, and, as Tyndale was imprisoned a few months later, the entire duration of Rogers' work upon the Bible may have been from two years to two years and a quarter. Some have imagined that he merely corrected the proofs, others that he translated the entire Bible, and others that one or more of the books came from his pen. It is impossible to say how much he did, but that he was the real editor of the volume, and in part its reviser and translator, is undeniable. The Thomas Matthew, in whose name it was published, never existed except in the person of John Rogers.

Coverdale's Bible not having been authorised by the King, the printers, Grafton and Whitchurch, especially the former, looked about for a substitute. The edition then in course of preparation at Antwerp offered them what they desired, and on its completion it was at once brought to England, or not later than July, 1537. This famous volume really combined the labours of Tyndale and Frith, of Coverdale and Rogers: of the four, Coverdale alone escaped the stake. No sooner did the book reach England than Cranmer sent a copy to Cromwell, requesting him to present it to Henry VIII., to whom it was dedicated, and, if possible, to obtain the royal license for its publication and free perusal. Cromwell hastened to lay the matter before the King, who at once granted the request. This was not all; injunctions were addressed to the clergy, requiring them to provide copies to be set up in the churches, where the "parishioners may most conveniently resort to the same and read it." They were, moreover, to discourage no

man, privately or publicly, from reading or hearing the Bible, but to "expressly provoke, stir, and exhort every person to read the same, as that which is the very lively Word of God, that every Christian man is bound to embrace, believe, and follow, if he look to be saved." Soon after, a proclamation was issued in favour of the general reading and study of the Scriptures. The consequence was, the rapid distribution of the 1,500 copies printed, and a demand for a second edition, which Coverdale superintended.

Besides the honour thus conferred upon Rogers' edition, as the first *authorised* version, it is that upon which every subsequent English translation has been based. Rogers not only edited the text of the Bible; he furnished it with notes, which are so numerous, that Mr. Chester feels justified in saying that "Rogers prepared the first general English commentary." In addition to the notes, Rogers supplied a copious and valuable index, or table, of the principal matters contained in the Bible. Of this Mr. Chester says: "It combines, as far as it extends, the characters of a dictionary, a concordance, and a commentary." Other matters were also introduced, in order to make the volume as useful as possible among a people who had never enjoyed the blessing of its perusal.

Soon after the death of Henry VIII., Mr. Rogers came over to England, where he laboured in the ministry of the Gospel with zeal, success, and reputation, chiefly in London, until the accession of Mary. The short reign of Edward continued only six years and a half: he died on July 6th, 1553. A month later, Rogers preached a sermon at Paul's Cross, for which he was called to account, but released. Ten days after he was a second time summoned to answer for the same sermon, and required to remain a close prisoner in his own house until he received permission to leave it; in the meantime, he was to speak to none but his own family. This arbitrary sentence he obeyed, and he continued for nearly six months in seclusion. On the 27th of January, 1554, he was taken from his home, his children, and his wife, and lodged in Newgate. No one who knows the character of the men he had to deal with will be at a loss to explain why more than five months elapsed from the preaching of the sermon which gave offence to his committal to Newgate. Had he preached either sedition or treason, he would have been more speedily and summarily disposed of. As it was, they suffered him to lie in prison twelve months before they pronounced sentence upon him. These long delays were not due to Popish clemency, for we may be well assured the Papists of Mary's reign were quite as ready as those of Henry's reign to inflict upon heretics the punishment of death. In truth, the glorious work accomplished in Edward's time could not be all undone in a few months, and the mind of the nation would have revolted at the excesses desired and intended, if they had been perpetrated at once. Gradually and slowly they proceeded in their severities, until the time arrived when they felt they could safely burn the martyr at the stake. To John Rogers belongs the honour of having been the first to die for the Gospel in the reign of Mary. We must reserve the thrilling narrative of his trial and death for another occasion.

The Autobiography of a Working Man. Edited by the Hon. ELEANOR EDEN. London: Beutley.

This narrative originally appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, whence it has been reprinted with additions. There seems no reason whatever to doubt the originality and truth of the story, which Miss Eden tells us she wrote down at the desire and in the words of the working man whose experience it records. The author, as we must call him, was the son of an Essex labourer,

with a large family and nine shillings a week wages. He tells us of the miseries, struggles, and follies of his life from childhood to manhood, and of the wanderings, labours, hardships, and indiscretions of manhood as a working navvy. The man has been at work for some time near London, and is now in or near Chelsea. The book is valuable as a record of the personal experience of one who belongs to a numerous and too much neglected class. It is also valuable for the insight it gives into the modes of reasoning and forms of opinion which prevail with many of that class. We hope that the upper classes will read the book, as they usually know too little of the trials, habits, and thoughts of the least instructed of the labouring classes. We hope also that others will read it, and that all will be led to reflect upon the moral and spiritual condition of these men, whose lives are so chequered, and whose lot is so uncertain. It is needless to say how much we have been interested in this little work.

The Carterets; or, Country Pleasures. By E. A. R. With Illustrations. London: Hogg and Sons.

Mr. Carteret takes a house near Sevenoaks, and there he and his very intelligent, amiable, and lovely family spend the summer months. We should say that the house is a farm-house, and that Mr. Carteret does not occupy quite the whole of it. The author gives her readers lively sketches of farm life: she is quite at home amid rustic scenes, and is well acquainted with country sports, wild flowers, and a hundred other things, not forgetting even historical associations. The style is attractive, and the contents are instructive and diversified. It is one of the pleasantest books of the sort we have seen for a long time, and if the rest of the series are equal to this, Mr. Hogg will have achieved a great success, as they cannot but be popular. There are, however, two wishes which we have in regard to this book. The first is, that a place had been found in it for some religious occupation: there are religious expressions, but among country pleasures even we should reckon the worship of God. Our other wish is, that when speaking of the "Book of Sports," by which Sunday games were recommended and legalised, the author had said a word in honour of that day which to the saints in country and town is "a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honourable."

Jesus is Mine. By a MISSIONARY IN INDIA. London: Snow.

A very small book, but a very precious one. It reminds us in some respects of "Come to Jesus," and consists of brief practical observations upon passages of Scripture. The writer's object is, with the Divine blessing, to lead men to a personal acceptance and realisation of the salvation that is in Christ. We hope a little work so fitted for usefulness will have a wide circulation, and especially that it may be distributed largely by earnest Christians.

Death in the Mine, but Life beyond: a Poem in Memory of the Mourful Calamity at the Hartley Colliery, Northumberland, Jan. 16th, 1862. By W. YATES. London: Jarrold and Sons.

This is a narrative in blank verse or measured prose, for, though divided into lines, they are not all correct. We have seen upon this sad subject nothing in poetry worth the name, and do not expect it. However, Mr. Yates has told the story in a simple, touching, and Christian way. The event will ever be remembered as one unparalleled in past history, if not for the magnitude of the ruin, yet for the God-fearing and sanctified heroism of many of the victims. No doubt they found support in death, and glory beyond that "horrible pit."

Weekly Calendar

OF REMARKABLE EVENTS CHIEFLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

— — —
MAY 11.

DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH.—The only incident of historical value in the ecclesiastical calendar for this day is that it forms the date, in 1696, of the incorporation of the Dutch Reformed Church at New York. When the total population of the American States was thirteen millions, of whom two millions were slaves, five millions of the free population were concentrated in New England and New York. At that period, "the Lutheran and Reformed Dutch and German Churches comprised about 1,600 places of worship, with 140,600 communicants, the great body of the people being comprehended within the Presbyterian and Congregational, the Baptist, the Wesleyan, and the Episcopalian communions, the other sects being for the most part insignificant in numbers, scarcely any of them indigenous, and often only transplanted from the European or fatherland of original settlers." Such was the statement of Conder in 1838. The lapse of nearly thirty years has not been unfruitful in results in a country where activity of movement is so conspicuous an element of her domestic history. In confirmation of this fact, it may be stated that there are now 220 places of worship in the city of New York. From the seventh census of the United States, we learn that in the year 1850 the total number of Episcopalian churches in America was 1,420, the aggregate accommodation 625,000, and the total value of church property more than eleven millions of dollars; the population of the city and its suburbs being now upwards of half a million. When, in 1606, James I. chartered the infant colony of Virginia, religion was especially enjoined to be established according to the doctrines and rites of the Church of England, and no emigrant might withdraw his allegiance from King James, or dissent from the national faith. In 1648, Nonconformists were banished from the colony, but this rather from political than from religious prejudices. The Episcopalian Church of our Transatlantic cousins could enumerate, so long ago as 1844, "twelve hundred and twenty-two clergymen, and twenty-two bishops, the communicants being more than a hundred thousand; it being calculated that about a million and a half of the people of the United States belonged to this communion." Such is the statement of Marsden, while Dr. Hook remarks, that with "her 37 bishops, 2,000 clergy, and more than two millions of lay members—with her numerous societies for the spread of the Bible and Liturgy, we may predict, under the Divine protection, a day of coming prosperity." If these things be true in reference to the progress of Protestantism among those who revere the Episcopalian discipline of the mother country, we shall not be surprised to find that the path of the Reformed Dutch Church in America has also been one of steady progress, impeded only by the fact that the doctrines of the Calvinistic Synod of Dort, of which she is the professed exemplar, are intrinsically less popular than in 1696, or when the Puritan element was general throughout the infant colonies. Merle d'Aubigné, Cesar Malan, and a few others, are doing much for resuscitated Evangelism in Switzerland and Germany, which once presented a still more deplorable departure from the ancient faith and glory of the great Reformers than has yet been permitted to overshadow the Reformed Dutch Church of America. At Berlin the church of Calvin has disappeared in the "Evangelical Church of Prussia," the distinction of Calvinistic, Lutheran, and Protestant being abolished. Some approximation may be made to the comparative numbers of the members of the Dutch Reformed com-

munion in New York, from the statistical returns of the late Dr. Andrew Reed, published in 1835, after his "visit, with Dr. Mattheson, as a deputation to the American Churches," from which it appears that while in that city, at that date, there were thirty-two places of worship for the Presbyterians and Scotch Church, there were twenty-three for Episcopals, twenty for the Baptists, eleven for Episcopal Methodists, nine for other Methodists, and fourteen for the Dutch Reformed Church; while for the Roman Catholics, then enumerated as forty thousand, there were five; for Universalists, Unitarians, and Jews, enumerated as eight thousand, there were eight; for the Quakers six, and for the German Lutherans two. In the other cities of the Union the relative numbers were much in the same proportion.

MAY 12.

POPE PASCHAL.—In 824 died Pope Paschal I. There were three who successively assumed the name of Paschal. One of them—the last, who died in 1168—was repudiated after his death as "anti-Pope," by his own communion. His canonisation of Charlemagne was declared invalid. His election to the pontifical chair had been confirmed by the emperor only after a violent struggle. The first of these three was refused sepulture in the Vatican with his predecessors, because, notwithstanding his oath to the contrary, he was believed to have been privy to the assassination, in the Lateran Palace, of two officers of the Romish Church, who had been distinguished by their zealous attachment to the interests of France.

MAY 13.

THE GOLDEN NUMBER.—Meton, the Athenian astronomer, began his famous cycle of nineteen years, with the new moon nearest to the summer solstice, in the year before Christ 433. These, as indicative of the moon's age, and marked by successive letters in gold, were called the "golden numbers." The "golden number," or "cycle of the moon," may be understood to signify a periodical revolution of that luminary, occupying nineteen years, during which period, as the ancient astronomers thought, the sun and moon returned exactly to the same aspects they respectively presented to each other nineteen years previously. When, then, they had observed on what day of each calendar month the new moon fell in each year of the cycle, they prefixed the number of the year to it, and thus obviated, as they believed, the use of astronomical tables. But as the cycle of the moon is less than nineteen Julian years, by nearly an hour and a half, it was found that, though the new moons during each period of nineteen years might fall on the same day of the year, they would not fall on the same hour of the day. In 1702 an act was passed, founded on the circumstance of the new moons having been found to fall four days and a half sooner than the "golden numbers" indicated. To find the "golden number," or year of the lunar cycle, add one to the date and divide by nineteen; then the quotient is the number of cycles since Christ; and the remainder is the "golden number." The use of the "lunar cycle," in the ancient calendar, was to show the new moons of each year. The Metonic period, or cycle, had its uses in the early Christian Church, especially in fixing the time of the great feast, which determines all others that are movable. It was held very important to avoid celebrating Easter at the same time with the Jewish Passover, which, according to the Mosaic ritual, was to be held on the very day of the full moon; while Easter is the Sunday—not any other day of the week—which falls upon or next after the first full moon after the equinox. The ancient Jewish year is a lunar year, and made to agree with the solar year by adding eleven and sometimes twelve days at the end of the year, or by what is

termed an embolismic month. "Paschal term" always occurs between the 8th of March and the 5th of April, both inclusive, and indicates the day of those months on which the 14th of the Paschal or Easter full moon falls, and is shown by the "golden number" on the first of a year. Easter may happen on thirty-five different days from March 22nd to April 25th, both inclusive; the "Paschal term," or the 14th of the Easter moon, can fall only on one of twenty-nine days, of which the last is the 18th of April. "Paschal term" being known, it shows when Easter falls, by means of the "dominion" or Sunday letter. These things, hitherto their uses, and their occurrence in the English Church calendar ought to be understood. Whendley, one of the best authorities, speaking of the Nicene Council, observes that the "Paschal canons" were there and then determined in order that the dispute as to the right time for the observance of Easter "might never arise again." It was an erroneous supposition that the "golden number," as fixed in the calendar, would for ever show the day of the moon in every month; and so, by the act for correcting the calendar, the column of "golden numbers," as they were formerly prefixed to all the days of all the months, have now no place in the calendar, excepting March 21st and April 18th—the "Paschal limits"—because the full moon, by which Easter is governed, must not fall before the former or after the latter day; so that March 22nd is the earliest and April 25th (which, if the 18th should be full moon, and a Sunday, will be the Sunday following) the latest day on which Easter can possibly occur. Owing to the slight astronomical discrepancy before noted, the "golden numbers" of the Metonic cycle, which serve well enough as now adjusted in the tables and calendar, will require to be re-adjusted for the Church calendar after the year 1900. The principal regulator of chronological events is the Julian period, so called as being related to the Julian year, and is a series of 7,980 Julian years, arising from a multiplication of the cycles of the sun, moon, and "indiction," or revolution of fifteen years, together. It was invented by that celebrated scholar, Joseph Scaliger, as containing all the other epochs, and as facilitating the years of one given epoch to those of another. By subtracting 4,713 from the Julian period, our year is found; if before Christ, then subtract the Julian period from 4,714. Independently of various cycles or periods for the division of time, chronologists have certain points from which they are accustomed to reckon, which points are called "eras." The most remarkable are the era of the Creation, the Olympiads, the building of Rome, the death of Alexander, the birth of Christ, and the flight of Mahomet. All these have their beginnings fixed by chronologists to the correspondent years of the Julian period, to the age of the world, and to the years before and after Christ.

EVENTS.—In 1539 a bill was introduced into the English Parliament, vesting in the Crown all the property of the monastic establishments, which threw into circulation an annual revenue of £143,000 (or, in other words, the one-and-twentieth part of the national rental). The measure was promptly effected in the ensuing spring.—On this day, in 1213, King John was visited by Pandolph, the Pope's legate at Dover, and an instrument was subscribed, by which the sentences of excommunication, interdict, and deposition were revoked, on condition that the King reversed all his former alleged acts of oppression.—In 1841 the American Bible Society celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary at New York. The receipts during the previous year had been nearly 120,000 dollars, and the aggregate number of Bibles and Testaments published at that time (now twenty-one years ago) by the Society, since its organisation in 1816, was more than three millions.—On this

day, in 1838, died Zachary Macaulay, editor of the *Christian Observer* from 1802 to 1816—a man who for forty years, in conjunction with other well-known philanthropists, laboured for the abolition of the slave trade.

BISHOP PORTER.—The well-known excellent prelate, Dr. Beilby Porter, Bishop of London, died on this day in 1808. It may sufficiently indicate his claims upon the memory of posterity, if we notice that after his elevation to the see of Chester, in 1776, the chief objects of his attention were the Protestant Association against Popery, the suppression of Sunday debating societies, the abolition of the slave-trade, and the establishment of Sunday-schools. On the death of Louth, in 1787, Mr. Pitt recommended Porter to His Majesty George III. as a very fit person for the diocese of London. He assumed that important responsibility at the moment when the authors of the French Revolution were exerting themselves too successfully, both in France and England, to degrade and vilify the truths of Revelation. His charge to the clergy, in 1794, fully vindicates not only his truly British, but his Christian spirit. He opposed "Catholic emancipation" because he believed that it was not a remonstrance in favour of liberty of conscience, but a demand for political power; and perhaps, in the then convulsed state of Europe, his fear might be that, whether the request was just or otherwise, the time had not arrived for a safe acquiescence. While living, he transferred £7,000 in the Three per Cents. for the relief of the poorer clergy of his own diocese, and bequeathed to the University of Cambridge a permanent fund for the gift of gold medals to the divinity students of Christ's College. His works have been published in a collected form, with a prefixed memoir of his life.

KING JOHN.—In 1213, the French king preparing to invade England, King John was compelled to agree to the Pope's terms, resigned his dominions to the Holy Father, and submitted to hold his kingdom as tributary to him, at the yearly rent of a thousand marks, with absolution.

THE JEWISH DISABILITIES.—On this day, in 1830, the bill to remove the civil disabilities of the Jews was rejected by a vote of 288 to 185. The act to relieve Jews from taking oaths to municipal officers was passed in 1845, Baron Rothschild being returned to Parliament in 1847, as the opponent of Lord John Manners, by a majority of several thousand votes. Mr. Salomons was elected member for Greenwich in the same year, but declared ineligible without taking oath on the faith of a Christian. Baron Rothschild was re-elected in 1852.

ARCHBISHOP PARKER.—In 1575 died Matthew Parker, second Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. He was deeply versed in Saxon literature, and is a reliable authority on ecclesiastical antiquities.

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